AMERICAN LITERATURE

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A MANUAL

OF

AMERICAN LITERATURE

BY

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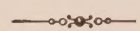

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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MANUAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.
W. P. 5

PREFACE

In the preparation of this manual the author's aim has been simply to open the way to a study of the masterpieces of American literature. No mere description or synopsis of a work of literature can truly portray the original. The reader must go to the book itself, must grasp the spirit of the writer, and must feel for himself the beauty of the poem, the charm of the essay, the force of the novel.

The treatment is biographical rather than critical, as the author's intention has been to interest beginners in the lives of the great writers, and thus stimulate them to a freer and less mechanical study of their works.

More space has been devoted to Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, and Benjamin Franklin than might at first seem to be justified from a purely literary standpoint, but stress has been laid upon them because the lives of Mather and Edwards reveal so well certain traits typical of early New England, while Franklin's writings so eminently express the spirit of his age.

The chapter on *Other Writers* is, from the nature of the case, manifestly incomplete, as the scope of the work permits but a glance at those writers whose books are enjoying the popularity of the moment.

Certain suggestions for more extended reading along biographical lines appear at the end of each chapter, and it is to be hoped that the student will be sufficiently interested to follow them up. At the end of the manual is a list of general reference books of a more critical character.

J. B. S.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
INTRODUCTION		7
I.	THE BEGINNINGS	
	1. Puritan Verse	11
	2. Puritan Prose	13
	3. Minor Writers	17
II.	TWO EMINENT DIVINES	
	1. Cotton Mather	19
	2. Jonathan Edwards	27
III.	BENJAMIN FRANKLIN	33
IV.	TWO POLITICAL LEADERS	
	1. Thomas Jefferson	46
	2. Alexander Hamilton	53
V.	TWO LITERARY PIONEERS	
	1. Philip Freneau	60
	2. Charles Brockden Brown	67
VI.	WASHINGTON IRVING	74
VII.	JAMES FENIMORE COOPER	88
VIII.	WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT	101
IX.	THE KNICKERBOCKER SCHOOL	
	1. Joseph Rodman Drake	112
	2. Fitz-Greene Halleck	116
	3. Nathaniel Parker Willis	121

PAGE

X. Ralph Waldo Emerson 128
XI. Nathaniel Hawthorne 144
XII. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow . . 159
XIII. John Greenleaf Whittier . . . 175
XIV. Edgar Allan Poe 187
XV. Oliver Wendell Holmes 200
XVI. James Russell Lowell 216
XVII. Henry David Thoreau 231
XVIII. Walt Whitman 239
XIX. Bayard Taylor 246
XX. Sidney Lanier 253
XXI. The Historians 258
XXII. The Orators 267
XXIII. Other Writers 278

List of Helpful Books 322

Index 323

INTRODUCTION

A PRELIMINARY SURVEY

Our literature is not one of the *great* literatures of the world. We have no names that may be compared with the literary masters of England, France, or Germany. We cannot boast of a Shakespeare or a Milton; of a Hugo or a Molière; of a Goethe or a Schiller. Nevertheless, we have a literature that is worthy of our love and constant study. With very few exceptions our leading writers have been noble in character, gracious in manner, and pure in thought, and their lives are exemplified in their writings. If they have not been *great* writers, the messages which they have brought to us are imbued with lofty sentiment and high ideals.

Two general criticisms are often made in regard to American literature. First, that it is imitative and sectional. Cooper is called the American Scott, Bryant the American Wordsworth, Irving the American Addison, and the contention is maintained that all our writers

have been influenced largely by English models, both as to subject-matter and style.

Second, that American literature is sectional. We have the Knickerbocker School, the Cambridge School, the Southern poets, and the Western writers, but no one writer great enough to be truly national.

While there is a certain amount of truth in these criticisms, they are lost sight of in the study of the noble group of writers whose names are the glory of our literature, — Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Cooper, and Irving. Selections from these writers constitute our classics — Emerson's *Essays*, Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Longfellow's *Evangeline*, Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*, Irving's *Sketch-Book*, Poe's *Raven*, Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, Holmes's *The Autocrat*, and Lowell's *Biglow Papers*.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

I. THE BEGINNINGS

THE year 1608 is a memorable one in English and American literature. For in that year a child was born in the heart of London town who was destined to become, as Macaulay says, "the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty," — John Milton.

John Smith, 1579–1631. — In that same year, 1608, the famous soldier and adventurer, Captain John Smith, sent back to London from the wilds of America a manuscript in the form of a letter to a friend. The full title of this noteworthy document is *A True Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony, which is now resident in the South part thereof, till the last returne from thence.*

This was the first book written in America; and though the author of it was an Englishman who had lived but a short time in America, still it may well be called the beginning of American literature.

When Captain Smith set sail for America, cap-

tivated by the inducements set forth by Bartholomew Gosnold, he was still in his twenties, but he had had more thrilling experiences during his short life than have befallen many men who live to three score years and ten. He had served under the French standard, had waged war in the Netherlands, fought against the Turks, had been enslaved by them in Constantinople, had been shipwrecked, and had penetrated beyond the coast of Africa.

He was a prolific writer, but his works possess little literary merit. His adventures are described in a simple but sometimes thrilling manner, of interest to the student of history and literature alike. Tyler, in his *History of American Literature*, pithily says: —

"Out of the abundance of his materials, glowing with pride over what he had done in the great enterprise, eager to inspire the home-keeping patrons of the colony with his own resolute cheer, and accustomed for years to portray in pithy English the adventures of which his life was fated to be full, the bluff captain just stabbed his paper with inken words; he composed not a book but a big letter; he folded it up, and tossed it upon the deck of Captain Nelson's departing ship. But though he may have had no expectation of doing such a thing, he wrote a book that is not unworthy to be the beginning of the new English literature in America."

Though American literature is said to have begun thus early, it was of very slow growth. The colonists were men who wielded the sword with greater skill than the pen, and it was well for them and for us that they did so. Their humble literary efforts were not composed in the quiet seclusion of their libraries, but usually at the close of a day fraught with danger and privation. The student of history and literature is not surprised to learn that it was in 1809, just two hundred years after Captain Smith's literary venture, that Washington Irving, the first American author to achieve an international reputation, published his *History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker.*

1. Puritan Verse

Bay Psalm Book, 1640. — This was the first English book published in this country. It was printed in the house of President Dunster of Harvard College in 1640, and purported to be a metrical version of the Psalms translated from the Hebrew by John Eliot and some of his associates in the Bay Colony. It is surprising that the early colonists whose ears had been attuned to better things should have preferred this sing-song version of the Psalms to the beautiful King James's Version which was easily accessible.

Anne Bradstreet, 1612–1672. — It would seem

as though the Muse of Poetry had deserted this Puritan band, so destitute were they of poetic feeling; but ten years had scarcely elapsed when in London there issued from the press a volume of verse, *The Tenth Muse, lately Sprung up in America*. This poet, whose volume was so highly proclaimed, was Anne Bradstreet, the wife of Simon Bradstreet, governor of Massachusetts, whose name was revered in that colony which he served so long and so well. She was the first woman to enter the field of poetry in America, and thus may be regarded as the forerunner of our famous group of New England poets. She was possessed of a poetic temperament, and here and there in her verse may be noted an artistic touch which helps to redeem it from the mere commonplace.

Mistress Bradstreet's poetry was loudly praised by the critics of the day, and Cotton Mather upon reading her verses pronounced them to be "a monument to her memory beyond the stateliest marbles."

The most pretentious of her poems are *The Four Monarchies*, based upon Raleigh's *History of the World*, and *The Four Elements*, in which each asserts its superiority over the other three. But these possess little real merit and are surpassed by the shorter poem, *Contemplations*, in which she reveals herself a true lover of nature.

Michael Wigglesworth, 1631–1705. — While Anne Bradstreet's poetry attained a higher level than that of any other Puritan writer, it was surpassed in popularity by *The Day of Doom*, which was published in 1662, at the time when Milton was at work on *Paradise Lost*. The author of this poem was Michael Wigglesworth, a Puritan preacher, inspired with religious fervor. *The Day of Doom* gives a revolting picture of the day of judgment, filled with the most bitter denunciations against the non-elect. The poem possesses no interest for the modern reader except as a curiosity of the times.

2. Puritan Prose

The first half of the seventeenth century in American literature is marked by the work of two men, who for years guided the affairs of state in the two rival colonies of New England, — William Bradford, governor of Plymouth, and John Winthrop, governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony. These men did not stand alone in their work, but their writings are magnified by their opportunities of observation.

William Bradford, 1590–1657. — No more worthy name is associated with the Plymouth Colony than that of William Bradford. He was born in Yorkshire in 1590, and in his early manhood fled to Holland with that devoted band of separatists

from the Church of England known as the Pilgrims. After several years of residence in that country he set sail in the *Mayflower* for America, and landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620. He was chosen governor of the colony the next year, and held that office almost without interruption for more than thirty years. Bradford's *History of the Plymouth Plantation* was begun about ten years after his landing, and was continued until failing health compelled him to relinquish the task. It was left in manuscript form at the author's death in 1657, and was used by successive chroniclers and historians in their work until in 1775 it was seized by the British and carried off to England, where it lay obscurely in Fulham library until 1855. The discovery and publication of this valuable manuscript, almost two centuries after its author's death, was heralded with joy by all lovers of American history, for it is one of the most valuable accounts of the early Puritans in New England. Bradford begins his history with the origin of religious dissent in England and describes accurately and vividly the flight of the dissenters to Holland, their attempts to evade the English while seeking a permanent home, and their dangers and privations on their voyage to America. This important document was further augmented by a faithful narration of the first twenty-five years' existence of the Plymouth Colony, bringing it down

to 1646. The author is perfectly candid, for he gives us a picture of the dark as well as the bright side of the Puritan life. Instances of the colonists' narrow-mindedness, their love for disputations, and their envious bickerings are depicted as keenly as their deeds of simple heroism and their faith in an all-wise Providence. His history is an impartial story of this trying period in New England's welfare, written with the same breadth and vigor with which he directed the affairs of the colony. Richardson, in his *History of American Literature*, says : —

"New England may congratulate itself that its early settlements were described by Bradford and Winthrop in contemporary accounts as faithful and as truly original as the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, though in literary merit inferior to that plain masterpiece of early English."

John Winthrop, 1588–1649. — In 1630 John Winthrop, who had been chosen governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony, set sail with seventeen vessels and a prosperous band of English Puritans for America. He was a Cambridge man and had been educated for the law, — a man of piety, learning, and sagacity. While on board his ship he wrote a little tract, *A Model of Christian Charity*, which is emblematic of his spirit, full of wise suggestions to his fellow-colonists.

Before his ship had passed beyond the sight of land he began his *History of New England*, which treats in a simple, dignified manner the daily events as they transpired between 1630 and 1649. It is a diary rather than a history, and yet at times, as in his speech after his acquittal on the charge of having exceeded his authority as deputy governor in 1645, he rises to a loftier height and passes beyond the sphere of the mere diarist.

Samuel Sewall, 1652–1730. — A work was begun in the last quarter of the century which surpasses the books of both Bradford and Winthrop in interest and importance. In 1673 Samuel Sewall, a recent graduate of Harvard, began to keep a diary which he continued until 1729. During these years we get a rich picture of him and his times. Like his English contemporary, Samuel Pepys, he omits nothing which is of even trivial importance, and to this diary the student must go who wishes to get a panoramic view of Boston and Cambridge life in its minutest detail. Sewall was a judge of the superior court for nearly thirty years and chief justice for ten years.

Dr. George E. Ellis, in an address on Sewall in the Old South Church, thus comments on this interesting character: —

"Judge Sewall is better known to us in both his outer and inner being, in all his elements, composition, and manifestation of character, in his whole personal,

domestic, social, official, and religious life, than is any other individual in our local history of two hundred and fifty years, and this is true not only of himself, but through his pen, curiously active, faithful, candid, kind, impartial, and even just, his own times stand revealed and described to us, as if by thousands of daguerreotypes and repeating telephones."

In 1700 he wrote a tract against slavery, which marks him as the first abolitionist in this country. This interesting little pamphlet was entitled, *The Selling of Joseph.* And yet while he was shrewd enough to see the sin of slavery, he was not wise enough to avoid the pitfall of his contemporaries in his belief in the Salem witchcraft.

3. Minor Writers

Edward Winslow (1595–1655) was governor of Plymouth on three occasions, and was associated with Bradford in writing a journal of events from the day land was sighted by the *Mayflower*, November 9, 1620, until the latter part of the next year. He continued the record alone in his *Good News from New England* (1624).

Thomas Morton (1590–1645) was the author of *The New England Canaan*, a eulogy of the physical possibilities of New England and a denunciation of the Puritans. He was noted for his excesses at "Merry Mount," and is commemorated in Hawthorne's *The Maypole of Merry Mount* and Motley's *Merry Mount.*

Nathaniel Ward (1578–1653) deserves mention for his little book, *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam*, which was published in 1647. He engages in a bitter tirade

against the political and moral abuses in his native country, and professes to be willing to mend her ways gratis.

Roger Williams (1600–1684) was a prolific writer of religious tracts. He was constantly at variance with the Puritans, by whom he was banished to Rhode Island.

John Eliot (1604–1690), the famous "Apostle to the Indians," is noted for his translation of the Bible into the Indian tongue.

Suggestions for Reading

Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature.*
Trent and Wells's *Colonial Prose and Poetry.*

Helpful Books

C. D. Warner's *Life of Captain John Smith.*
J. H. Twichell's *John Winthrop.*
N. H. Chamberlain's *Samuel Sewall and the World he lived in.*
H. S. Campbell's *Anne Bradstreet and her Time.*

Cotton Mather.

II. TWO EMINENT DIVINES

1. Cotton Mather

CHRONOLOGY

1663, Feb. 12. . .	Born in Boston.
1674–1678 . . .	Student at Harvard College.
1680	Preached his first sermon.
1681	Made assistant to his father.
1686, May 4 . .	Married Abigail Phillips.
1690	Fellow of Harvard.
1692–1693 . . .	Involved in witchcraft delusion.
1702	Published *Magnalia Christi Americana*.

1703, Aug. 18 . . Married Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard.
1703 . . . . . Published twelve works.
1715, July 5 . . Married Mrs. George.
1728, Feb. 13 . . Died. Buried at Copp's Hill.

Influence of the Clergy. — Seldom have ministers exerted such influence as they did in Puritan New England during part of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Their meetinghouses served as the town hall, and their pulpits were the rostra from which they played upon the feelings of their listeners. They were usually men of action, equally skilled as political and religious leaders. Their sermons were the editorials of the day, and the people looked to them for physical as well as for spiritual guidance. These same sermons, carried sometimes to appalling lengths, constitute the bulk of the literature of these two centuries. This literature has decreased in importance through the lapse of time, and now the men whose writings were revered by their contemporaries are scarcely known by name to the student of literature. But out of this body of writers there stand forth two eminent divines who deserve more than a passing glance, not so much for what they wrote as for their interesting personality, — Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards.

Birth. — Cotton Mather, the son of Increase Mather, was born in Boston, February 12, 1663. His mother was the daughter of the celebrated

minister, John Cotton, whose fame was spread not merely throughout the colonies, but in the mother country. His father was a learned minister, who had served for a few years as the President of Harvard College. Thus through his parents he inherited a love for learning, which in him became almost a passion.

Education.— The young boy was very precocious, astonishing all by his early attainments, especially in the classics. He received an excellent education for those days, and in later years his library was considered the largest in the colonies. His religious training was most severe.

"I began to *pray*," he wrote, "even when I began to speak. . . . I used *secret prayer*, not confining myself to *Forms* in it: and yett I composed *Forms* of *prayer* for my schoolmates (I suppose when I was about seven or eight years old), and obliged them to *pray*."

Before he was eleven years old he could write Latin verse and had an intimate knowledge of the leading Latin writers. He had studied Greek and Hebrew, and was admitted to Harvard at the age of twelve. When he was graduated in his sixteenth year, his scholarship had been so marked and his conduct so exemplary that he was publicly complimented by the college president.

Ministry. — After his graduation he began the study of medicine, but having overcome an im-

pediment in his speech, he devoted himself to the study for the ministry for which he had had a natural longing. At the early age of seventeen he preached his first sermon, and the next year he was made his father's assistant. For nearly fifty years he was actively engaged in ministering to the people of the North Church, first, as associate to his father, and later, as pastor. Until the day of his death he devoted all his time to praying, preaching, reading, writing, and visiting the sick. He was even then fearful that he was not doing enough to serve the Lord. It was his sole aim to get as near God as possible, and he was kept in a constant state of religious excitement.

Writings. — He was an omnivorous reader, and his eye caught at once on the page the information that he desired. He wrote freely and on a variety of subjects. In one year he is said to have published eighteen distinct works, in another twelve, and three hundred and eighty-three is given as the total number of his publications. Some of these were mere tracts, while others were works of several volumes. The most important and his greatest work was *Magnalia Christi Americana*, an ecclesiastical history of New England which was begun in 1693 and published in 1702. This bulky work is divided into seven books as follows : —

(1) History of the Colonies.

(2) Lives of Governors and Magistrates.

(3) Lives of Emigrant Ministers.

(4) History of Harvard College.

(5) Orthodox Creed and Discipline of New England Churches.

(6) Record of Many Remarkable Providences, Judgments, etc.

(7) Wars of the Lord in New England.

The book was written hastily and contains many errors, yet the style is good; his statements are clear and honest, his insight into human nature was unusually keen, and his descriptions of character are vivid and accurate. The superstitions that are found in his works are doubtless largely due to the age in which he lived. While the *Magnalia* does not deserve a high rank in American literature, yet it is in many ways a remarkable work, placing the author above his literary compeers.

His *Essays to Do Good* deserves mention for the effect it had upon Franklin, who thus bears witness to its influence in a letter to Samuel Mather, Cotton's son and biographer: —

"When I was a boy I met with a book entitled, *Essays to Do Good*, which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by its former possessor that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through

life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation, and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."

His study was a place for work and on its door was the motto "Be Brief," the injunction to his friends; but upon his deathbed he bade his son be "Fructuosus," fruitful, which had been his own motto throughout his life.

Family Life. — Mather looked upon marriage as a necessity, and his wives — for he had three — were chosen for utilitarian rather than sentimental reasons. His first two ventures might be called successful, but his last wife possessed a terrible temper, becoming insane at times. She proved a great annoyance to him, destroying on one occasion a part of his valuable diary. He was exceedingly fond of his fifteen children, only two of whom survived him. His son, Increase, whom he loved devotedly and whom he wished to succeed him in his work, was a bitter disappointment to his father, and was drowned at sea.

Witchcraft Delusion. — The year 1692–1693 was a notable one in Mather's career, and his connection with the Salem witchcraft has left a blot upon his name which time will never efface. He not only condoned the persecution of the witches, but recommended that the proceedings be carried

on against them with the utmost vigor. He may be held largely responsible for the panic which seized the people during those dread months. The only excuse that can be offered for his act is that it was an age of superstition and, while Mather was a very learned man, he was most credulous and prone to believe that which bordered upon the miraculous. Unlike Judge Sewall, who repented of his folly and acknowledged his guilt, Mather never publicly atoned for his act. Robert Calef's book on *Witchcraft*, condemning the actions of the judges, was publicly burned in the yard at Harvard by the President, Increase Mather, Cotton's father.

Public Honors. — Cotton Mather was chosen a Fellow of Harvard at the age of twenty-seven, a remarkably young man for that honor; the title of D.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow, but upon two occasions he was sorely disappointed when the committee did not choose him President of Harvard College, an honor which seemed to be the goal of his ambition. Toward the end of his life he deplored the fact that this institution had wandered from the orthodox faith, and he rejoiced over the founding of Yale University, the name of which was suggested by himself.

Character. — His character was largely the result of his environment. He inherited remarkable lit-

erary tendencies from both sides of the family, and being a very precocious youth, he became vain, arrogant, and extremely ambitious. Moses Coit Tyler says : —

"From his earliest childhood, and through all his days, he was gazed at and belauded by his immediate associates, as a being of almost supernatural genius, and of quite indescribable godliness."

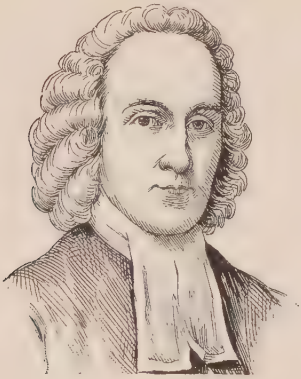
This admiration naturally enough turned his head, but he had a kind heart and was constantly aiming to help his fellow-men through an intense desire to serve the Lord.

Death. — On the day after his sixty-fifth birthday he died, and his body was laid to rest in the Copp's Hill Cemetery. His funeral was attended by a vast throng of people, among whom were the leading dignitaries of the Church and of the State.

An Estimate. — Barrett Wendell, in his *Literary History of America*, says of Mather : —

"Undoubtedly he was eccentric and fantastic, so reactionary in temper that those who love progress have been apt to think him almost as bad as he was queer. For all his eccentricity, however, and perhaps on account of the exaggeration of his traits in general, he seems on the whole the most complete type of the oldest-fashioned divine of New England. He was born in Boston, and educated at Harvard College; he lived in Boston all his life, never straying a hundred miles away. Every external influence brought to bear on

him was local. Whatever else his life and work means, then, it cannot help expressing what human existence taught the most intellectually active of seventeenth-century Yankees."



2. Jonathan Edwards

CHRONOLOGY

1703, Oct. 5	Born at East Windsor, Conn.
1716–1720	Student at Yale.
1720–1722	Theological student.
1724–1726	Tutor at Yale.
1727–1750	Pastor at Northampton.
1727	Married Sarah Pierrepont.
1740	Revival preaching.
1751–1758	Missionary at Stockbridge.
1758, Feb. 16	Became president of Princeton.
1758, Mar. 22	Died at Princeton.

Parentage. — The greatest intellectual giant of America, as Jonathan Edwards may be aptly termed, was born at East Windsor, Connecticut, on the 5th of October, 1703. His father, Timothy Edwards, was a graduate of Harvard and a minister of considerable renown. The appreciation of his worth is shown by the fact that he ministered to the same parish for more than sixty years. He acquired a reputation in this vicinity for the skill with which he prepared boys for college, combining the duties of schoolmaster with those of his parish. His wife, Esther Stoddard, was the daughter of Solomon Stoddard, a most eminent clergyman in his day, and was noted for her noble character and fine intellectual attainments. Jonathan inherited from his mother that breadth of mind and love for intellectual research which has left him without a peer in America.

Education. — Jonathan was the only son in a family of eleven children, and he was early destined for the ministry. Through close application to his studies under his father's tuition he was ready to enter Yale in his thirteenth year. The boy was passionately fond of study, and he was never so happy as when he was acquiring knowledge in the investigation of some abstruse subject. During his college course he showed a remarkable aptitude for physics, astronomy, and metaphysics. He graduated in 1720, but remained at Yale two

years longer, pursuing the study of theology. In his sophomore year he had chanced upon a copy of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, which made a profound impression upon him, and probably affected his whole career.

As a Preacher. — In 1724 he became a tutor at Yale College, where he showed the same skill in imparting knowledge as his father had done before him. At the end of two years he was called to Northampton to assist his maternal grandfather in his parish work, who, although eighty-four years of age, was still actively engaged in the ministry. When his grandfather died two years later Edwards was chosen pastor of the church, over whose charge he remained for twenty-three years. His fame and popularity increased until they reached their zenith in 1740, in which year his labors met with bountiful results, and there was such a revival of religion that the year is known as "the year of the great awakening." His power as a preacher lay not in his gift as an orator, for he was not oratorical, but in his vivid portrayal of details. The sermon which he preached at Enfield on *Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God* was so vivid and realistic that the most startling results were produced. His text was, "Their feet shall slide in due time" and his listeners, as he proceeded to depict the awful future in store for them unless they repented, were bowed down in agony and prayer.

At times he had to quiet them in order that he might continue. It was this wholesale condemnation of his people that caused dissatisfaction, and he was finally forced to resign his charge in 1750, after a ministry in Northampton of nearly twenty-four years. He retired to the village of Stockbridge, where he was pastor of a small church and acted as missionary to a tribe of Indians — work for which he was unfit.

Last Days. — The College of New Jersey, or Princeton, had been founded in 1746. Aaron Burr, the President, had married a daughter of Jonathan Edwards, and, upon Burr's death, in 1757, Edwards was asked to become President in his place. He left his work at Stockbridge for this higher calling, for which his intellectual training had most fitly prepared him ; but five weeks after his installation he met his death, which was brought about by inoculation for smallpox.

As a Philosopher. — Edwards possessed the keen, analytic, logical mind of a metaphysician, and in this line of thought he is the only man in America who can lay claim to a world-wide reputation. Men admitted his logic, could find no fallacy in his arguments, and yet in his endeavor to extend the spirit of Calvinism he built up a system of philosophy which was distasteful to the people of his own times, and to-day has been discarded almost entirely.

His greatest work, *Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will*, has been highly praised by such eminent philosophers as Sir James Mackintosh and Dugald Stewart. This treatise was written at Stockbridge and published in 1754. While it has been reviewed and discussed by theologians ever since that time, there is little in it to please or interest the student of literature to-day. The idealism which he advocated was almost identical with that of Berkeley.

As a Man. — In the pulpit he was merciless, and seemed to take delight in terrifying his people with the fear of a future punishment at the hands of an angry God. In his home he was simple and affectionate in his nature, a very devoted husband and father. His wife, Sarah Pierrepont, was the daughter of a minister at New Haven. Her deeply religious character had won his love in his college days, and upon his deathbed he sent this message to her by their daughter, who was at his side, "Tell her that the uncommon union which has so long subsisted between us has been of such a nature as I trust is spiritual and therefore will continue forever."

Edwards was different from most of the ministers of his time in that he engaged but very little in public affairs.

An Estimate. — Of him Dr. Thomas Chalmers says : —

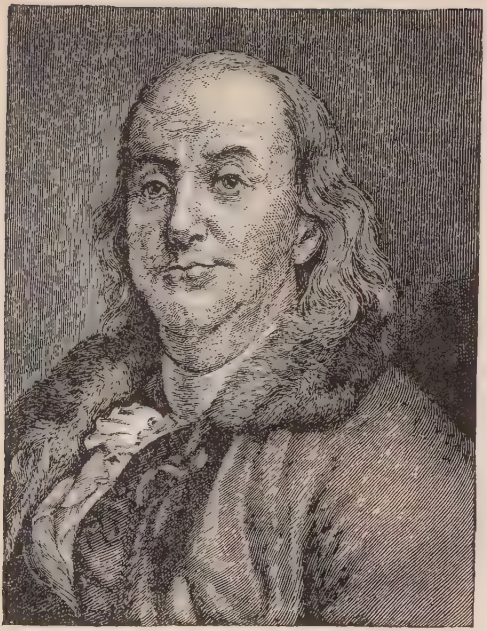
"I have long esteemed him, as the greatest of theologians, combining in a degree that is quite unexampled the profoundly intellectual with the devotedly spiritual and sacred, and realizing in his own person a most rare, yet most beautiful harmony between the simplicity of the Christian pastor on the one hand, and on the other all the strength and powers of a giant in philosophy."

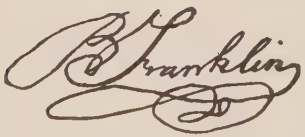
Suggestions for Reading

Selections found in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature.*

Helpful Books

B. Wendell's *Cotton Mather.*
A. P. Marvin's *The Life and Times of Cotton Mather.*
A. V. G. Allen's *Life of Jonathan Edwards.*





III. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

CHRONOLOGY

1706, Jan. 17 . . .	Born in Boston.
1718	Apprenticed as printer to his brother.
1723	Ran away to Philadelphia.
1724–1726	In London.

1726	Returned to Philadelphia.
1730	Married Deborah Read.
1732	Began the *Almanac*.
1736	Clerk of the General Assembly.
1737	Postmaster of Philadelphia.
1742	Invented an open stove.
1749	Burgess to the General Assembly.
1752	Electrical Experiments.
1753	Postmaster-general for all the colonies.
1757–1762 . . .	Envoy to England.
1764–1775 . . .	In England as Agent for the Colonies.
1775	Member of Continental Congress.
1776	Signed the Declaration of Independence.
1776–1785 . . .	Envoy to France.
1787	Signed the Constitution.
1790, April 17 . .	Died in Philadelphia.

Parentage. — Benjamin Franklin's father, Josiah, came to Boston from England in 1685. In the mother country he had followed the occupation of a dyer; but, since he found his trade unprofitable in his new home, he assumed the business of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. "He had an excellent constitution of body," said Benjamin, "was of middle stature, but well set, and very strong." He was considered a man of unusually good judgment, and commanded the respect of all who knew him.

Youth and Education. — Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, January 17, 1706, in a house on Milk Street. He was the youngest son in a large family and was at first destined for the church,

although all his brothers had been apprenticed to different trades. His education at school lasted but two years. At the end of that time, owing to the straitened circumstances of his father, he was compelled at an early age to work in his father's shop, where he was kept busy cutting wicks for the candles, filling the molds, waiting on customers, running errands, and making himself generally useful.

At the end of two years' service with his father he was apprenticed to his elder brother James who was a printer. This was one of the most important events in his life, for it changed his entire career.

The education that Franklin received was not such as is derived from books in school, but from practical life. Although his school life was ended at the age of ten, his education was broad and liberal. He was constantly reading and studying. At the age of twenty-seven he began the study of French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin, and many years of his life were zealously devoted to the study of science. Some of the books which influenced him very much in his youth were Plutarch's *Lives*, Mather's *Essays to Do Good*, and Addison's *Spectator*, which had just been published. He took Addison for his literary model and strove to imitate him as closely as possible.

Philadelphia. — Benjamin remained in his broth-

er's shop until 1723, but, being unjustly treated, the lad determined to strike out for himself. In his *Autobiography*, Franklin gives an account of his voyage from Boston to Philadelphia at the age of seventeen, and this pen picture of him as he landed is worth repeating, for it shows such a marked contrast between the almost penniless youth who was without a friend in the town, and the man who later became Philadelphia's most distinguished citizen.

"I was in my working dress," says he, "my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest; I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar and about a shilling in copper."

As he walked along he inquired for a baker's shop, and having procured three large rolls he put one under each arm and trudged up the street, eating the third. As he went up Market Street he passed the house of a Mr. Read, whose daughter happened to be standing in the door. Little did she imagine that this tired and hungry boy was to become her husband eight years later, or that in the future his entrance into the city, which to-day passed unnoticed, would be greeted with the firing of guns and the booming of cannon.

In 1724 he went to London to buy type and a press, but, being disappointed in securing financial help, he was obliged to earn money by working with a London printer. In 1726 he made his way back to Philadelphia, and established himself as a successful printer, and proprietor of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*.

Public Offices. — In 1736 he entered active political life, and was made clerk of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania. From this time on he became a conspicuous figure in colonial affairs, being sent first to England and then to France, as envoy, to plead the cause of the colonies. Very few Americans have held as many positions of public trust as Franklin, for he served not only his city and state in many capacities, but the whole country at a time when his aid was most needed. When he returned from France, where he had accomplished so much for his country during nine years, he was chosen president of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. In reference to this Franklin wrote : —

"I have not firmness enough to resist the unanimous desire of my country folks, and I find myself harnessed again to their service another year. They engrossed the prime of my life. They have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones."

Public Services. — Franklin was constantly seeking to render some service to his fellow-men.

A mere enumeration of his public services is sufficient to prove the worth of the man. He was one of the founders of the American Philosophical Society and the University of Pennsylvania; he was the chief promoter of the first subscription library in the United States; the "Junto," a debating society, was organized by him.

He helped to regulate the police department; organized a fire company; was colonel of a regiment of militia; was one of the founders of the first masonic society in the United States in 1730; instituted a better system of cleaning and lighting the streets; invented the open stove, for which he even refused to take out a patent; and identified lightning with electricity. He was instrumental in having the Stamp Act repealed, and, upon his return from England, the citizens of Philadelphia celebrated the occasion with a grand procession, of which the chief feature was "a barge, forty feet long, named Franklin, from which salutes were fired as it passed along the streets." It is said that he was the only man whose name was attached to the Declaration of Independence, as well as to the Constitution, the Treaty of Peace with England, and the Treaty of Alliance with France.

Public Honors. — Besides the public offices which Franklin held, many other honors were conferred upon him. He was made **M.A. by Harvard**

and Yale ; the Universities of Oxford and St. Andrews granted him the title of LL.D. He was elected a member of the Royal Society of England. As he was starting for England the last time, three hundred of his friends escorted him sixteen miles to the boat, and three thousand pounds sterling were voted him for his services in that country. While he was in France he was entertained royally, and, as he was leaving in his old age, the queen sent her own litter for his use and the king presented him with his portrait, framed in a double circle of diamonds.

Statesmanship. — Franklin occupies a very high rank among America's statesmen. At home his opinion had more weight than that of any other American except Washington. He was shrewd, sagacious, hard to overreach, and gained most of his ends by easy methods with very little violent opposition. When the Stamp Act was passed, the colonists condemned Franklin in very bitter terms ; but he seems to have done all in his power to prevent its passage. Shortly after it was passed Franklin wrote to a friend in America as follows : —

"Depend upon it, my good neighbour, I took every step in my power to prevent the passing of the Stamp Act. . . . We might as well have hindered the sun's setting ; but, since it is down, my friend, and it may

be long before it rises again, let us make as good a night of it as we can. We may still light candles. Frugality and industry will go a great way towards indemnifying us. Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliament."

Bigelow, in his edition of the *Autobiography*, says : —

"When he fully learned the state of feeling throughout the colonies, he became the most sturdy champion of the rights claimed by his countrymen, and in explaining and defending the views of the colonists he performed a service that no other American then living could have rendered; for so extensive and accurate was his knowledge of American affairs, and so general was the respect paid to his authority and opinions in England, that the repeal of the hated acts was due in large measure to his untiring efforts."

Franklin was the most popular American who ever set foot on French soil, and gained more concessions from the French people, while he was ambassador to that country, than any other American could have done, notwithstanding the fact that he was secretly opposed by some of his own able countrymen who were supposed to be working in the same cause.

Writings. — The writings of Franklin fill many volumes, but they are chiefly of a political or a scientific nature. His *Autobiography* was not

written for publication, and yet it is one of the most interesting books in our literature. The style is simple, charming, and graceful. He himself carried it down to 1757, and John Bigelow has finished it in a very satisfactory manner. The book, like Franklin's conversation, is full of keen wit and sound philosophy. His advice was always wholesome.

"I would advise you," he said in writing to his young friend [Mary Stevenson], "to read with a pen in your hand, and enter in a little book short hints of what you find that is curious, or that may be useful; for this will be the best method of imprinting such particulars in your memory, where they will be ready, either for practice on some future occasion, if they are matters of utility, or at least to adorn and improve your conversation, if they are rather points of curiosity."

When he was sent as ambassador to France, he said, "I am old and good for nothing, but, as the store-keepers say of their remnants of cloth, 'I am but a fag-end, and you may have me for what you please.'"

Were Franklin alive to-day, he would be a strong advocate of international arbitration. After signing the Treaty of Peace with England in 1783, he wrote to this same friend, Mary Stevenson, who had become Mrs. Hewson: —

"At length we are at peace. God be praised, and long, very long, may it continue. All wars are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it, even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other."

In speaking of the infirmities of old age, he philosophically remarks, "People that will live a long life and drink to the bottom of the cup must expect to meet with some of the dregs."

On the capture of some American vessels, he said with patriotic spirit: —

"The destroying of our ships by the English is only like shaving our beards, that will grow again. Their loss of provinces is like the loss of a limb, which can never again be united to their body."

The Almanac. — In 1732 Franklin began the publication of *Poor Richard's Almanac* under the name of Richard Saunders. It proved immensely popular and was found in nearly every household. Many wise maxims, which tended to inculcate thrift and all the homely virtues, were inserted in a conspicuous place. Some of these maxims were original, while many were borrowed from various sources. So popular did the *Almanac* become that copies were bought by the rich and distributed gratuitously among the poor. In

1758 the last edition was issued and, in what is known as *Father Abraham's Speech*, Franklin gathered together the best of his maxims during these twenty-five years. The following will serve as illustrations: —

"Drive thy business, let not that drive thee."

"Little strokes fell great oaks."

"A fat kitchen makes a lean will."

"Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen fire."

"It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel."

"Fools make feasts and wise men eat them."

"What maintains one vice would bring up two children."

Franklin also wrote a series of articles which were published as the *Busybody Papers*. These were in imitation of Addison's *Spectator*, but were not so favorably received by the public. Some of his shorter writings, such as *The Whistle* and a *Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout*, are written in a very charming fashion.

Rank. — There are many writers in the field of American literature that deserve a higher place than Franklin, yet perhaps there is no one who more fittingly represents the man of letters, the man of science, and the man of affairs. The history of his life reads like a romance. To him his countrymen turned in their time of sorest need.

He was as efficient in the councils of state as Washington was in those of war.

Character. — Franklin was an extremely busy man, yet he seemed able and willing to assume every additional burden laid upon him. He was generous, loyal, patriotic, and in a literal sense "went about doing good." He was an excellent conversationalist, seldom disputing any one or making strong assertions. He used the expressions "I believe" and "I think" more often than "I know."

Death. — The last few years of Franklin's life were passed in much pain and suffering, and on the 17th of April, 1790, he breathed his last. His life is almost identical in point of time with that of Samuel Johnson, whom he resembled in many ways. Johnson was very fortunate in securing Boswell as his biographer, for Boswell is without a peer; but, as has been well said, Franklin is his own Boswell.

An Estimate. — "He was a profound thinker and preacher in morals and on the conduct of life; so that with the exceptions of the founders of great religions it would be difficult to name any persons who have more extensively influenced the ideas, motives, and habits of life of men. He was one of the most, perhaps the most, agreeable conversationalist of his age. He was a rare wit and humorist, and in an age when 'American humor' was still unborn, amid contem-

poraries who have left no trace of a jest, still less of the faintest appreciation of humor, all which he said and wrote was brilliant with both these most charming qualities of the human mind."

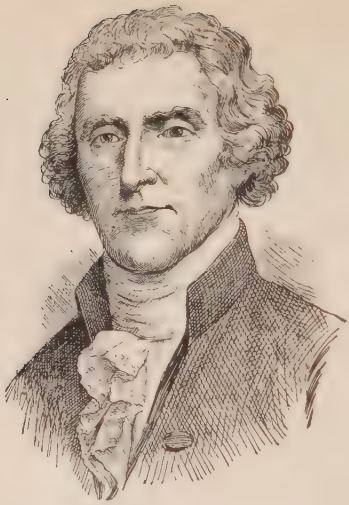
—John T. Morse, Jr.

Suggestions for Reading

The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.
Father Abraham's Speech.
The Whistle.

Helpful Books

Franklin's *Autobiography.*
J. B. McMaster's *Benjamin Franklin.*
J. T. Morse's *Benjamin Franklin.*
P. L. Ford's *The Many-Sided Franklin.*
S. G. Fisher's *The True Benjamin Franklin.*



Th. Jefferson

IV. TWO POLITICAL LEADERS

1. Thomas Jefferson

CHRONOLOGY

1743, April 13 .	Born at Shadwell, Virginia.
1760–1762 . . .	Student at William and Mary College.
1762–1767 . . .	Studied law.
1767–1774 . . .	Practiced his profession.
1769	Elected member of the House of Burgesses.
1772, Jan. 1 . .	Married Mrs. Martha Skelton.
1775, June 21 .	Took his seat in Second Continental Congress.
1776	Drafted the Declaration of Independence.

1779–1780	Governor of Virginia.
1784–1789	Minister to France.
1790–1793	Secretary of State.
1797–1801	Vice-President.
1801–1809	President.
1825	Opened University of Virginia.
1826, July 4	Died at Monticello.

Revolutionary Literature. — The period of the Revolutionary War gave rise to much literary activity upon political issues. While the mass of the material thus produced cannot be termed literature in its highest sense, yet some of the papers which came forth from the hand and brain of these political leaders deserve to be given the highest praise. From the many writers of this period two have been chosen for some discussion in this chapter, — Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton. Both are typical of the period, leaders of their respective political parties, and almost without a peer in their particular fields of work. These men did not adopt literature as a profession, neither did Mather, Edwards, or Franklin. The time had not yet come in America when a man could live by his pen alone. Jefferson and Hamilton were statesmen and leaders of two antagonistic parties, and both were men who made use of their literary ability to persuade and convince the people.

Parentage. — Thomas Jefferson was born April

13, 1743, at Shadwell, Virginia. He was the son of Peter Jefferson, a prosperous landholder of Virginia, and Jane Randolph, a member of one of the proudest families in that proud state. The father was a strong man physically, independent in spirit, fond of outdoor life, and an ardent lover of nature; and in these points the son resembled his father. From his mother he is said to have inherited a lively wit, a keen imagination, and a refinement of taste such as few of our public men have possessed. His father died when he was fourteen years of age, — the critical time in a boy's life, — and it was his mother's duty to direct him in his pursuit of an education; and the world knows how well she succeeded.

Education. — Few men, if any, in those days, were so well educated as Jefferson. Not only did he receive the best training afforded at college, but during his whole life he was an assiduous student, delving for knowledge in many fields of research. He was early sent to a boarding school famed for its classical training, where he evinced a very strong taste for the classics. Some years later he remarked that he preferred his classical training to the patrimony which he had received. In 1760 he entered the College of William and Mary, and was graduated in two years, often working fifteen hours a day. He was also very fond of mathematics and science.

"In English composition," says Schouler, "he acquired almost insensibly so attractive a style of expression — pellucid as a lake, picturesque and choice in the use of words, and warm because of his heart's earnestness — as easily to grow into the best penman of his age in all America."

His interest in the cause of education is commemorated by the University of Virginia, which was founded chiefly through his agency in 1819 and opened in 1825, the year before his death. His was the guiding hand that shaped the policy and directed the work of this noble institution of the South.

As a Lawyer. — While Jefferson was a student in college, a very strong friendship had grown up between him and George Wythe, one of the ablest lawyers in Virginia, and the five years following Jefferson's graduation were devoted to the study of law under Wythe's guidance. After he had been admitted to the bar, he practiced for seven years with considerable success, but at the end of that time he gave up his office and abandoned his practice. Later he had an opportunity to display his legal knowledge and skill in revising the laws of Virginia and effecting many wise changes in the state constitution.

As a Public Official. — In 1769 Jefferson was elected a representative to the House of Burgesses, where he had as fellow-members Washington,

Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee. In 1775 he was delegated a member of the Second Continental Congress, which was in session at Philadelphia. Here he at once became a prominent leader because of his skill with the pen. He was later chosen chairman of a committee of five to draft the Declaration of Independence, and, like most chairmen, he was called upon to do the largest share of the work. His draft was amended and modified to some extent, but the strongest and best part of the document — the preamble — was left almost entirely as he had written it. In speaking of his influence in the Second Continental Congress, Schouler says : —

"Jefferson touched the orb of continental deliberations as lightly as a winged Mercury; but wherever he touched he left his footprint."

Jefferson was not a soldier nor did he make a very efficient war governor, in which capacity he served his native state for two years.

In 1784 he was sent as Minister to France to join Franklin and Adams. He remained in Paris five years, serving his country faithfully and well.

His career as Secretary of State in Washington's Cabinet, as Vice-President, and then President is a fruitful field for the historian, but does not concern to any great extent the student of literature. Jefferson was a great public bene-

factor, was the friend of popular liberty, believed in religious toleration, and felt that a country could not be wisely governed without the consent of the governed.

As a Writer. — Jefferson was not one of our greatest writers, and yet his works have had a wonderful influence in molding the thoughts of men. His most important book, *Notes on Virginia*, has been a mine of facts for many writers, and his state papers have scarcely been surpassed either in form or style.

"Phrases from his letters and public documents, sometimes fervent, sometimes humorous, circulated through the land like silver coin." — SCHOULER.

Style. — In referring to James Madison, Jefferson wrote: —

"Never wandering from his subject into vain declamation, but pursuing it closely, in language pure, classical and copious, soothing always the feelings of his adversaries by civilities and softness of expression, he rose to the eminent station which he held in the great National Convention of 1787; and in that of Virginia which followed, he sustained the New Constitution in all its parts, bearing off the palm against the logic of George Mason and the fervid declamation of Mr. Henry. With these consummate powers was united a pure and spotless virtue, which no calumny has ever attempted to sully. Of the powers and polish of his pen, and of the wisdom of his administration in the

highest office of the nation, I need say nothing. They have spoken and will forever speak for themselves."

At Home. — In 1765 Jefferson began building his palatial mansion at Monticello on his father's estate, and seven years later, when it was but partially completed, he led into it as its mistress the beautiful young widow, Mrs. Martha Skelton. Six children were born to them, of whom only two grew to maturity. Here at Monticello Jefferson was perfectly happy. With his wife and children about him he was wont to take particular delight in the work of his garden and farm. When his wife died, in 1782, Jefferson was inconsolable and found peace only in his ministerial duties abroad. After his retirement from the presidency, he lived quietly in Virginia, and his house was constantly thronged by those who had come to see "the sage of Monticello."

His Death. — Jefferson died on July 4, 1826, just a few hours before John Adams, and on the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, his most enduring monument.

An Estimate of his Work. — Daniel W. Voorhees in a spirited oration on Thomas Jefferson, closed with these words: —

"As a statesman his principles live in all that is greatest and best of his country's history; as a diplomatist he established our first relations with for-

eign powers; as a philosopher his name will survive as long as the law of progress rules the world. Wherever among men, in all time to come, the oppressed aspire to be free, the enslaved mind to break its house of bondage, and ignorance struggles toward the light, there will Jefferson be hailed as the peer, in wisdom and benevolence, of the foremost who have lived in the history of the human race."

2. Alexander Hamilton

CHRONOLOGY

1757, Jan. 11 . Born in the island of Nevis, West Indies.
1772 . . . . Preparing for college in New Jersey.

1774–1775 . .	Political pamphleteer.
1776	Captain of artillery in the Continental army.
1777	On Washington's staff.
1780	Married Miss Elizabeth Schuyler.
1782	Admitted to the bar. Entered Congress.
1787	*The Federalist.*
1789–1795 . .	Secretary of the Treasury.
1804, July 11 .	Mortally wounded by Aaron Burr in a duel at Weehawken, New Jersey.
1804, July 12 .	Died in New York City.

Youth. — Seldom has a child shown such strong hereditary traits as Alexander Hamilton, who was born in the island of Nevis, British West Indies, January 11, 1757. His father, James Hamilton, was a Scotch merchant, from whom he inherited great pride, sturdiness, and a keen delight in questions of finance. His mother was a Frenchwoman, reputed to have been possessed of great wit and beauty. From her he inherited the characteristic French traits, a quick intellect and an emotional character. This combination of the sturdy qualities of the Scotchman with the versatile qualities of the Frenchwoman produced in Hamilton the greatest and shrewdest financier this country has ever seen. His mother died when he was an infant, and his father seems to have abandoned him to the care of his mother's relatives in the island of Santa Cruz. At the age of twelve he was placed in a countingroom, where he showed

remarkable aptitude for a mercantile life. He was honest, careful, and accurate, but, luckily for America, he was not satisfied with such a humble position.

He was an ambitious student, fond of study, and quite precocious. At the age of fourteen he wrote a vivid account of the devastation caused by a West Indian hurricane, and his relatives and friends, feeling that his literary talents should be cultivated, raised a fund and sent him to the United States to study. In this fortuitous way America is indebted to the little English dependency of Santa Cruz for one of her most ardent patriots.

In October, 1772, he entered a grammar school at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, to prepare for college; and the next year he was admitted as a student at King's College, later to be known as Columbia.

As a Soldier. — Hamilton's interest in the colonies was first manifested at a mass meeting in New York, July 6, 1774. The large assembly had been addressed by several speakers, when this youth of seventeen, feeling his heart stirred with emotion, made his way to the platform and surprised his listeners by delivering an elegant and persuasive speech. He was now eager for war, and, when the call to arms was made, he left college and took command of a battery in New York

City with the rank of captain, displaying during his service considerable skill and daring.

In 1777 he was asked by Washington to join his staff, which invitation, after some hesitation, he accepted. He made himself very popular with the generals at headquarters and won the entire confidence of the commander-in-chief, acting as his confidential secretary. At one time he was sent as a messenger to General Gates, when considerable tact was necessary, and he accomplished his mission with great credit. For four years he served on Washington's staff, but in February, 1781, having had a misunderstanding with the commander-in-chief, he resigned. Later he was given the rank of lieutenant-colonel and was placed in command of a corps at Yorktown, where he showed intrepid courage. Hamilton, under other circumstances, might have become a famous general, but his brightest laurels were to be won in a different field.

As a Statesman and Writer. — Hamilton was an eloquent lawyer and a convincing debater. Few men, if any, deserve so much credit as he for securing the adoption of the Constitution and for placing the country upon a sound financial basis. From September, 1789, to January, 1795, he was Secretary of the Treasury, where he showed marvelous skill in the settlement of financial questions. His report upon the public debt,

in 1790, was eminently clear and convincing. The excise tax and national bank system were instituted through his agency.

Hamilton's fame as a writer rests mainly upon his articles for *The Federalist*, which were written during the latter part of 1787 and the first part of 1788. Eighty-five papers in all were written, urging the adoption of the Constitution. Of these Hamilton produced almost two thirds, the rest being written by Madison and Jay, all three signing the name "Publius." These papers were concise, full of spirit, and very effective, contributing materially to the adoption of the Constitution, and as political literature they are to be ranked with the very best.

"Ideas leaped forth from his teeming brain, begotten like Minerva, in full panoply. He was as a beacon that emits a strong light to steady and give guidance, but absorbs no ray of direction in return."

— SCHOULER.

Character. — Hamilton was proud and impulsive; he made many enemies and but few warm friends. He did not cater to the masses, and his aristocratic bearing did not tend to render him popular. He had a fine head, bright, keen eyes, and a noble countenance. He was very ambitious, but was deeply disappointed in life, for he realized his own wonderful abilities and felt that they

were not appreciated by others. Jefferson and Hamilton were keen rivals and bitter opponents, and, when Jefferson was chosen President, Hamilton withdrew from political life. He remained poor, though he had many opportunities for enriching himself at the expense of the public. His fees as a lawyer were very moderate, and he often refused the larger ones proffered him by his clients. Hamilton was happy in his home at "The Grange" near New York (at that time a country place, but now well within the city limits), where he had taken up his abode after his retirement from public life. With his wife Elizabeth, the daughter of General Philip Schuyler, and his family of seven children, he was more contented than he had been for many years. This peaceful life was abruptly broken by his acceptance of a challenge to fight a duel with Aaron Burr, for many years his bitter political opponent. Burr had forced the quarrel upon Hamilton, and, according to the so-called code of honor of the day, the latter had no alternative but to accept. The duel was fought at Weehawken, New Jersey, July 11, 1804, and Hamilton was mortally wounded, on the same spot where his son Philip had been killed three years before while defending his father's name. Hamilton died amid the universal grief of the nation whose interests he had done so much to foster and promote.

Lodge's Estimate. — Henry Cabot Lodge, in his biography of Alexander Hamilton, passes judgment upon him in the following words: —

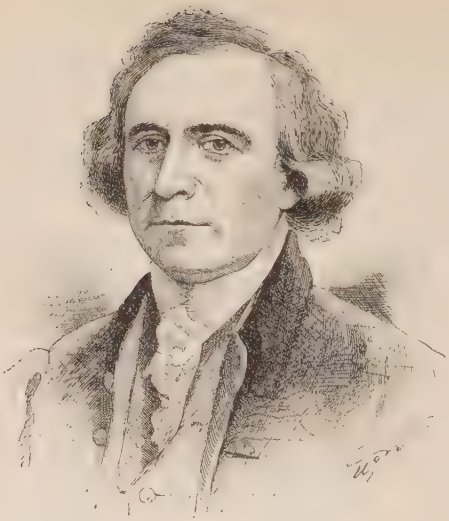
"It is given to but few men to impress their individuality indelibly upon the history of a great nation. But Hamilton, as a man, achieved even more than this. His versatility was extraordinary. He was a great orator and lawyer, and he was also the ablest political and constitutional writer of his day, a good soldier, and possessed of a wonderful capacity for organization and practical administration. He was a master in every field that he entered, and however he may have erred in moments of passion, he never failed."

Suggestions for Reading

Jefferson: The *Declaration of Independence*, *Notes on Virginia.*
Alexander Hamilton: *The Federalist.*

Helpful Books

T. E. Watson's *Thomas Jefferson.*
J. T. Morse's *Thomas Jefferson.*
H. C. Lodge's *Alexander Hamilton.*
James Schouler's *Alexander Hamilton.*



Philip Freneau

V. TWO LITERARY PIONEERS

1. Philip Freneau

CHRONOLOGY

1752, Jan. 2 . . .	Born in New York City.
1767–1771	Student at Princeton.
1776–1778	In the West Indies.
1780	Captured by a British cruiser.
1791	Translator for the State Department.
1791	Editor of the *National Gazette*.
1832, Dec. 18 . . .	Died near Freehold, New Jersey.

The Hartford Wits. — During the Revolutionary War a little group of writers in Connecticut, familiarly known as the "Hartford Wits," made a desperate effort to write something that should be creditable to themselves and place American literature on a higher plane than it had been before. The leaders of this group were John Trumbull (1750–1831), Joel Barlow (1754–1812), and Timothy Dwight (1752–1817).

Trumbull's most pretentious work was *McFingal*, a burlesque epic, modeled after Butler's *Hudibras*, which was immensely popular in its day.

Joel Barlow decided that America should be glorified in a grand epic, which he entitled *Columbiad*, but its fame has passed into obscurity along with its author. His poem, *Hasty Pudding*, which is mock-heroic in its nature, is filled with the spirit of rustic life and deserves a reading.

Timothy Dwight, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards, was president of Yale College, and the author of a so-called epic, *The Conquest of Canaan*, which has scarcely a redeeming virtue.

Besides this little group, there were many writers during the Revolution who attempted satirical verse; but it is in Philip Freneau's work that we catch the first glimpse of genuine poetry. It is true that the glimpse is fleeting, yet an occasional verse is distinguished by true poetic feeling.

Stedman, in his *American Anthology*, introduces that work with selections from Freneau, assigning more space to him than to any other poet before the time of Bryant.

Youth and Education. — This "father of American poetry" was born January 2, 1752, in New York City, where his father, Pierre Freneau, was a prosperous wine merchant. Shortly after his birth the family removed to a farm of about a thousand acres near Monmouth, New Jersey, upon which, after a very checkered career, Philip spent the last years of his life. In 1768 he entered the college at Princeton and became at once one of the dominant spirits in that republican institution, for Freneau, even as a boy, evinced a strong desire for freedom. He had as classmates two men who afterward became conspicuous in the making of American history, — James Madison and Aaron Burr. Freneau began writing poetry very early in his college days, one of his attempts being *The Prophet Jonah*, which is well conceived for a boy of sixteen. The subject of a young man's commencement oration is usually an index of what he has been thinking about during his college course. If this be true in the case of Freneau, we have additional proof of his love for poetry and the cause of freedom, for his Commencement address was written in blank verse on *The Rising Glory of America*.

Adventures. — After leaving college, his experiences were many and varied. At first he taught school, then, in accordance with the wishes of his father, who had died just before he entered Princeton, he planned to study theology, but this he liked less than teaching. Later he tried the law, but soon found that this was no more congenial to his tastes than the other two vocations.

He made a voyage to the West Indies in 1778, visiting Jamaica and Santa Cruz, where he wrote *The Beauties of Santa Cruz* and *The House of Night: A Vision*, which Richardson considers the best poem written in America before 1800. While he was in these islands, the dark side of slavery was revealed to him, and he used his vigorous pen in denouncing the dreadful system. In 1780 he was captured by a British cruiser and placed on a prison ship in New York harbor, rightfully called the *Scorpion*, where he received very harsh treatment. After his release he recorded his experiences in one of his most bitter satires, *The British Prison-Ship*.

As a Writer. — Freneau was a voluminous writer upon various subjects. He produced war lyrics, descriptions of nature, translations from the classics, and poems of the sea. The largest part of his verse is a bitter invective against the British in general, King George III and his generals in particular. Freneau was an ardent re-

publican, and his satire was directed with keenest sting against those opposed to him in principle. It was popular, and accomplished the result its author sought, for it aroused a vigorous spirit in the hearts of his countrymen; yet it was ephemeral, serving its purpose but for the day. His reputation rests most firmly upon a few poems, written with no satirical intent. The best of these are *The Wild Honeysuckle*, *The House of Night: A Vision*, *The Indian Burying-Ground*, *Eutaw Springs*, and *To a Honey Bee*.

Such a poem as *The Wild Honeysuckle* reveals the soul of a poet-lover of nature, and makes us feel that Freneau's environment at the time of the Revolution changed the tenor of his way and spoiled an American Wordsworth.

"Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

"By Nature's self in white arrayed
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy Summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

"Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

"From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour;
The frail duration of a flower."

Freneau was a popular poet in his day, as is attested by the fact that Campbell and Scott did not hesitate to borrow a line from him. But his vogue gradually died out, and his works after a time ceased to be printed. Critics, however, are now beginning to scan his verse with a more favorable eye and to give this Revolutionary poet his proper place in the field of American literature.

Later Life. — From 1791 to 1793 Freneau was employed by Jefferson as a translating clerk in the Department of State at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. The duties were very light and most of his time was devoted to the publication of the *National Gazette*, a strong republican paper, in which the policy of Hamilton was most bitterly attacked.

The last twenty years of Freneau's life were passed in retirement on his farm, where he had a printing press of his own, from which he issued his writings from time to time.

On the 18th of December, 1832, he lost his way in a snowstorm and died from exposure.

An Estimate. — "Even in the larger relations which an American poet in the eighteenth century might hold to the development of English poetry everywhere, Freneau did some work, both early and late, so fresh, so original, so unhackneyed, so defiant of the traditions that then hampered and deadened English verse, so delightful in its fearless appropriation of common things for the divine service of poetry as to entitle him to be called a pioneer of the new poetic age that was then breaking upon the world, and therefore to be classed with Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, and their mighty comrades, — those poetic iconoclasts who, entering the temple of eighteenth-century English verse, broke up its wooden idols, rejected its conventionalized diction, and silenced forever its pompous, monotonous, and insincere tune." — M. C. Tyler.

C. B. Brown

2. Charles Brockden Brown

CHRONOLOGY

1771, Jan. 17 . . .	Born in Philadelphia.
1782–1787	At school.
1788–1792	Studied law.
1798–1801	In New York — published five novels.
1803–1808	Editor of a magazine.
1804	Married Miss Elizabeth Linn.
1810, Feb. 22 . . .	Died in Philadelphia.

Wieland, or the Transformation, is the name of a book that holds a distinct place in American litera-

ture. It made its appearance from the press in New York in 1798 and deserves to be remembered as the first novel written by an American in America, which dealt with American subjects. The author of this novel was Charles Brockden Brown.

Life. — He was born of Quaker parentage in Philadelphia, January 17, 1771. In his youth he was very frail, and he soon discovered that his body would not suffer him to execute the ambitious desires of his brain, which was ever keen, active, and vigorous. He was very studious, and devoted himself with ardent zeal to his books, being especially fond of geography and the study of natural history. This love for nature was intensified by the fact that he was compelled, because of ill health, to forego at times the pleasure of books and to take long rambles in the fields and woods. At the age of eleven he was put under the charge of Robert Proud, a proficient classical teacher, with whom he spent five very happy years in the study of English, Latin, and Greek. Later he began the study of law, but, like many other lovers of literature, he found that law had very little attraction for him, and he decided to devote his life to a literary career, thus becoming the first American man of letters by profession.

In 1798 Brown went to New York, where he remained for three years, and during this time five of his six novels were published. For several

years he was editor of the *Literary Magazine and American Register*. In 1804 he married Miss Elizabeth Linn of Philadelphia, with whom he lived very happily until his death on the 22d of February, 1810. He had never been strong, and it was by sheer force of will that he lived as long as he did and accomplished so much, for in a letter to a friend during the latter part of his life he said that he had never felt well for more than half an hour at a time since he had called himself a man.

Writings. — In 1797 he published *The Dialogue of Alcuin*, a work on marriage and divorce, in which he showed the influence of William Godwin and his wife Mary Wollstonecraft, whose ideas upon the woman question were very pronounced.

In after years the daughter of Godwin and Mary became the wife of the poet Shelley, and the latter is reported to have read with the greatest interest the romantic tales of the American writer.

Wieland. — The scene of Brown's first novel is laid near Philadelphia. Wieland, the hero, is represented as an intensely religious person who thinks he has been ordered by a message from God to slay his wife and children to show, like Abraham, his love for his Master. He is driven insane and performs the bloody deed. The mysterious voice that had urged Wieland to commit the crime, in-

stead of having a divine origin, proceeded from a ventriloquist, who had used this means to gain his power over Wieland. The story, though it is horrible in parts, has some merits. It is fascinating and reveals a spark of genius. Brown's style is vivid and dramatic, as is seen in the following passage where the ventriloquist is introduced: —

"I now come to the mention of a person with whose name the most turbulent sensations are connected. It is with a shuddering reluctance that I enter on the province of describing him. Now it is that I begin to perceive the difficulty of the task which I have undertaken; but it would be a weakness to shrink from it. My blood is congealed and my fingers are palsied when I call up his image. Shame upon my cowardly and infirm heart! Hitherto I have proceeded with some degree of composure; but now I must pause. I mean not that dire remembrance shall subdue my courage or baffle my design; but this weakness cannot be immediately conquered. I must desist for a little while.

"I have taken a few turns in my chamber, and have gathered strength enough to proceed. Yet have I not projected a task beyond my power to execute? If thus, on the very threshold of the scene, my knees falter and I sink, how shall I support myself when I rush into the midst of horrors such as no heart has hitherto conceived nor tongue related? I sicken and recoil at the prospect; and yet my irresolution is momentary. I have not formed this design upon

slight grounds; and, though I may at times pause and hesitate, I will not finally be diverted from it.

"And thou, O most fatal and potent of mankind, in what terms shall I describe thee? What words are adequate to the just delineation of thy character? How shall I detail the means which rendered the secrecy of thy purposes unfathomable? But I will not anticipate. Let me recover, if possible, a sober strain. Let me keep down the flood of passion that would render me precipitate or powerless. Let me stifle the agonies that are awakened by thy name. Let me for a time regard thee as a being of no terrible attributes. Let me tear myself from contemplation of the evils of which it is but too certain thou wast the author, and limit my view to those harmless appearances which attended thy entrance upon the stage.

"One sunny afternoon I was standing in the door of my house, when I marked a person passing close to the edge of the bank that was in front. His pace was a careless and lingering one, and had none of that gracefulness and ease which distinguish a person with certain advantages of education from a clown. His gait was rustic and awkward. His form was ungainly and disproportioned. Shoulders broad and square, breast sunken, his head drooping, his body of uniform breadth, supported by long and lank legs, were the ingredients of his frame. His garb was not ill adapted to such a figure. A slouched hat, tarnished by the weather, a coat of thick gray cloth, cut and wrought, as it seemed by a country tailor, blue

worsted stockings, and shoes fastened by thongs and deeply discolored by dust, which brush had never disturbed, constituted his dress."

In 1793 Brown almost fell a victim to the dread scourge of yellow fever which was ravaging New York and Philadelphia and leaving a trail of death in its path. His experience with the plague furnished him the material for his next novel, *Arthur Mervyn*. The descriptions of the fever-stricken city of Philadelphia are very vivid and may be compared with Defoe's account of the plague in London in 1665.

Edgar Huntley; or the Adventures of a Sleep-walker, the title of his next novel, the scene of which is laid in the wilds of western Pennsylvania, is full of thrilling experiences. The hero takes long walks in his sleep over the mountains and through the forests and extricates himself in marvelous ways from many dangers.

"Indeed," says Prescott, "the author has succeeded perfectly in constantly stimulating the curiosity by a succession of as original incidents, perils, and hair-breadth escapes as ever flitted across a poet's fancy."

Style. — It is not difficult to detect many faults of exaggeration and false pathos in Brown's style, but we must remember that he was working along a new path; no Poe or Hawthorne had blazed the trail for him. He is often verbose and

melodramatic, his style is bombastic; he is at times ungrammatical; he has a fondness for Latin words, where the Anglo-Saxon equivalents would have more force; his plots are not always skillfully wrought. Yet we must admit that his books are readable, and his mistakes are due partly to the rapidity with which he wrote. His novels are psychological, and foretell the coming of Poe and Hawthorne.

An Estimate. — "The call-note of our greatest fiction sounded clear, though faint and far, in Brockden Brown. As one takes from the shelf any of Brown's books — even the preposterous *Clara Howard; or, The Enthusiasm of Love* — he is sure to find, amid a sufficiency of failures, some touch of what we call genius, some passport to a corner, if no more, in the land of imagination." — CHARLES F. RICHARDSON.

SUGGESTIONS FOR READING

Philip Freneau: *Eutaw Springs, The Wild Honeysuckle, The Indian Burying-Ground, To a Honey Bee.*

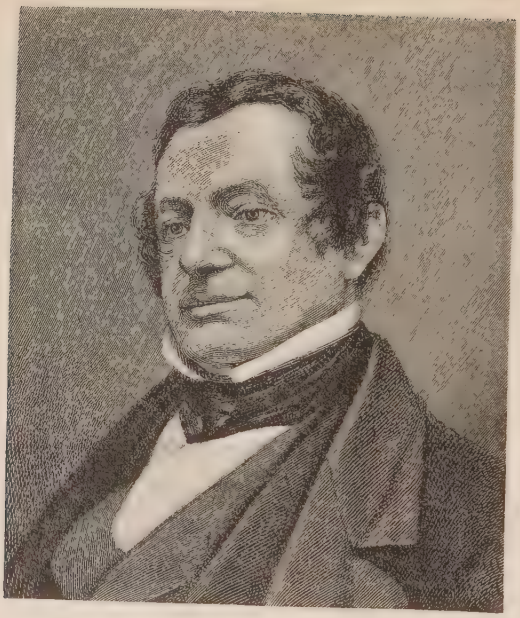
Charles Brockden Brown: Selections in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature.*

HELPFUL BOOKS

M. S. Austin's *Philip Freneau.*

M. C. Tyler's *Three Men of Letters.*

W. H. Prescott's *Life of Charles Brockden Brown* in *Biographical and Critical Miscellanies.*



Washington Irving

VI. WASHINGTON IRVING

CHRONOLOGY

1783, April 3 . Born in New York.
1804 . . . . Voyage to Europe.
1806 . . . . Admitted to the bar.
1807 . . . . First number of *Salmagundi* published.
1809 . . . . *A History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker.*
1815 . . . . Second voyage to Europe.

1815–1820 . . In Great Britain.
1819 . . . . *The Sketch-Book.*
1820–1826 . . On the Continent.
1826–1829 . . In Spain.
1829–1831 . . Secretary of Legation in London.
1832 . . . . *The Alhambra.*
1842–1846 . . Minister to Spain.
1859, Nov. 28 . Died at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, New York.

We have seen that Charles Brockden Brown was the first American who depended solely upon his pen for a living. When he, as a slender youth of twelve, was taking long rambles on the outskirts of his native city of Philadelphia, dreaming of what his life might be, a child was born in the neighboring city of New York whose fame as a writer was to be established over two continents, and whose labors with the pen were to reap bountiful results. It is to Washington Irving that we turn with a feeling of pleasure, for here is a man whose whole aim in life was to please.

Parentage and Youth. — William Irving, the father of Washington, was born in one of the Orkney Islands, and could trace his ancestry back to William De Irwin, the armor-bearer of Robert Bruce. He was a stern Presbyterian, of whom his children stood somewhat in awe. The mother, Sarah, was of a more cheerful and impulsive nature, and was always cherished with the fondest love by her son, Washington, who

inherited from her his sunny smile and jovial disposition.

General Washington and his army entered New York City in 1783, after its evacuation by the British troops, just at the time of the child's birth, and the parents, who were stanch patriots during the war, joyfully named their son Washington. An interesting story is told of young Irving's Scotch nurse, who followed President Washington into a shop one day, a few years later, leading her charge by the hand, and said, "Please, your honor, here's a bairn was named after you." Washington placed his hand on the boy's head and blessed him, little dreaming that their names would be handed down in history together, — Washington, and his biographer, Washington Irving.

Education. — At the early age of four, Irving was sent to a dame's school, where he was taught his letters, and afterwards his education was continued under private instruction until he was fitted for college. Irving was not a natural student. His dislike for the drudgery of school work and his feeble health were sufficient reasons for his not going to Columbia, where his older brothers had gone, but he entered a law office and began the study of law, for which he had little aptitude. He was later admitted to the bar, but the work was so distasteful to him that he never practiced.

Two Trips to Ogdensburg. — When Irving was eighteen, he entered the law office of Josiah Hoffman as clerk. By his cheerful manner and winning ways he won the hearts not only of Mr. and Mrs. Hoffman, but of their charming daughter, Matilda. In 1803, in company with them and some other friends, he made a trip to Ogdensburg, New York, which was full of thrilling experiences to the youthful traveler. Just fifty years later he made a second visit to the same place, and of this experience he writes thus: —

"I sat for a long time on the rocks, summoning recollections of bygone days, and of the happy beings by whom I was then surrounded; all had passed away — all were dead and gone; of that young and joyous party I was the sole survivor; they had all lived quietly at home out of the reach of mischance, yet had gone down to their graves; while I, who had been wandering about the world, exposed to all hazards by sea and land, was yet alive. It seemed almost marvelous. I have often, in my shifting about the world, come upon the traces of former existence; but I do not think anything has made a stronger impression on me than this second visit to the banks of the Oswegatchie."

First Voyage to Europe. — As Irving's health at this time was in a precarious condition, his brothers decided to give him the benefit of a sea voyage, and on May 19, 1804, he set sail for Bordeaux.

This trip proved very beneficial to him, although, when he went on board, he was so ill that his family feared that he might not survive the voyage. He had just passed his twenty-first birthday, and he entered into the experiences of his tour through Europe with the boyish zest which clung to him for many a year. At Nice he was taken for an English spy and detained for some weeks, and on his way from Genoa to Messina his vessel was boarded by pirates. After visiting several cities in Sicily, he went to Rome, where he met his fellow-countryman, Washington Allston, through whose influence he was almost induced to remain at Rome and adopt painting as his profession. But the Eternal City did not prove so enchanting to him as to most travelers, and, after a brief stay, much to his brothers' regret, he set out for Paris, where for four months he enjoyed himself hugely. He took especial delight in attending the opera, of which he was always very fond. From Paris he went to London, where he had the good fortune to see the famous actress, Mrs. Siddons. In January, 1806, he set sail for New York, which he reached after a stormy voyage of sixty-four days.

First Literary Ventures. — When Irving was a youth of nineteen, he had contributed some articles, under the name of Jonathan Oldstyle, to the *Morning Chronicle*, which was owned by his

brother Peter. These essays were Addisonian in style, but they did not proclaim to the world the genius of the writer. In the year 1807 he and his brother William and James K. Paulding edited twenty numbers of a magazine called *Salmagundi*. These essays were in imitation of Addison's *Spectator*, criticising the fashions and foibles of the day, and were received everywhere with popular favor. But it was not until Irving published his burlesque *History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*, in 1809, that he rose at once into prominence, and his fame was established in the English-speaking world.

The History was begun by Irving and his brother Peter as a sort of satire, but Peter was soon compelled to leave for Europe, and the task of completing the work fell to Irving. It purports to be a history of Dutch manners and customs in the early days of New York, and is brimful of humor. The History was received enthusiastically by every one save a few of the oldest Dutch settlers, who took the work too seriously and thought that they were being made ridiculous. But nothing was farther from the author's mind than that. It is a masterpiece of genial satire that contains no trace of malice. Walter Scott read and enjoyed the work immensely and spoke of it in the highest terms. But at the age of thirty-two Irving had not yet

wakened to his possibilities, in spite of the popular favor with which *Diedrich Knickerbocker* had been received. Most of his days were spent in idle pleasure as a man of society. We find him more often in the drawing-rooms of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York than in his library.

In Europe. — On the 25th of May, 1815, Irving set sail for Europe, which was to be his home for the next seventeen years. His brother Peter had charge of a mercantile house in Liverpool, and Irving, who was a silent partner in the firm, went over to render some assistance. The affairs of the brothers were found to be in very bad shape, and Irving valiantly put his shoulder to the wheel, but to no effect. They were forced in 1818 to take advantage of the Bankrupt Law, and now Irving found it necessary to make a living not only for himself, but for his brothers as well. The failure of the firm seemed at first a very great calamity, and yet it was the best thing that could have happened, so far as Irving and lovers of good literature are concerned. This was just the incentive he needed. Henceforth he was a man of letters, and literature was his vocation. During these business troubles Irving had written: —

"My mind is in a sickly state, and my imagination so blighted that it cannot put forth a blossom nor even a green leaf."

He had made many friends in literary circles, among whom were Moore, Scott, Rogers, Campbell, D'Israeli, Jeffrey, and Hallam. Some of these men, Scott especially, rendered him valuable service in introducing his literary wares to the people of England, who were very slow to believe that an American could write a book worth reading. In 1819 *The Sketch-Book* was published, which entirely effaced that impression, and was very warmly received both in Europe and America. The work is inimitable, and remains to-day, almost a century later, one of our most popular books. The sketches were written in England and published serially in America. Later, to protect himself from pirated editions, Irving published them in England. Murray, the great English publisher, declined at first to undertake the work, but soon changed his mind and became one of Irving's most devoted and helpful friends. The gem of the collection is *Rip Van Winkle*, — the source of many a laugh and tear. There is nothing like it in all literature. Ichabod Crane in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* is probably the best caricature sketch written by an American. These two sketches alone would have made the reputation of Irving abiding. *The Wife*, *Westminster Abbey*, and *Stratford-on-Avon* are also excellent and deserve repeated reading.

After a visit to Paris, Irving returned to Eng-

land again, where he published, in 1822, *Bracebridge Hall*, which was a continuation of *The Sketch-Book*. While inferior to its predecessor, it contains many excellent tales, of which the humorous *Stout Gentleman* is the best. *Dolph Heyliger*, a story of Dutch life on the Hudson, is admirably conceived.

At this time Irving made a tour of the Continent, visiting, among other places, Heidelberg, Vienna, Prague, and Dresden. On his return to England in 1824 *The Tales of a Traveler* was published. It is interesting to note what the author thought of this book: —

"For my own part," he says, "I think there are in it some of the best things I have ever written. They may not be so highly polished as some of my former writings, but they are touched off with a freer spirit and are more true to life; for they are the transcripts of scenes that I have witnessed."

In Spain. — In 1826 Irving went to Spain, which was to be the scene of his literary activity for the next three years. This was the busiest and most profitable period of his whole life. While in Spain he met Longfellow, who was preparing for his professional work at Bowdoin. Irving, upon his return to England in 1832, published *The Alhambra*, which contains some splendid pen pictures of Old Spain. He

was entranced with the wild beauty of Spanish life and scenery, and he entered into his work with his whole soul. The two volumes upon which he spent his time in Spain were *The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* and *The Conquest of Granada*. Both of these books were financially as well as artistically successful. *The Conquest of Granada* is usually regarded as the best of Irving's works which deal with Spanish subjects.

In England again. — In 1829 Irving was appointed secretary of legation to the court of St. James's. The next three years were passed very pleasantly. He was entertained and feasted everywhere; honors were thrust upon him. In 1830 he was awarded a gold medal by the Royal Society of Literature, an honor bestowed upon two writers each year. The next year the title of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Oxford. In 1832 his face was turned homeward, and in May he landed in New York, where he was warmly received.

At Home 1832–1842. — The work that Irving did during these next ten years is inferior to his preceding work, and does not compare favorably with that which he did later in life. In the fall of 1832 he made a trip through the West, and was entertained most cordially. In 1835 he published *A Tour on the Prairies*, which seems little better

than hack work. There also appeared *Legends of the Conquest of Spain* and *Recollections of Abbotsford* and *Newstead Abbey*, pleasing reminiscences of the home of Sir Walter Scott and of a spot closely associated with the youth of Lord Byron. Irving and his nephew Pierre wrote *Astoria* to commemorate the work of John Jacob Astor in the great Northwest.

Irving began the study of the conquest of Mexico, but relinquished it when he learned that Prescott was investigating the same subject. In 1837 he published *The Adventures of Captain Bonneville.*

Minister to Spain. — In 1842, through the influence of Daniel Webster, Irving received the appointment of minister to Spain. When he arrived, Spain was in the throes of a revolution. Exciting events were constantly transpiring, but Irving kept a cool head and did effective service for his country as its representative, although he longed for home, and was glad when his successor was named.

Closing Years at Sunnyside. — In 1835 Irving bought a house on the banks of the Hudson, which he rebuilt and named Sunnyside. In this pleasant abode his last years were spent in writing, resting, and playing the host to his numerous friends and kinsmen. His house was constantly filled with a joyous company. During

these last years he revised his works and wrote his biographies of Goldsmith, Mahomet, and Washington. His biography of Goldsmith is excellent in the richness of its flavor. No one was more adapted to such a work than he, for between himself and his subject there were many striking points of similarity. He was not so successful in his *Life of Mahomet and his Successors*. *The Life of Washington* was finished shortly before Irving's death. He had been working upon it at intervals for thirty years. This book cannot justly be called a great biography, for it was written by one who was primarily an essayist and story-teller.

On the 28th of November, 1859, Irving died, and his body was carried over the bridge made famous in *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and laid near that picturesque and beautiful vale.

Character of his Writings. — For over fifty years Irving had lived a literary life, and during that time many books had come from his pen, — essays, tales, books of travel, histories, and biographies. Of these his essays are to be most commended, and to the books of travel the least praise is due. His style is simple and pleasing; his humor has no bitter sting; his work is graceful, not virile; full of pathos, but lacking in imagination.

His purpose is fully revealed by himself at the close of *The Christmas Dinner*, when he says: —

"If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow-beings and himself — surely, surely, I shall not then have written in vain."

Character of the Man. — Irving never married. Matilda Hoffman, to whom he was engaged, died on the 26th of April, 1809, and for fifty years he cherished her memory. He was genial in his manners, modest in his bearing, devoid of egotism, generous to a fault, affectionate and loyal both to his friends and to his country.

Lowell's Estimate. — In his *Fable for Critics* Lowell has drawn an admirable sketch of Irving with just the proper coloring.

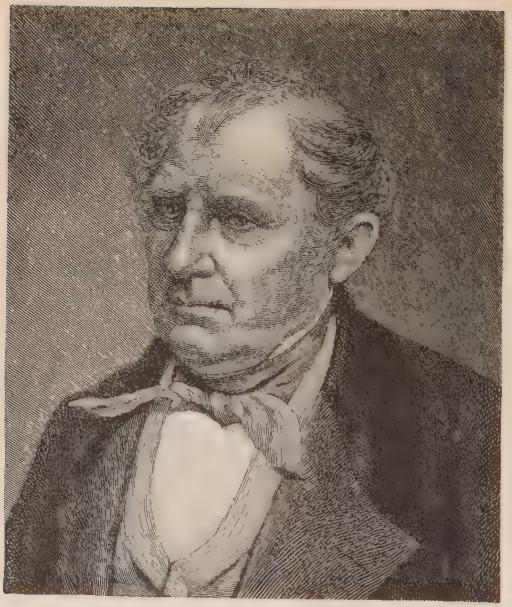
"To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele,
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill,
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er, as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman, simmer it well,
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and clearest remain,
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm, lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee — just Irving."

Suggestions for Reading

The Sketch-Book: Rip Van Winkle, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, Westminster Abbey, Stratford-on-Avon, Rural Funerals, The Christmas Series.
Bracebridge Hall: The Stout Gentleman.
The Alhambra: Selections.
Life of Goldsmith.

Helpful Books

Pierre M. Irving's *Life and Letters of Washington Irving.*
Charles Dudley Warner's *Life of Irving.*



J. Fenimore Cooper

VII. JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHRONOLOGY

1789, Sept. 15 . . .	Born in Burlington, New Jersey.
1802–1805	At Yale University.
1806	Served in the merchant marine.
1808	Midshipman in the navy.
1811, Jan. 1	Married Miss Susan De Lancey.
1820	Published his first novel, *Precaution*.
1821	*The Spy* published.

1822–1830	Literary activity.
1826–1829	Consul at Lyons.
1834–1851	At Cooperstown.
1851, Sept. 14	Died at Cooperstown, New York.

Early Life. — Environment played an important part in the life of James Fenimore Cooper. He was born in Burlington, New Jersey, September 15, 1789, but it was in the little village of Cooperstown, New York, which had been founded by his father, on the shore of Lake Otsego, that he grew up from infancy. In this wild solitude the boy acquired an ardent love for nature. Learning in childhood to thread his way through the forest, he became an expert woodsman and gained that knowledge of the trapper and the Indian that made it possible for him to write the series of *Leatherstocking Tales*, the most popular books in American fiction.

His father, William Cooper, came of Quaker stock and was a man of considerable wealth. He possessed much influence in his district, serving at one time as a member of Congress. His mother, Elizabeth Fenimore, was a woman of fine character, and it was from her that our novelist inherited his love of truth and independent spirit. His baptismal name was James Cooper, but in 1826 he had it changed by act of legislature to James Fenimore Cooper.

His education was not thorough, for Cooper,

like Irving, was not fond of the printed page, but no one knew better than he the book of nature. After receiving the elements of an education in the village school, he was sent at the age of eleven to Albany, where he was prepared for college. He entered Yale at the early age of thirteen, but in his junior year he was dismissed for irregular conduct, and Yale lost the honor of numbering among her alumni one of America's greatest writers. His father, thinking that a life in the navy would be congenial to his son, placed him in 1806 on board a merchant vessel, sailing from New York to Liverpool, in order that he might gain some practical knowledge of seamanship. His berth was not an easy one, for he sailed before the mast. The year was one of stormy voyages, and we have reaped the benefit of the lad's experiences in the delightful sea stories which he afterwards wrote.

In 1808 he entered the navy as a midshipman, and for three years more his life was devoted to the sea. Part of this time was spent on the shores of Lake Ontario, of which he has given us a beautiful description in *The Pathfinder*. Soon after his marriage to Miss De Lancey in 1811, he resigned from the service and settled down to a happy married life that lasted for more than forty years. Seven children were born to them, of whom Susan, the second child, became an author of some note.

For some time after his marriage Cooper lived at Mamaroneck, Westchester County, New York, the home of the De Lanceys, and later at Cooperstown and Scarsdale until his literary work made it necessary for him to remove to New York.

First Publications. — Cooper's first novel was the outcome of a chance remark to his wife, as he laid down an English novel that he had been reading to her, "I believe I could write a better story myself." Urged by his wife to prove his assertion, he began *Precaution*, which was published in 1820, after he had passed his thirty-first birthday. It is a story of English society, written apparently by an Englishman. It was carelessly done, and did not meet with much success. Cooper's failure in his first novel was due largely to his attempt to portray conditions in a society with which he was wholly unfamiliar. However, his friends felt that the book was good enough to warrant him in making a second attempt, and they encouraged him to continue. As a result he wrote his famous story, *The Spy*, which was published in two volumes in 1821. The scene of the novel is laid in Westchester County, New York, a district with which Cooper was thoroughly familiar. The story is filled with the spirit of adventure, and its popularity established Cooper's reputation. It met with equal success in England and on the Continent, being translated into French. In spite of

its many imperfections in form, the novel is a blood-stirring one, and its hero, the immortal Harvey Birch, was immediately recognized as a genuine literary creation.

The Leatherstocking Tales. — Brockden Brown in *Arthur Mervyn* had shown the possibilities of using American frontier life in writing a successful novel, but it was left to Cooper to develop this idea to its fullest extent in the series of five novels, popularly known as *The Leatherstocking Tales*. The first to make its appearance was *The Pioneers*, which was published in 1823. It is interesting, for it gives a very vivid picture of Cooper's home and the scenes of his childhood. As in the case of *The Spy*, one feels that Cooper is not treading here upon unfamiliar ground. It met at once with a decided success and had an immense sale, and yet it must be regarded as the poorest of the series. The others will be discussed in the order of their publication.

The Pilot. — Cooper's next novel was the result of a discussion which had taken place at a dinner party in New York in 1822. *The Pirate* had recently appeared anonymously, and Cooper maintained that it was written by Scott, because it showed the inexperienced hand of a landsman. He was convinced that, if the author had been more familiar with the sea, the story would have contained to a greater extent the element of reality,

and to prove the truth of his assertion he wrote *The Pilot*, undoubtedly the best sea story ever written. Cooper's years before the mast in his boyhood had given him a fund of nautical experience on which to draw, and his power of vivid word-painting enabled him to use this experience to the best advantage. There have been many writers who have imitated him in this powerful tale, but none have equalled his skill.

Lionel Lincoln was published in 1825. Although the story contains some vivid descriptions, such as are found in the account of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, it was to a certain extent a failure. There is no interest aroused ; the characters are dull, the plot is weak, and the action drags. In these respects it presents a striking contrast to *The Spy* and *The Pilot*.

The Last of the Mohicans. — We turn with relief from this novel back to *The Leatherstocking Tales*, the second number of which made its appearance in 1826. *The Last of the Mohicans* is regarded by many critics, and most of his readers, as Cooper's best work. The interest is maintained throughout. The hero has improved since his first appearance in *The Pioneers*. There he is depicted as an old man, while in *The Last of the Mohicans*, Hawkeye is in the vigor of his manhood. Nowhere in fiction do we find a nobler description of the Indian than that which is given of Uncas and his father Chin-

gachgook. The following description of Uncas will serve as an illustration : —

"At a little distance in advance stood Uncas, his whole person thrown powerfully into view. The travelers anxiously regarded the upright, flexible figure of the young Mohican, graceful and unrestrained in the attitudes and movements of nature. Though his person was more than usually screened by a green and fringed hunting-shirt, like that of the white man, there was no concealment to his dark, glancing, fearless eye, alike terrible and calm; the bold outline of his high, haughty features, pure in their native red; or to the dignified elevation of his receding forehead, together with all the finest proportions of a noble head, bared to the generous scalping-tuft. The ingenuous Alice gazed at his free air and proud carriage as she would have looked upon some precious relic of the Grecian chisel, to which life had been imparted by the intervention of a miracle; while Heyward, though accustomed to see the perfection of form which abounds among the uncorrupted natives, openly expressed his admiration at such an unblemished specimen of the noblest proportions of man."

Cooper had now reached the zenith of his fame. He was praised and flattered on all sides, and was the center of an agreeable literary circle in New York. He was the founder of a club called "The Bread and Cheese Lunch," that numbered among its members such noted men as Bryant, Halleck, Morse, and Chancellor Kent.

In Europe 1826–1833. — On June 1, 1826, Cooper, with his family, sailed for Europe, where he resided for the next seven years. A large part of this time he spent in France, acting as American consul at Lyons. He also traveled extensively through Switzerland and Italy, the latter country filling him with admiration.

The first novel Cooper published while abroad was *The Prairie*, which was not so popular as *The Last of the Mohicans*, but it is regarded as the most poetical of the Leatherstocking series. The hero-hunter is now nearing his grave on the western prairies, and the whole story breathes the spirit of solitude.

The *Red Rover* came out the next year and is an excellent tale of the sea, inferior only to *The Pilot*. Then followed in rapid succession *The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish*, *The Water-Witch*, *The Bravo*, *The Heidenmauer*, and *The Headsman of Berne*, all of inferior merit.

Libel Suits. — In November, 1833, Cooper returned to America and proceeded at once to Cooperstown, where he continued to live until his death. He had now reached the turning-point in his career. When *The Spy* was published in 1821, Cooper became one of the most popular writers in America, and this reputation was maintained for nearly ten years. While he was in France he began a written controversy as to the

relative expense of conducting a republican form of government as compared with that of a limited monarchy, and from that time until his death he was engaged in a quarrel most of the time. He was criticised and attacked on all sides, often by those he was trying to defend. In *Homeward Bound* and *Home as Found*, he criticises America severely, but with honest intent. This criticism aroused a most bitter feeling against him, not only among the public, but in the press. One libel suit after another was instituted by him against the newspapers that had abused him, in which he was almost invariably successful, often acting as his own attorney. He had in him the blood and spirit of a fighter when aroused to action.

Cooper's *History of the United States Navy*, which appeared in 1839, gave rise to several more libel suits. This history, according to Professor Lounsbury who has made a careful study of the question, contains a very intelligent and accurate account of our navy. Cooper's experience in the navy, and his desire to be fair, made it possible for him to write a standard history. The part that laid him open to accusations was his description of the Battle of Lake Erie, in which the friends of Commodore Perry thought that Cooper had been unjust to the latter.

Later Writings. — During the next ten years many novels came from the pen of this prolific

writer, but of these only the last two of *The Leatherstocking Tales* increased his fame. These were *The Pathfinder* and *The Deerslayer*, which reach the high-water mark in Cooper's career. Of *The Pathfinder* Balzac said: —

"Never did the art of writing tread closer upon the art of the pencil. This is the school of study for literary landscape painters."

Cooper's reputation rests most securely upon this series of novels which should be read, not in the order in which they were written, but, as it happens, in their alphabetical order, viz., *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie*, — from the youthful manhood of the hero in the first volume to his old age and death in the last.

In an oration delivered a few months after Cooper's death to commemorate his life and work, Bryant thus characterizes Leatherstocking: —

"In *The Pioneers*, Leatherstocking is first introduced a philosopher of the woods, ignorant of books, but instructed in all that nature, without the aid of science, could reveal to the man of quick senses and inquiring intellect, whose life has been passed under the open sky, and in companionship with a race whose animal perceptions are the acutest and most cultivated of which there is any example. . . . Leatherstocking is

acknowledged, on all hands, to be one of the noblest, as well as most striking and original creations of fiction."

"Leatherstocking," says Professor Lounsbury, Cooper's biographer, "is one of the few original characters, perhaps the only great original character, that American fiction has added to the literature of the world."

As a Writer. — In the matter of style it is very easy for the captious critic to find fault with Cooper's novels. He is often careless in developing his plots, due largely to the rapidity with which he wrote; he is at times ungrammatical; he uses words incorrectly; his introductions are too long; he moralizes too much, and deals too often with matters that are trivial and improbable. He invariably fails when he tries to draw men or women of the higher classes. Wherein, then, does his merit lie? He is a born story-teller; the interest is sustained continuously. He is an artist in depicting frontier life, the backwoodsman, and scenes of nature. There is a healthy tone through all his work. His sketches of character, especially of Indians and frontiersmen, are excellent. He has created three figures that will always live in American literature, — Harvey Birch in *The Spy*, Long Tom Coffin in *The Pilot*, and Natty Bumpo in *The Last of the Mohicans*.

As a Man. — Cooper was a man of strong individuality, — brusque, arrogant, pugnacious, and over-sensitive; he was also fearless, fair, and truthful. He was chivalrous, noble in bearing, and devoted to his wife and children. His home life was ideal.

Death. — Cooper died on the 14th of September, 1851. He was buried at Cooperstown, the spot he loved most on earth, and the scene of his best work.

February 25, 1852, with Daniel Webster as presiding officer, a meeting was held at Metropolitan Hall in New York in commemoration of Cooper, upon which occasion Bryant delivered one of the most eloquent tributes ever bestowed upon an American writer.

An Estimate. — Professor Trent, in his *History of American Literature*, discussing Cooper's position in the world of letters, says: —

"He stands the test of cosmopolitan fame better than any other American save Poe. If he did not originate a movement in fiction he enlarged one in two important directions. The romance of the forest and prairie and the romance of the sea are his creations, and no other writer has since done them so well. No one else has come so near writing an adequate epic of the settlement of America — one of the most truly heroic subjects in literature. When he is at his best

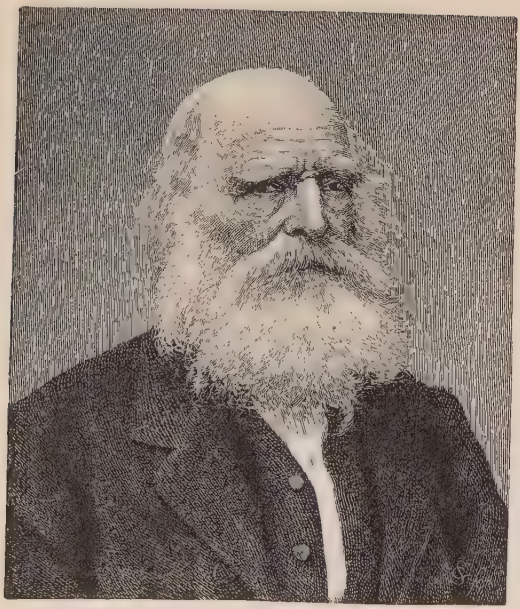
as a novelist of adventure, he can hold the imaginations of his readers, whether they be boys or gray-haired men. When the spirit of the ocean or of the woods is upon him, he becomes a genuine poet; when he is dealing with hunters and trappers and Indians and sailors, he becomes a genuine dramatist."

Suggestions for Reading

The Spy, The Last of the Mohicans, The Pilot, The Deerslayer.

Helpful Books

T. R. Lounsbury's *James Fenimore Cooper.*
J. G. Wilson's *Bryant and his Friends.*



W. C. Bryant

VIII. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

CHRONOLOGY

1794, Nov. 3 . . .	Born in Cummington, Massachusetts.
1810	Entered Williams College.
1811–1825	Studied law and practiced.
1817	*Thanatopsis* published.
1821	Married Miss Frances Fairchild.
1821	First volume of poems published.
1825–1826	Editor of the *New York Review.*

1826–1878 . . . . Editor of the *New York Evening Post.*
1878, June 12 . . . Died in New York City.

Parentage. — William Cullen Bryant was born in Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794. He came of distinguished New England stock. Stephen Bryant, the founder of the family in America, was among those who sailed in the *Mayflower*, and the poet's mother, Sarah Snell, was a direct descendant of John Alden and Priscilla.

Dr. Peter Bryant, the poet's father, had an extensive practice in the neighborhood of his home at Cummington. He was a cultured man, and was said to possess the largest private library in that region.

Education. — Bryant's early education was received in the school of his native village, but in his fifteenth year his uncle, Rev. Thomas Snell, assumed charge of his special preparation for college. He applied himself so diligently to his studies that he was admitted to the sophomore class at Williams at the age of sixteen. Bryant left Williams at the end of the second term with the expectation of continuing the course at Yale. But in this he was disappointed, for his father felt that he could no longer bear the expense of a collegiate course for his son, and thus Bryant, like Franklin, Irving, and Cooper, was deprived of a training which would naturally

have been most helpful to him in his literary career. Although Bryant felt his disappointment keenly, he did not fail to take advantage of opportunities close at hand. His father's library was large and well selected, and here he spent many an hour poring over books of natural science, medicine, and poetry.

As a Lawyer. — Bryant finally decided to study law, not because his tastes lay in that direction, but because it seemed the most remunerative profession to enter. In 1815, after four years of intermittent study, he was admitted to the bar. It was at this time, while pursuing an uncongenial calling, and in doubt as to his future, that he wrote *To a Waterfowl.*

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast —
The desert and illimitable air —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

* * * * * * *

"Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

Bryant settled at Great Barrington, where he practiced his profession with some success until 1825. He never enjoyed his legal duties, as is clearly shown in his poem *Green River:* —

"Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud —
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream,
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years."

As an Editor. — Bryant at length determined to follow his inclination and abandon the law. He went to New York and engaged in newspaper work. At first he was associate editor of the *New York Review*, but in 1829 he became editor-in-chief of the *New York Evening Post*, and for almost fifty years his pen wielded a powerful influence for good throughout the country. He was a very careful and painstaking writer. His editorials were to the point and in simple, idiomatic English, as might be observed from his advice to a young journalist: —

"I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think if you will study the English language that you will find it capable of

expressing all the ideas you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language.

"Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word where a short one will do as well.

"Call a spade by its name, not a well-known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home, and not a residence; a place, not a locality; and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you will always lose by a long one; you lose in clearness, you lose in honest expression of meaning, and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability."

As a Poet. — Bryant was very precocious, and began to write verses at an early age. We learn that when barely ten years old he received ninepence from his grandfather for a rhymed version of the first chapter of *Job*. At the age of thirteen he showed the tenor of his mind and his skill as a versifier by writing *The Embargo*, a bitter attack upon democracy as embodied in President Jefferson, no doubt influenced by his father who was an ardent Federalist and a strong opponent of Jeffersonian policy. The greater part of Bryant's best work was written before he was thirty-five, and *Thanatopsis* is probably the best poem ever

written by a youth of eighteen. It was published in 1817 in the September number of the *North American Review* and its author was at once brought to the attention of the public. In 1822 Bryant was honored by an invitation to read a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard. Pleased with this request he wrote *The Ages*, which was received with great favor. Bryant was soon induced to publish a little volume of his earliest verse, which included *The Ages*, *To a Waterfowl*, *Version of a Fragment of Simonides*, *Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood*, *The Yellow Violet*, *Song*, *Green River*, and *Thanatopsis*.

Bryant was a great lover of nature, and that love is revealed in much that he wrote. *The Death of the Flowers* is a beautiful tribute to his favorite sister, written shortly after her death. It closes with these lines : —

" And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side,
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast
the leaf;
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of
ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers."

The poem called *A Winter Piece* is a wonderful picture gallery of woodland scenes : —

"The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend. The swelling hills,
The quiet dells retiring far between,
With gentle invitation to explore
Their windings, were a calm society
That talked with me and soothed me.

* * * * * * *

Nor was I slow to come
Among them, when the clouds, from their still skirts,
Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
And all was white."

A Forest Hymn reveals the poet's love for God through nature, and *To the Fringed Gentian* his love for flowers and his faith in a divine being. Among the best of his poems may be mentioned, *The Past*, *Innocent Child and Snow-white Flower*, *The Planting of the Apple-Tree*, *June*, *The Evening Wind*, and *Robert-of-Lincoln*, which is filled with the spirit of melody.

In his apostrophe to *The Evening Wind*, Bryant has shown his skill as a writer of lyrical verse : —

"Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorched land, thou wanderer of the sea!"

After Bryant had passed his seventieth year he produced admirable blank verse translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, imbued with much of the spirit of Homer. He had taken up this work as a means of distraction after the death of his wife.

Because of Bryant's ardent love for nature, and his sympathetic descriptions of her wonderful beauties, he is often called the American Wordsworth, but his poetry lacks the element of warmth and magnetism which is found in the verses of his English contemporary. Bryant's verses are stately and full of dignity, but they do not possess that wonderful quality which is wont to dominate one's feelings.

As a Traveler. — Bryant was very fond of travel, crossing the Atlantic six times between 1834 and 1867. He visited many countries, going as far east as Egypt and the Holy Land. He met many famous men and women, and was himself received with much distinction. The readers of the *Evening Post* were enabled to follow the course of his travels by means of the letters which he sent home for publication from time to time.

Home Life. — Bryant was especially fortunate in his home life. His wife, Frances Fairchild, whom he married at Great Barrington in 1821, was a helpmate in every sense of the word. For forty-five years they lived most happily together, at Great Barrington, in New York, and at his

summer home on Long Island. During the latter part of his wife's life he bought the old home at Cummington, in the hope that the pure air of the Berkshire Hills would benefit her failing health. *October, 1866*, written after her death, is a beautiful tribute to her.

Bryant had two daughters, to whom he was very much attached. The elder became the wife of Parke Godwin, Bryant's biographer, and for many years his associate in the editorship of the *Evening Post*.

Character. — Bryant displayed many of the characteristics of his Puritan ancestry. He was a man of deep religious feeling, very conscientious, temperate, and methodical. He was abstemious in his diet, and refrained entirely from tea and coffee. He was fond of exercise, especially of walking, and his quaint figure was a familiar sight as he walked to his office every morning, in all sorts of weather, carrying his old blue cotton umbrella. He was a true American both in word and deed.

Death. — May 29, 1878, he delivered an address at the unveiling of a statue of Mazzini in Central Park. His discourse in the hot sun exhausted him, and as he was entering a friend's house to rest he fell backward and struck his head severely. A few days later a hemorrhage of the brain proved fatal, and he passed away on the 12th of June, the month he had loved the best.

"And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a joyous sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break."

Two days later he was buried at Roslyn, Long Island.

Stedman's Tribute. — "Give his poems a study, and their simplicity is their charm. How easy it seems to write those natural lines! Yet it is harder than to catch a hundred fantastic touches of word-painting and dexterous sound. He never was obscure, because he dared not and would not go beyond his proper sight and knowledge, and this was the safeguard of his poetry, his prose, and his almost blameless life."

Suggestions for Reading

Thanatopsis, To a Waterfowl, Green River, A Winter Piece, A Forest Hymn, The Planting of the Apple-Tree, Robert-of-Lincoln, The Yellow Violet, The Battle-Field, To The Fringed Gentian, The Death of the Flowers, June, October, 1866, The Evening Wind.

Helpful Books

Parke Godwin's *Life of Bryant.*
John Bigelow's *Life of Bryant.*
James G. Wilson's *Bryant and his Frienas.*
William Aspenwall Bradley's *William Cullen Bryant* in the English Men of Letters Series.

IX. THE KNICKERBOCKER SCHOOL

With the advent of Irving and Cooper into literature, the scene of literary activity had shifted from Boston and Philadelphia to New York. Around these two leaders there arose a group of writers commonly spoken of as the "Knickerbocker School." This term, while it applies more closely to Irving, Paulding, Drake, and Halleck, is often used to include all of the writers of New York during the early part of the nineteenth century. This chapter will be devoted to a discussion of three writers of this

school, whose reputations — so bright in their day — have begun to fade somewhat in these later times, — Drake, Halleck, and Willis.

1. Joseph Rodman Drake

CHRONOLOGY

1795, Aug. 7	Born in New York City.
1809–1813	Clerk in a store.
1813	Began the study of medicine.
1816	Wrote *The Culprit Fay*.
1818	Voyage to Europe.
1820, Sept. 21	Died in New York City.

Life. — Joseph Rodman Drake was the only son of Jonathan Drake, a colonel in the Revolutionary army. His mother, Hannah Lawrence, was a member of a distinguished family on Long Island. Both parents died when their son was quite young, leaving him with three sisters to face the battle of life. His youth was subjected to many privations, and he was compelled to become a wage-earner at the age of fourteen. For four years he was a clerk in a store, but in 1813 he began the study of medicine. About this time he became acquainted with Fitz-Greene Halleck, with whom there ripened an ideal friendship, which lasted until Drake's death. Few, if any, literary friendships have shone with such brilliant luster as did this. When Drake was married, at the age of

twenty-one, to the daughter of Mr. Eckford, a wealthy ship-builder of New York, Halleck was groomsman, but he bemoaned the marriage, and in writing to his sister said that Drake had sacrificed himself at the shrine of Hymen to shun the pains and penalties of poverty. He adds : —

"He is, perhaps, the handsomest man in New York — a face like an angel, a form like an Apollo, and, as I well know that his person was the true index of his mind, I felt myself during the ceremony as committing a crime in aiding and assisting in such a sacrifice."

Drake and Halleck were each more ambitious for the other than for himself. Drake's health had never been good, and in 1818, in company with his wife and two intimate friends, he sailed for Europe in search of strength.

As a Writer. — After his return the next year he and Halleck began a series of verses called *The Croakers*, which became immensely popular. They were satirical skits on the fads and follies of the hour, and the individuals satirized were easily recognized. The verses written by Drake were signed Croaker, by Halleck, Croaker, Jr., and those by both, Croaker & Co. The estimation in which these lively skits are held is expressed by James Grant Wilson, who says : —

"Whoever among the present generation would desire to learn something of the leading men of the

city and state, and of the social, scientific, and political events of a decade so interesting as that of 1819–1829 in New York history, cannot but be enlightened, as well as greatly amused, by a perusal of these poems from the pens of two such well-informed and witty men as Drake and his friend."

But it is upon *The Culprit Fay* and *The American Flag* that Drake's reputation as a poet rests to-day. The former of these poems was written in 1816 under peculiar circumstances. On one occasion the three friends, Cooper, Halleck, and Drake, were discussing the streams of Scotland and the ease with which their beauties could be celebrated in verse. Cooper and Halleck maintained that the streams in America lacked the poetic element, but Drake held strongly to the opposite view, and to prove that he was right he wrote this charming little poem in three days. The scene is laid in the highlands of the Hudson, and the poet describes with surprising sweetness the misdemeanor of a fay and his mode of atonement. The coming of the fairies is thus described: —

"They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullein's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum-bird's downy nest, —

They had driven him out by elfin power, —
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charméd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above, below, on every side, —
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!"

The Culprit Fay is a gem of its kind and has no rival in American literature, but Drake is known to most readers as the author of *The American Flag*, one of the best and most popular of our patriotic songs. The poem was written in 1819, shortly after *The Croakers* were begun, and the last stanza was composed by Halleck.

Death. — Drake died of consumption on the 21st of September, 1820, at an age when most poets are beginning their career. A few months later English literature suffered a great loss in the death of John Keats, who was born in the same year as Drake, and whose death was hastened by the same disease. Drake, like his English contemporary, possessed a fine poetic nature, and his early death was a loss to American literature, for he gave promise of better work than he lived to accomplish.

He was buried at Hunt's Point, a favorite re-

sort of his, and the inscription on his monument consists of these two beautiful and expressive lines written by his devoted friend, Halleck, —

"None knew thee but to love thee
Nor named thee but to praise."

2. Fitz-Greene Halleck

CHRONOLOGY

1790, July 8 . . . . . Born at Guilford, Connecticut.
1796–1805 . . . . . School days.

1805–1811 . . .	Clerk in a store.
1808	Sergeant in the militia.
1813	Became acquainted with Joseph Rodman Drake.
1819	*The Croakers* published.
1822	Voyage to Europe.
1837	Member of Author's Club.
1867, Nov. 19 . .	Died at Guilford, Connecticut.

Early Life. — Halleck was born in the village of Guilford, Connecticut, July 8, 1790, five years before the birth of Drake. His father, Israel Halleck, was a man of sound judgment, and came from good old English stock. His mother, Mary Eliot, was a direct descendant of the famous "Apostle to the Indians." At the age of fifteen Halleck had completed the course open to him in the village school. Instead of going to college he began a mercantile life, which he continued for over forty years, being associated in New York with John Jacob Astor. Although Halleck did not continue his education within the walls of a schoolroom, he was a diligent student of literature, spending most of his evenings reading by the dim light of a candle. During his nineteenth year he conducted an evening school, and purchased with the money he earned copies of his favorite poets, — Campbell and Burns, and a volume of Addison's *Spectator*.

At the age of twenty-one he left his native

town for New York City, where he hoped to make his fortune. He found employment as a bookkeeper in the countinghouse of Jacob Barker, where he remained for twenty years.

Poetry. — In 1813 Halleck and Drake became devoted friends, and they collaborated in 1819 in the production of *The Croakers*, the title being suggested by Goldsmith's popular comedy, *The Good-Natured Man*. Drake and Halleck took as much keen delight in writing the verses as people did in reading them. Upon finishing one of the selections Drake is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, Halleck, isn't this happiness!"

In the same year *Fanny*, Halleck's longest poem, was published anonymously, and met at once with popular approval. As the author himself said, it was fashionable to admire it. Three years later, when he was in Glasgow, upon inquiry at a bookseller's for something new, he was surprised to have the clerk hand him a copy of *Fanny*.

Drake died in 1820, and Halleck felt deeply the loss of his beloved friend. He composed at this time the touching elegy that is so often quoted. It is a beautiful and tender tribute to his poet-friend: —

"Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

* * * * *

"When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven,
To tell the world their worth;

"And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine, —

"It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow;
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now."

In 1827 Halleck published anonymously a volume of poems, containing *Alnwick Castle* and *Burns*, and the better-known lyric *Marco Bozzaris*, whose ringing lines have been recited by schoolboys in every hamlet of our country. Who can wonder that the young boy's soul is thrilled with a patriotic fire as he utters the stirring commands of the hero to his men, —

"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God, and your native land!"

Later Years. — In 1832 Halleck entered the office of John Jacob Astor, in whose employ he remained until Astor's death in 1848. During this time he was thrown much with Washington

Irving. In 1837 an author's club was organized of which Irving was president and Halleck vice-president. Halleck was also a member of the "Bread and Cheese Lunch," organized by Cooper in 1824. Very little literary work was done by Halleck during these later years. He had given promise of a bright career, but the death of Drake and his mercantile associations seem to have sapped his literary ambition. At the death of John Jacob Astor, in 1848, Halleck received an annuity. He thereupon retired from business life and spent his remaining years with his sister at Guilford.

Death. — Halleck died, in his native village, November 19, 1867, and his name is commemorated by two monuments erected by his loving friends, one in Guilford and the other in Central Park, New York. When the monument was unveiled in Guilford a poem was read by Oliver Wendell Holmes, which ends with this glowing tribute: —

"He sleeps; he cannot die!
As evening's long-drawn sigh,
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful mound,
Spreads all their sweets around,
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow
From where the rustling sedge
Frets our rude ocean's edge,
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of snow,
His soul the air enshrines, and leaves but dust below!"

N. P. Willis

3. Nathaniel Parker Willis

CHRONOLOGY

1806, Jan. 20 . . Born in Portland, Maine.
1823–1827 . . . At Yale.
1827–1831 . . . In Boston.
1831–1836 . . . In Europe.
1835, Oct. 1 . . Married Miss Mary Stace.
1837–1842 . . . At Glenmary.
1846, Oct. 1 . . Married Miss Cornelia Grinnell.
1853–1867 . . . At Idlewild.
1867, Jan. 20 . . Died near Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York.

Family. — Nathaniel Parker Willis was born on the 20th of January, 1806, in Portland, Maine. His grandfather and father were well-known printers and publishers, the latter being the originator and founder of the *Youth's Companion*, and the *Recorder*, one of the earliest religious papers in the world. His mother was said to be a woman of strong character, from whom he inherited his joyous spirit and impetuous nature. His sister, Sarah Payson Willis, "Fanny Fern," was a popular writer of books for children.

Education. — When Nathaniel was six years of age, the family removed to Boston, where the boy was sent to the Boston Latin School and later to Phillips Andover Academy. In 1823 he entered Yale as a freshman and was graduated in 1827. Among his classmates were Horace Bushnell and Henry Durant, the founder of the University of California. Like many of our writers Willis was not a diligent student, but spent a large part of his time in general reading. He was by nature a society man, and was popular not only among his college friends, but in the exclusive society of New Haven. During his college days he wrote some of his most popular poems, receiving at one time a prize of fifty dollars offered for the best poem written by an undergraduate. His poems were generally based upon scriptural subjects, the best of which are *Absalom* and *The Sacrifice of*

Abraham. They were published anonymously and struck a popular chord at the time. At commencement he delivered the valedictory poem.

In Boston 1827–1831. — After graduation Willis returned to Boston, where he undertook some literary work for S. G. Goodrich, the "Peter Parley" of literary fame, who said of him: —

"We have had no other example of literary success so early, so general, and so flattering."

Dr. Holmes in his reminiscences of Willis gives us this graphic picture of him at the age of twenty-five: —

"He came very near being handsome. He was tall; his hair, of light brown color, waved in luxuriant abundance, and his cheek was as rosy as if it had been painted to show behind the footlights, and he dressed with artistic elegance."

Willis was not popular in Boston because of his foppish ways. He seemed too frivolous to the sober New Englanders, and he was even expelled for his unorthodox views from the Park Street Church, where his father had been a prominent deacon for many years. During part of his career in Boston he was the editor of the *American Monthly Magazine*, which was afterward combined with the *New York Mirror*. When the two magazines were united, the editor of the *Mirror*, George P. Morris, best known to-day as

the author of the poem *Woodman, Spare that Tree*, agreed with Willis that the latter should go abroad and send letters to the *Mirror* for publication.

Abroad 1831–1836. — This was the kind of life that exactly suited Willis. He was very fond of foreign travel. He was entertained everywhere, and met all of the distinguished people of the day. His letters, *Pencillings by the Way*, were filled with amusing gossip about people and things and became very popular. Although most of this work was ephemeral, some few selections can still be read with pleasure.

At Glenmary 1837–1842. — October 1, 1835, Willis married Miss Mary Stace, the daughter of a distinguished officer in the British army, with whom he returned to America the next May. In 1837 he settled near the Susquehanna, on Owego Creek, in a cottage he called "Glenmary" in honor of his wife.

"Here would I have a home!" he said. "Give me a cottage by one of these shining streamlets, upon one of these terraces that seem steps to Olympus, and let me ramble over these mountain sides, while my flowers are growing, and my head silvering in tranquil happiness."

In his *Reverie at Glenmary*, Willis gives us a pleasant picture of himself and family in his new home: —

"I have enough, O God! My heart to-night
Runs over with its fulness of content;
And as I look out on the fragrant stars,
And from the beauty of the night take in
My priceless portion, — yet myself no more
Than in the universe a grain of sand, —
I feel His glory who could make a world,
Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness
Leave not a flower unfinish'd!

"Rich, though poor!
My low-roof'd cottage is this hour a heaven.
Music is in it — and the song she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear
Of my young child awake upon her knee,
And with his calm eye on his master's face,
My noble hound lies couchant — and all here —
All in this little home, yet boundless heaven —
Are, in such love as I have power to give,
Blessed to overflowing."

The next five years he regarded as the happiest of his life. It was here that he wrote *Letters from under a Bridge*, full of pleasing fancy and loving sentiment. His work was like the man, — chatty, gay, and volatile. He wrote some dramas which were produced in New York, but their success was brief. In 1842, having been compelled to sell his home, he went to New York to work conjointly with Morris in the publication of the *New Mirror* (later to become the successful *Home Journal*) and the *Evening Mirror*. When Poe's *Raven* appeared in the *Evening Mirror*, Willis wrote: —

"We regard it as the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country."

Last Years and Death. — In 1846 he began the publication of the *Home Journal*, which became the most prosperous of his many ventures. His influence, which was felt by the writers of his own day, has now entirely passed away. His last days, often attended by severe physical suffering, were spent at Idlewild, in the highlands along the Hudson, not far from Irving's Sunnyside. There he died on his sixty-first birthday, January 20, 1867. When his body was laid to rest in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, it was borne by such distinguished men as Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Fields, Whipple, and Aldrich.

Willis's fame was of brief duration, and justly so. Donald G. Mitchell aptly characterizes him in his *American Lands and Letters:* —

"Nor were there signs of patient labor, mental or physical. He 'dashed' at things; his intuitions often good, keen; but they have presentment only in 'glimpses,' 'inklings.' Even his more elaborate tales (if the word be not too strenuous) are made long by aggregations; there is no well-considered logical sequence of ideas or coherence — no dovetailing of character or of incidents. He impresses one as a bird of too fine plumage for much *scratching*. His best is only — 'By the Way.'"

Suggestions for Reading

Drake's *The Culprit Fay* and *The American Flag.*
Halleck's *Marco Bozzaris* and *Burns.*
Willis's *Letters from under a Bridge.*

Helpful Books

James G. Wilson's *Bryant and his Friends.*
James G. Wilson's *Life and Letters of Fitz-Greene Halleck.*
H. A. Beers's *Life of N. P. Willis.*

X. RALPH WALDO EMERSON

CHRONOLOGY

1803, May 25	Born in Boston.
1817	Enters Harvard College.
1821–1824	Taught school.
1825	At Harvard Divinity School.
1826	Preached his first sermon.
1829	Married Miss Ellen Tucker.

1832	Gave up the ministry.
1832–1833	In Europe.
1834	In Concord.
1835	Married Miss Lidian Jackson.
1840	Edited the *Dial*.
1841	First volume of *Essays*.
1844	Second volume of *Essays*.
1846	*Poems* published.
1847	Lectured in England.
1872	Third visit to Europe.
1882, April 27	Died at Concord.

Family. — Ralph Waldo Emerson, the poet, essayist, and philosopher, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He could trace his ancestral line back through seven generations of ministers, all of them men of culture and ability. At the time of his birth his father, William Emerson, was minister of the First Church in Boston. Plain living and high thinking were characteristic of the Emerson household. The father's salary was comparatively small, and his family large. Waldo at his father's death, in 1811, was eight years old, and his mother was left a widow with six children to care for and educate. The desire for a higher education was instinctive in Waldo and his brothers, and they were encouraged and helped by their mother to the extent of her limited means.

Education. — When Emerson was ten years old he entered the Boston Latin School, where he spent four years in preparing for Harvard College.

At the Latin School he formed a friendship with Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, which lasted for nearly seventy years. He did not make many friends in his early days, for he was remarkably shy, and boyish games did not appeal to him. It is said that he never even owned a sled when coasting was a favorite sport of his schoolmates. In 1817 he entered Harvard, being obliged to depend largely upon his own exertions for his maintenance during his college course. He did not apply himself vigorously to the regular routine of the college work, but preferred to read in the library or spend his time in writing verses. He was especially deficient in mathematics, but attained some distinction in his translations from the classics and in his literary work.

1821–1832. — After Emerson's graduation he and his brother William taught school in Boston. Later Ralph taught in Chelmsford, Massachusetts, and afterward kept a school for a short time in Cambridge. This work of teaching, however, was not congenial to him. His ambition was to be a professor of rhetoric in some college, but, no such opportunity offering itself, he decided to prepare for the ministry. He began to study with that end in view in 1823, and attended lectures in the Divinity School at Cambridge. In 1826, after three years' study, he was "approbated to preach," and a few days later preached his first sermon

at Waltham, Massachusetts. His health failing to improve, he went South for the winter, but received little benefit from the change, returning the following June with his health still much impaired. February 8, 1828, he writes: —

"I am living cautiously, yea, treading on eggs, to strengthen my constitution. It is a long battle, this of mine betwixt life and death, and it is wholly uncertain to whom the game belongs."

Although his health was so uncertain in his early manhood, his life was spared for vigorous work for more than fifty years.

In September, 1829, he married Miss Ellen Tucker, a few months after his installation as pastor of the Second Church in Boston, and to all appearances he had settled down to his life's work with the brightest of prospects for his success in the ministry, but within the short space of three years his whole life was changed. In the summer of 1832 he resigned his pastorate because he felt that he could not conscientiously dispense the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, inasmuch as he did not believe that it was a divine ordinance. In the same year his life was still further saddened by the loss of his beautiful young wife. Emerson preached in various churches, occasionally, for the next few years, but his work as a minister was practically ended.

As a Lecturer. — In 1833 Emerson appeared for the first time as a public lecturer. His discourses were upon scientific subjects of a simple nature intended for popular audiences. In 1835 he delivered in Boston a course of ten lectures upon English literature, which were a great success. The next year he gave a course of twelve lectures on the philosophy of history, and in 1837 ten lectures on human culture, which were equally successful. In the same year he delivered the Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard on *The American Scholar*, which, Dr. Holmes, his biographer, calls our "intellectual Declaration of Independence." Ten years later, when Emerson was in Europe, he gave a course of lectures in Edinburgh, Liverpool, London, and elsewhere. The work was distasteful to him in many ways, but the importunities of his friends and his constant need of money compelled him to continue in the field. It would have been pleasant enough if he had confined his work to Boston and neighboring towns, but he was even called to the far West, where his experiences, especially in the winter, were apt to be very unpleasant. In speaking of Emerson as a lecturer, Holmes, who had the same sort of experiences, says: —

"Lecture-peddling was a hard business and a poorly paid one in the earlier part of the time when Emerson

was carrying his precious wares about the country and offering them in competition with the cheapest itinerants, with shilling concerts and negro-minstrel entertainments. But one could get a kind of living out of it if he had invitations enough."

During the years 1850–1860 Emerson took an active part in the antislavery conflict. A passage from one of his speeches on this subject will illustrate his style and at the same time his force of character. He says: —

"We cannot answer for the Union, but we must keep Massachusetts true. Massachusetts is a little state. Countries have been great by ideas. Europe is little, compared with Asia and Africa. Greece was the least part of Europe; Attica a little part of that, one-tenth of the size of Massachusetts, yet that district still rules the intellect of men. Judea was a petty country. Yet these two, Greece and Judea, furnish the mind and the heart by which the rest of the world is sustained. And Massachusetts is little, but we make it great by making every man in it true."

His last public address was delivered at the University of Virginia in 1876, at a time when his mental powers had begun to fail him. Emerson drew the most intellectual audiences the country afforded. He was not an eloquent speaker, but his voice was rich and pleasing and his manner fascinating. His lectures were prepared with

such care before their delivery that they were as smooth as polished granite. After they had served their purpose as lectures, they were for the most part published as essays.

As an Essayist. — In 1841 Emerson published his first series of essays, which contains among others *History*, *Compensation*, *Self-Reliance*, and *Friendship*. Three years later the second series was published, which includes the familiar ones on *Character* and *Manners*. These essays had been worked over and over, and each sentence had been tried on his audiences. Everything had been discarded which had not stood the test. The essays have no rival in American literature. They are not light reading, but furnish food for deep reflection. Emerson wrote very concisely, and here and there on nearly every page one may find a whole sermon tersely put into few words, such as : —

"For non-conformity the world whips you with its displeasure."

"Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college."

"Character teaches above our wills."

"Our strength grows out of our weakness."

"A man cannot speak but he judges himself."

"Every opinion reacts on him who utters it."

In *Self-Reliance* Emerson has expressed some

noble thoughts on consistency which well illustrate his style and his independent spirit.

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon his guarded lips! Sew them up with pack-thread. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day, in words as hard as cannon balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks, in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you will be sure to be misunderstood! Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word! Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates and Jesus and Luther and Copernicus and Galileo and Newton and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood."

Compensation is one of the most popular of his essays and contains many noble thoughts clothed in language that is graphic and forceful. The keynote to this remarkable essay is found in the following passage : —

"You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise, you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base,

— and that is the one base thing in the universe — to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody."

English Traits and *Representative Men* are properly a continuation of these two series of essays.

As a Philosopher. — In 1836 Emerson, together with James Freeman Clarke, Bronson Alcott, Margaret Fuller, and a few other earnest thinkers, came to be regarded as exponents of a philosophical system which passed under the name of "Transcendentalism," or, as Emerson preferred to call it, "Idealism." His book on *Nature*, which was published in the latter part of that year, seems an embodiment of these ideas. In the introduction Emerson says : —

"Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy.

"Every man's condition is a solution in hieroglyphic to those inquiries he would put. He acts it as life before he apprehends it as a truth. In like manner nature is already, in its forms and tendencies, describing its own design. Let us interrogate the

great apparition that shines so peacefully around us. Let us inquire to what end is nature."

The *Dial*, the official organ of Transcendentalism, was published for four years, Margaret Fuller and Emerson serving as editors, but their articles were not popular enough to appeal to the general reader, and in spite of all Emerson's endeavors the magazine died a lingering death in 1844.

As a Poet. — The question will ever be asked, "Was Emerson a great poet?" And just as often as the question is asked will an uncertain reply be given. It is not a difficult matter to detect flaws in his poetry; his rhythm is often faulty and at times his verse reads like prose, and yet he had a poet's soul. His prose is often poetry in disguise. He wrote poetry at intervals throughout his life, but the bulk of it is small. He composed two elegies, one on the death of a favorite brother, and the other, *Threnody*, on the death of his young son. These reveal not merely the soul of a poet, but the depth of this great man's heart when touched with grief.

April 19, 1836, the Concord monument was unveiled, and Emerson's poem was sung, beginning with the famous lines: —

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world."

Woodnotes, *The Rhodora*, *The Humble-Bee*, reveal the delicate perceptions and profound insight of a true lover of nature.

In *Woodnotes* he says: —

> "For nature ever faithful is
> To such as trust her faithfulness,
> When the forest shall mislead me,
> When the night and morning lie,
> When sea and land refuse to feed me,
> 'Twill be time enough to die;
> Then will yet my mother yield
> A pillow in her greenest field,
> Nor the June flowers scorn to cover
> The clay of their departed lover."

And note how simply and how beautifully he shows his love for the rhodora: —

> "Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
> This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
> Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
> Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
> Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
> I never thought to ask, I never knew:
> But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
> The self-same Power that brought me there brought you."

Of Emerson's poetry Holmes says: —

"His poetry is elemental; it has the rock beneath it in the eternal laws on which it rests; the roll of deep waters in its grander harmonies; its air is full of Æolian strains that waken and die away as the breeze wanders over them; and through it shines the white starlight,

and from time to time flashes a meteor that startles us with its sudden brilliancy. After all our criticisms, our selections, our analyses, our comparisons, we have to recognize that there is a charm in Emerson's poems which cannot be defined any more than the fragrance of a rose or a hyacinth — any more than the tone of a voice which we should know from all others if all mankind were to pass before us, and each of its articulating representatives should call us by name."

Travels and Friendships. — On Christmas Day, 1832, shortly after his wife's death, Emerson set sail for Europe in the hope that an ocean voyage would benefit his health. He visited Sicily, Rome, Paris, London, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, and met many famous men, among whom were Coleridge, Wordsworth, Landor, John Stuart Mill, and Carlyle. The visit which Emerson paid Carlyle at Craigenputtoch was the beginning of a long and warm friendship between these great men who were alike in some respects, and yet so different in their views of life. On his second visit to England, in 1847, Emerson met all the literary lions of the day, among whom were Tennyson, De Quincey, Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, and on his third visit, twenty-five years later, he learned to know Gladstone, Browning, and Max Müller.

His most intimate friends in America were Margaret Fuller, Bronson Alcott, and Thoreau.

The two latter were admitted to Emerson's society when all others were excluded. Emerson was a member of the Saturday Club, round whose board he met and conversed with the leading literary people of Boston and Cambridge. He was very fond of his brothers, and when Charles died just on the verge of his wedding day, he wrote to his wife in these words : —

"A soul is gone, so costly and so rare that few persons were capable of knowing its price, and I shall have my sorrow to myself; for if I speak of him, I shall be thought a fond exaggerator. He had the fourfold perfection of good sense, of genius, of grace, and of virtue as I have never seen them combined."

In October, 1834, Emerson and his mother removed to Concord, where he continued to reside until his death. At first they lived in his grandfather's house, "The Old Manse," which was made still more famous by Hawthorne's occupancy a few years later. There his friends gathered about him, and his presence made Concord the goal of many a literary pilgrimage. In 1835 he married Miss Lidian Jackson, with whom he lived happily for many years. His home life was unclouded, and he took an unusual interest in the studies and sports of his little ones. The death of his oldest boy at the age of five was a blow from which he never fully recovered.

In his bitter agony he cries : —

"Was there no star that could be sent,
No watcher in the firmament,
No angel from the countless host
That loiters round the crystal coast,
Could stoop to heal that only child,
Nature's sweet marvel undefiled,
And keep the blossom of the earth,
Which all her harvests were not worth?

* * * * *

O child of paradise,
Boy who made dear his father's home,
In whose deep eyes
Men read the welfare of the times to come,
I am too much bereft."

Last Years. — In 1866 Harvard conferred upon Emerson the degree of LL.D.

In *Terminus* we realize that the work of this master mind was almost done.

"It is time to be old,
To take in sail :
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said : "No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root."

In 1871 he was invited with a party of friends to make a trip to California, and in 1872, when he and his eldest daughter returned from a trip to

Europe, which they had taken after their house had been destroyed by fire, they found their home restored by the voluntary contributions of loving neighbors and friends.

Ten years later, on the 27th of April, 1882, after a gradual loss of his mental faculties, the sage of Concord passed painlessly away. His body was laid to rest in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, near the graves of Hawthorne and Thoreau.

Richard Garnett on "Nature." — The key to all that Emerson wrote is found in his little book on *Nature*. Richard Garnett, in *Essays of an Ex-Librarian*, gives it high praise when he says: —

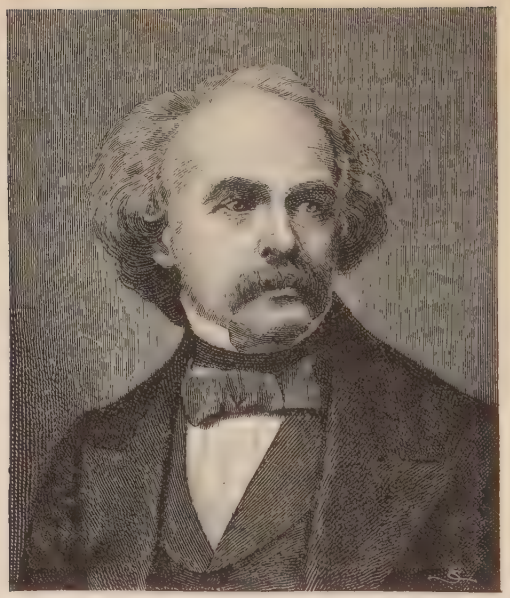
"Of all Emerson's writings, this is the most individual, and the most adapted for a general introduction to his ideas. These ideas are not in fact peculiar to him; and yet the little book is one of the most original ever written, and one of those most likely to effect an intellectual revolution in the mind capable of apprehending it. The reason is mainly the intense vitality of the manner, and the translation of abstract arguments into concrete shapes of witchery and beauty. It contains scarcely a sentence that is not beautiful — not with the cold beauty of art, but with the radiance and warmth of feeling. Its dominant note is rapture, like the joy of one who has found an enchanted realm, or who has convinced himself that old stories deemed too beautiful to be true are true indeed."

Suggestions for Reading

Essays: *Compensation, Self-Reliance, Character, History.*
Poems: *The Rhodora, The Humble-Bee, Woodnotes, The Problem, Boston Hymn, Threnody, May-Day, Concord Hymn, Musketaquid, Days, The Snow-Storm.*

Helpful Books

J. E. Cabot's *Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson.*
O. W. Holmes's *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*
R. Garnett's *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



Nath' Hawthorne

XI. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

CHRONOLOGY

1804, July 4 . . .	Born in Salem, Massachusetts.
1821–1825	Student at Bowdoin College.
1825–1839	At Salem.
1837	Published *Twice-Told Tales*.
1839–1841	Position in the Boston Customhouse
1841	At Brook Farm.
1842, July 9 . . .	Married Miss Sophia Peabody.
1842–1846	At Concord.
1846–1849	Surveyor of the port of Salem.

1846	*Mosses from an Old Manse.*
1850	*The Scarlet Letter.*
1852–1853	At Concord.
1853–1857	Consul at Liverpool.
1858–1859	In Italy.
1860	*The Marble Faun.*
1864, May 18 . . .	Died at Plymouth, New Hampshire.

Parentage. — Hawthorne, like many other New England writers, was proud of his ancestry, which he could trace back to William Hathorne (as the name was then spelled), who came over from England, in 1630, with John Winthrop. One of his ancestors was unfortunate enough to be a prominent mover in the bitter persecution of innocent creatures that took place at the time of the Salem witchcraft. His grandfather and his father were both sea captains, his father dying of yellow fever on board his vessel at Surinam, Dutch Guiana. Nathaniel was born in Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804, and was only four years of age when his father died. His mother was overwhelmed with grief at the loss of her husband, and from that day until the day of her death, in 1849, she lived a very secluded life, at times sacrificing the comfort of her family to her worship of the dead. This seclusion naturally affected the young boy who thus early in life was deprived not only of a father's love but, to a large extent, of a mother's care.

Early Years. — Hawthorne's early years were spent in Salem, but when he was thirteen he passed some time at the home of a kinsman near Raymond, Maine, where he used to hunt, skate, and fish for days at a time with no companions save those of the forest and stream. This sort of life tended to develop still further the boy's natural love of solitude. He was not fond of school life, and the books that pleased him most in his childhood were *Pilgrim's Progress* and Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, a wise selection for the boy who was to become one of our greatest romancers.

In School. — In 1818 Hawthorne returned to Salem to prepare for college, and was placed under the care of Joseph Worcester, the well-known lexicographer. In 1821 he entered Bowdoin College at Brunswick, Maine. He was graduated in 1825, having among his classmates in this remote country college three young men who rose to distinction in later life, — Henry W. Longfellow, John S. C. Abbott, the historian, and Horatio Bridge. Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of the United States, was one class above Hawthorne. In college Hawthorne was not a very diligent student, preferring to spend his time either in reading or in taking long solitary rambles through the woods and fields. Unfortunately, Hawthorne was not intimate with Longfellow during their college course, a fact which both regretted later in life.

Here at Bowdoin began Hawthorne's friendship with Horatio Bridge and Franklin Pierce — a friendship which lasted till his death. His first meeting with Pierce was in the stage on the way to Bowdoin, whither Hawthorne was bound for his freshman year. Pierce proved a loyal friend to the lonely boy, and forty years later, it was Pierce who was with Hawthorne when he died.

After Graduation. — Hawthorne returned to Salem, where he secluded himself for the next fourteen years, reading and writing constantly, and publishing occasionally. During these years spent in the old New England town Hawthorne was preparing himself for his life's work. Slowly but surely he was acquiring the power which was to enable him to create his masterpieces in American fiction. In 1839 he accepted the position of weigher and gauger in the Boston customhouse under George Bancroft, the historian. Such work as this was not at all in accord with the tastes of a man so sensitive and reserved as Hawthorne, but according to Bancroft he was a very faithful and conscientious official, never shirking unpleasant duties. For two years the government was served in this incongruous capacity by the man who ten years later was capable of writing *The Scarlet Letter*.

At Brook Farm. — The agricultural and educa-

tional experiment at Brook Farm near West Roxbury was just beginning, and Hawthorne, who was engaged to be married to Miss Sophia Peabody, decided to join the community in the hope that thus a home for himself and wife might be easily maintained. He entered fully into the simple life at the farm, working day after day, chopping wood, making hay, milking, etc., but he soon lost faith in the venture. His novel, *The Blithedale Romance*, is based upon his experiences while at the farm, and his introduction to the life there is thus described: —

"The evening wore on, and the outer solitude looked in upon us through the windows, gloomy, wild, and vague, like another stage of existence close beside the little sphere of warmth and light in which we were the prattlers and bustlers of a moment. By and by the door was opened by Silas Foster, with a cotton handkerchief about his head and a tallow candle in his hand.

"'Take my advice, brother farmers,' said he, with a great bottomless yawn, 'and get to bed as soon as you can. I shall sound the horn at daybreak; and we've got to get the cattle to fodder, and nine cows to milk, and a dozen other things to do before breakfast.'

"Thus ended the first evening at Blithedale. I went shivering to my fireless chamber, with the miserable consciousness (which had been growing upon me for several hours past) that I had caught a tremendous cold, and should probably awaken, at the

blast of the horn, a fit subject for the hospital. How cold an Arcadia was this."

Marriage. — July 9, 1842, Hawthorne married Miss Peabody, who for twenty years was a most devoted wife and helpful critic in his literary work. She was an admirable woman, refined, sympathetic, and affectionate. Shortly after their marriage they removed to Concord and settled in the "Old Manse," the Emerson homestead, where *Nature* had been written a few years before.

In Salem. — For three years Hawthorne lived in this historic old house, at work on the tales published under the title *Mosses from an Old Manse*. In 1846 he accepted the appointment of surveyor of the customhouse at Salem. He performed the duties of his uncongenial office conscientiously and well. In 1849, fortunately for the world of letters, he lost his position, which was growing more irksome to him every day, and at last he had leisure to devote himself wholly to literature. At first Hawthorne deplored the financial loss of his position, but Mrs. Hawthorne had saved a sum of money out of her weekly allowance which enabled her husband to forget business cares and to elaborate the first draft of *The Scarlet Letter*, which was to make him universally recognized as the greatest American novelist.

Consul at Liverpool. — When Franklin Pierce was a candidate for the Presidency, Hawthorne, who was one of his most intimate friends, wrote a campaign biography of him. After his election Pierce offered Hawthorne the consulship at Liverpool, at that time one of the most lucrative positions in the gift of the President. Hawthorne accepted, and spent the next five years in England. Unlike Lowell, a few years later, Hawthorne remained a stranger to the English literary world. When Buchanan became President, Hawthorne resigned his consulship and traveled to Italy, where he remained for the next two years gathering material for his great masterpiece, *The Marble Faun*. In the old villa of Montaüto, near Florence, he established himself and family, devoting a few hours each day to writing. Hawthorne had chosen just the spot for his work, as he himself says in his preface to *The Marble Faun*. Speaking of himself in the third person, as the author, he writes: —

"Italy, as the site of his *romance*, was chiefly valuable to him as affording a sort of poetic or fairy precinct, where actualities would not be so terribly insisted upon as they are, and must needs be, in America.

* * * * * *

"Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall-flowers, need ruin to make them grow."

The villa of Montaüto became the Monte Beni of *The Marble Faun*, and it may be inferred that Hawthorne was giving us some of his actual experiences in this picturesque spot when he wrote as follows : —

"Nevertheless, there was no lack of outward means for leading an agreeable life in the old villa. Wandering musicians haunted the precincts of Monte Beni, where they seemed to claim a prescriptive right; they made the lawn and shrubbery tuneful with the sound of fiddle, harp, and flute, and now and then with the tangled squeaking of a bagpipe."

In 1860 Hawthorne returned to America and established himself at "The Wayside" in Concord, the home which he had purchased from his friend Bronson Alcott, the father of the author of *Little Women*.

Death. — At this time Hawthorne's usual vigor began to fail, and he gradually grew weaker and weaker. Hoping that he might regain his strength, he started on a tour of northern New England with his friend Franklin Pierce, but death came suddenly to him May 18, 1864, while he was resting at an inn in Plymouth, New Hampshire. His body was brought back to Concord and placed in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. A notable group, consisting of Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Agassiz, and

others, stood round the grave as his body was laid to rest.

Appearance. — Julian Hawthorne gives us a beautiful description of his father during his later life: —

"He was five feet ten and a half inches in height, broad-shouldered, but of a light, athletic build, not weighing more than a hundred and fifty pounds. His limbs were beautifully formed, and the molding of his neck and throat was as fine as anything in antique sculpture. His hair, which had a long, curving wave in it, approached blackness in color; his head was large and grandly developed; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, with a superb arch and space beneath. His nose was straight, but the contour of his chin was Roman. He never wore a beard, and was without a mustache until his fifty-fifth year. His eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant, and full of varied expression."

Horatio Bridge, a life-long friend, pictures Hawthorne for us in his college days: —

"Hawthorne was a slender lad, having a massive head, with dark, brilliant, and most expressive eyes, heavy eyebrows, and a profusion of dark hair. Hawthorne's figure was somewhat singular, owing to his carrying his head a little on one side; but his walk was square and firm, and his manner self-respecting and reserved."

Character. — Despite his love of solitude Hawthorne made and kept some very warm friends. He possessed the qualities that appealed strongly to his associates. He was very independent in thought and deed, absolutely truthful in speech, loyal to his friends, in possession of a keen sense of honor, and great physical courage. He was devoted to his wife and children, Una, Julian, and Rose.

Works. — Hawthorne was not a rapid writer. He was a rigid critic of his own work, and whatever he published was as good as his deep insight and sure literary skill could make it.

His tales for children have rarely been equalled for their simplicity and charm. Hawthorne possessed to an unusual degree the art of telling a story. He draws a moral, yet he rarely moralizes. *Twice-Told Tales* was published in two volumes. The first series was issued in 1837, and was favorably reviewed by Longfellow. Five years later the second series appeared. Most of the tales were published anonymously at first. Among the best are *The Gray Champion*, *The May-Pole of Merry Mount*, *The Gentle Boy*, *Little Annie's Ramble*, *A Rill from the Town Pump*, *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, *Snowflakes*, and *Endicott and the Red Cross*. In 1846 he published *Mosses from an Old Manse*, the result of his musings in the old Emerson homestead that had been built for the Rev.

William Emerson, Ralph Waldo's grandfather. Of these tales Woodberry says: —

"They are the thistledown of literature, creatures of a contemplative idleness as pure as childhood's own, the sun's impartial photography on the film of a rambler's eye; yet in these few pages are condensed some thousands, probably, of Hawthorne's days."

Two other books for children have endeared themselves to young people since the date of their publication, and in spite of the increased number of juvenile books, their popularity has never waned. These are *A Wonder Book for Children* and *Tanglewood Tales*.

Though Hawthorne's rank is high as a writer of short stories, it is as a novelist that he won his greatest fame. In 1850, at the age of forty-six, he published *The Scarlet Letter*, which is unique in literature. The theme of the novel is an act of sin and its consequences. Hester Prynne, and her atonement for her sin, Arthur Dimmesdale, the weak and selfish lover, Chillingworth, with his fiendish desire for vengeance, and the innocent little Pearl are all depicted with a master hand. The struggles of the human soul are noted and described with a psychological power and acuteness unsurpassed in American literature.

The House of the Seven Gables. — The next year Hawthorne published his second great novel, *The*

House of the Seven Gables. There is a cheerfulness mingling with the mystical gloom of this book that is not found in his first masterpiece. The novel is based upon life in the author's native town of Salem. The characters are few. Among them is Judge Pyncheon upon whom the curse of sin has finally rested; Hepzibah Pyncheon, the lovable and eccentric old maid devoted to her weak brother Clifford; and Phœbe, the gay and light-hearted country cousin, whose cheerful nature lightens up the musty old house as with a ray of sunshine. With what delicacy and beauty Hawthorne describes her as she is in the act of helping her cousin Hepzibah in her household duties: —

"Whatever she did, too, was done without conscious effort, and with frequent outbreaks of song, which were exceedingly pleasant to the ear. This natural tunefulness made Phœbe seem like a bird in a shadowy tree; or conveyed the idea that the stream of life warbled through her heart as a brook sometimes warbles through a pleasant little dell. It betokened the cheeriness of an active temperament, finding joy in its activity, and therefore rendering it beautiful; it was a New England trait, — the stern old stuff of Puritanism with a gold thread in the web."

There is a thread of romance running through the story, but its chief merit lies in the skill with which Hawthorne has depicted the barren life of Cousin Hepzibah in the old "house of the

seven gables." Ned Higgins's visit to her shop for a penny's worth of gingerbread and Uncle Venner's morning call for provender for his pig are of momentous interest to her.

The characters are lifelike, and the events that occur in a secluded corner of this quiet New England town are described with an intense vividness. Hawthorne felt that into this book he had put most of himself, and he considered it his best work.

"**The Marble Faun.**" — Hawthorne's literary work was interrupted during his consular service at Liverpool, but after his release from his official duties he began the preparation in Rome of his last great novel, *The Marble Faun*. This story centers about four characters, — Miriam, Hilda, Kenyon, and Donatello. The first three are artists studying in Rome, and Donatello is a young Italian who is thought to resemble the statue of a marble faun by Praxiteles. Again, in this tale, Hawthorne takes for his theme sin and its effect upon the human soul. Donatello, the gay and innocent creature, whose heart at first seems as unsullied from sin as that of a child, is ennobled by the knowledge of sin. His soul's struggle makes him a man, whereas he had been but a light-hearted boy. Miriam resembles Hester somewhat, but her nature is not so transformed by her guilt, and she seems to possess more of the human

element. Hilda in her purity and Kenyon with his knowledge of the world act as counterparts of Miriam and the artless Donatello. The story gives us a picture of Italian art in a romantic setting, which has rarely been surpassed in richness of color and depth of feeling.

The recent centenary of Hawthorne resulted in a wide discussion of his fame as a writer. The following quotation from Dr. Theodore T. Munger probably voices the sentiments of the majority of Hawthorne's readers: —

"Little has been done by us in letters or art that is quite of the highest order, except the works of Hawthorne. These have the clear promise of perpetuity. The themes are of supreme and universal moment; he rises to their meaning and depicts them in commensurate form. He is not a preacher to cry aloud, but an artist who paints, yet not without a heart that throbs in pity, and a fancy that muses over the wonder of it, and will not suffer the pall of darkness to hang over it forever. That we have in Hawthorne an author whose work in these high fields of thought is crowned with unimpeachable honor, and is sure of perpetual remembrance, is a constant satisfaction as the years go by."

Suggestions for Reading

Twice-Told Tales: The Gray Champion, The May-Pole of Merry Mount, The Gentle Boy, Little Annie's Ramble, A Rill from the Town Pump, Dr. Heidegger's Experi-

ment, Lady Eleanore's Mantle, The Village Uncle, Snow-flakes, The Threefold Destiny.

Mosses from an Old Manse: The Old Manse, Rappaccini's Daughter, Buds and Bird Voices, The Celestial Railroad.

The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales: The Snow Image, The Great Stone Face, Ethan Brand, Little Daffydowndilly.

The House of the Seven Gables.

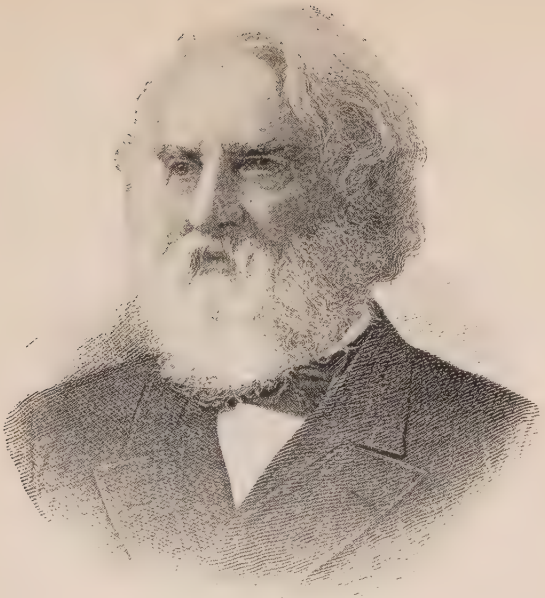
Helpful Books

Julian Hawthorne's *Hawthorne and his Wife*, *Hawthorne and his Circle.*

G. P. Lathrop's *Study of Hawthorne.*

G. E. Woodberry's *Life of Hawthorne.*

Henry James's *Nathaniel Hawthorne.*



H. W. Longfellow

XII. HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

CHRONOLOGY

1807, Feb. 27 . .	Born in Portland, Maine.
1822–1825 . . .	At Bowdoin College.
1826–1829 . . .	Studied languages in Europe.
1829–1835 . . .	Professor at Bowdoin.
1831	Married Miss Mary Potter.
1834	Offered professorship at Harvard.
1835	Studied in Germany; death of his wife.
1836–1854 . . .	Professor at Harvard.

1839	*Voices of the Night.*
1842	In Europe.
1843	Married Miss Frances Appleton.
1847	*Evangeline.*
1855	*Hiawatha.*
1868–1869 . . .	In Europe.
1880	Birthday celebrated in public schools.
1882, Mar. 24 . .	Died at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Ancestry. — Stephen Longfellow was a graduate of Harvard and a prominent lawyer in the town of Portland, Maine. His wife, Zilpah Wadsworth, was a very earnest, thoughtful woman with a sympathetic and religious nature. Their son, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, named after his mother's favorite brother, was born in Portland, February 27, 1807. On his father's side he could trace his ancestry back to William Longfellow, who settled in Massachusetts in 1676, while his mother was a direct descendant of John Alden and his wife Priscilla, the story of whose love Longfellow has told so beautifully in *The Courtship of Miles Standish.* Longfellow's regard for his mother's lovely character is revealed by a letter written in his twenty-first year.

"For me," he says, "a line from my mother is more efficacious than all the homilies preached in Lent; and I find more incitement to virtue in merely looking at your handwriting than in a whole volume of ethics and moral discourses."

Education. — Longfellow prepared for college at the Portland Academy, and entered Bowdoin in 1822. He was a thoughtful and studious lad, fond of reading and studying the poets, Cowper and Gray being his favorites in those early days. Irving's *Sketch-Book*, which had recently appeared from the press, was read with delight by the young student. In 1821 he and his elder brother, Stephen, passed the entrance examinations for Bowdoin, but they did the work of the freshman year at home, entering the sophomore class the following year. Longfellow soon won the respect of all who knew him by his frank and winning manner, a trait characteristic of him throughout his life. He was a good student, ranking fourth in his class at graduation. During these years of study he had tried his hand at original composition, and several of his poems appeared in the *United States Literary Gazette* in Boston. As Longfellow was endeavoring to decide what profession he should choose, he was offered the chair of modern languages just established at Bowdoin. He gladly accepted the offer, and began at once to prepare for a three years' course of study in Europe before entering upon his duties. In the spring of 1826 he set sail for Havre. He studied in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. In Madrid he met his favorite American writer, Washington Irving, who

was then working upon his *Life of Columbus*. Longfellow was enchanted with Granada and the beauties of the Alhambra. In Italy, Venice and Rome attracted him most.

As College Professor. — Longfellow returned home in August, 1829, and at once entered upon his duties as professor at Bowdoin. He was very popular with the faculty, and his relations with the students were most pleasant. For six years he led a busy life at Bowdoin, ever reading, writing, teaching, and editing texts, but in 1834 he received an offer from Harvard of the chair of modern languages, with the privilege of studying a year or so in Germany before beginning the work. The offer seemed to him too good to decline, and in April, 1835, he set sail for Europe, with his wife, having married Miss Mary Potter in 1831. He studied in Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. He had met Irving on his first visit to Europe, and now, at Heidelberg, he made the acquaintance of Bryant. In November, 1835, a heavy blow fell upon him in the loss of his young wife, who died in Rotterdam.

In December, 1836, he succeeded Mr. George Ticknor as professor of modern languages at Harvard, and held the position until 1854, when he, in turn, was succeeded by his friend Lowell.

In July, 1843, Longfellow married Miss Frances Appleton, whom he is believed to have portrayed

as Mary Ashburton in *Hyperion*. They lived happily for many years, with their children, in the fine old Craigie House in Cambridge, which had once been Washington's headquarters. Their peaceful life was tragically broken by the death of Mrs. Longfellow in 1861. Her dress accidentally caught fire, and, despite the efforts of her husband to extinguish the flames, she died a few hours afterward.

Longfellow's work as a professor began very auspiciously. Everything seemed to point to a happy and successful career. He formed a warm friendship with Charles Sumner and Cornelius Felton, and life in the college town was very congenial. Yet during these eighteen years he was never satisfied with his work. He yearned to devote his life to literature ; teaching seemed to him much like drudgery. As early as September, 1839, he wrote to his father : —

"My work here grows quite intolerable, and, unless they make some change, I will leave them, — with or without anything to do. I will not consent to have my life crushed out of me so. I had rather live a while on bread and water. I feel, all the time, that I am doing wrong under such circumstances; though I know this is not prudent."

And again, in October, 1846, he writes : —

"Completely exhausted to-day by college work.

Ought I to lead this life any longer? If I mean to be an author, should I not be one in earnest?"

The work of teaching gradually became so irksome to him that, in 1854, he resigned his professorship, with the feeling that henceforth he would devote his energies exclusively to literary work.

As a Poet. — In 1838 Longfellow wrote *The Psalm of Life*, which at once met with popular favor, and was copied and recited throughout the land. It is not a great poem, but few poems in the English language have been more popular or inspiring. It is a noble sermon in verse, and many of its readers have been led to take up the battle of life with a firmer resolution by its stirring call to

> "be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate."

From the day of its publication Longfellow's reputation was established. He had won the hearts of the American people, and he is, without doubt, the household poet of America to-day. In connection with *The Psalm of Life* may be mentioned several other simple poems that are cherished by every one, such as *The Village Blacksmith*, *Excelsior*, *Maidenhood*, *The Children's Hour*, *Footsteps of Angels*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, and *The Day is Done*. In 1840 appeared the volume entitled *Ballads and Other Poems*. This collection included *The Wreck of the Hesperus* and *The*

Skeleton in Armor, which are among the best of modern ballads.

Among the other shorter poems of Longfellow that may be specially commended for their beauty and ennobling thoughts are *The Fire of Driftwood; Resignation*, whose words of simple faith have cheered the hearts of many in their hours of bitter sorrow; *The Builders*, an earnest appeal for nobler manhood; *The Ladder of St. Augustine*, a strong uplifting sermon in verse, —

> "We have not wings, we cannot soar;
> But we have feet to scale and climb
> By slow degrees, by more and more,
> The cloudy summits of our time.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> "The heights by great men reached and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were toiling upward in the night, —"

My Lost Youth, whose impressive refrain, —

> "A boy's will is the wind's will,
> And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts,"

lingers in our minds; *Sandalphon*, a beautiful legendary tale of the angel of prayer; and *The Arrow and the Song*, whose three verses enforce a powerful lesson against words idly spoken.

"**Evangeline.**" — In 1847, on his fortieth birthday, Longfellow finished *Evangeline*, that poem of

Acadia, which depicts with pathos the strength of woman's devotion. Hawthorne had intended to make use of the story in one of his tales, but relinquished the idea when Longfellow thought of writing a poem on the same subject. After its successful reception by the public, Longfellow wrote to Hawthorne as follows : —

"This success I owe entirely to you for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a prose tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose."

The poem is written in hexameters, a fact which aroused a certain amount of criticism, on the ground that the meter is not adapted to English poetry. Longfellow himself felt that it was just the meter for such a story, and Holmes, in defense of it, says: —

"The hexameter has been often criticised; but I do not believe that any other measure could have told that lovely story with such effect, as we feel when carried along the tranquil current of these brimming, slow-moving, soul-satisfying lines. Imagine for one moment a story like this minced into octosyllabics. The poet knows better than his critics the length of step which best befits his muse."

"**Hiawatha.**" — Immediately after resigning his professorship at Harvard Longfellow began the

story of *Hiawatha*, which rivals *Evangeline* in popularity. In his diary he makes this entry : —

"I have at length hit upon a plan for a poem on the American Indians, which seems to me the right one and the only one. It is to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole. I have hit upon a measure, too, which I think the right and only one for such a theme."

He abandoned the dactylic hexameter, for the trochaic tetrameter, which he adopted from the Finnish poets.

Richardson, in speaking of the poem, says: —

"It is a book that seems to its present readers to miss greatness; but it is quite possible that the time will come when, his other writings forgotten or ignored, the name of Longfellow will be chiefly known as that of the author of *Hiawatha*."

"The Courtship of Miles Standish." — In 1858 Longfellow completed his third narrative poem, which sprang at once into popular favor. The love story of Miles Standish, the bluff captain of Plymouth, John Alden, and the Puritan maid, Priscilla, is told in a simple and effective manner.

Other Poems. — In 1863 appeared the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The scene was laid in the old inn at Sudbury, but the stories were mostly retold from classic writers. *Paul Revere's Ride*

and *The Birds of Killingworth* are among the best. The opening words of the former tale,

> "Listen, my children, and you shall hear
> Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,"

have been sufficient to arouse their instant attention since the lines were penned,

> "For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
> Through all our history, to the last,
> In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
> The people will waken and listen to hear
> The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
> And the midnight message of Paul Revere."

The Spanish Student, *Pandora*, the trilogy of *Christus*, and *Michael Angelo*, the last a posthumous work, are lacking in dramatic force, though full of beautiful passages.

In 1867 Longfellow's translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy* came from the press. Longfellow had been for many years a patient student of Dante and, after the tragic death of his wife, he took up this work of translation as a distraction in his great sorrow.

In 1875, fifty years after his graduation, he delivered to the graduating class at Bowdoin his noble *Morituri Salutamus*, which strikes the keynote of his tranquil and beautiful life.

Longfellow acquired considerable skill in handling the sonnet form. His sonnets on *Chaucer*,

Milton, and *Keats* are veritable gems. The following one on *Nature*, which he wrote in his closing years, is an admirable example : —

" As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more,
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know."

Prose Writings. — *Outre-Mer*, *Hyperion*, and *Kavanagh* constitute Longfellow's prose. The first of the three was begun while he was making his first trip to Europe, when the soul of the poet was awakened by the beautiful scenes in those sunny lands of Spain, France, and Italy. In a simple, pleasing style he gives us the vivid impressions of a poet whose eye was keen to observe and whose soul was quick to respond to all that southern beauty. *Hyperion*, published in 1839, is a romance largely autobiographical. In it Longfellow advocated the doctrine of living nobly in the present, looking hopefully toward the future, with no vain

regrets for the past. *Kavanagh*, published ten years later, is a tale of inferior value, and shows Longfellow's limitations as a novelist.

Last Years. — In 1868 Longfellow made his fourth visit to Europe. Famous men and women delighted to do him honor. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge conferred degrees upon him.

On his seventy-second birthday he was presented by the school children of Cambridge with an armchair made from the wood of the chestnut tree he had immortalized in his *Village Blacksmith*. The gift was a tender tribute to Longfellow, and was thoroughly appreciated by him. He wrote a poem of thanks, and gave a copy to each child who came to see the chair.

> "And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
> This day a jubilee,
> And to my more than three-score years and ten
> Brought back my youth again."

The next year his birthday was publicly celebrated in the public schools of Cincinnati, a beautiful custom which has spread throughout the country. How fitting it is that the children of our public schools should thus commemorate the life of this genial and kindly man, who is preeminently the children's poet and friend!

Home Life. — Longfellow was a delightful man in his home. His simple and trustful nature and

his love for children served to create the spirit of comradeship between him and his little ones. Such poems as *The Children's Hour* and *Children* have made Longfellow the universal favorite of young people.

Who could help loving the man who says: —

"Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

* * * * * *

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

* * * * * *

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

Could any relationship between father and children be more charming than that revealed in *The Children's Hour?*

"A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

"A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

"They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere."

Shortly after his seventy-fifth birthday Longfellow's health began to fail, and March 24, 1882, he passed away and was buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery, where his grave is visited yearly by thousands who love his poetry and revere his name. Two years later a marble bust of Longfellow was placed in the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey — a remarkable tribute to an American.

Character. — Longfellow shows his patriotism in *The Building of the Ship*, his sympathy for a friend in sorrow in *The Two Angels*, his love for mankind in all that he said and did. His spirit was never ruffled even at the bitter attacks of those who envied him his popularity. Poe had unjustly accused him of plagiarism, but upon hearing of his death Longfellow wrote : —

"What a melancholy death is that of Mr. Poe, — a man so richly endowed with genius! I never knew him personally, but have always entertained a high appreciation of his powers as a prose writer and a poet. His prose is remarkably vigorous, direct, and yet affluent; and his verse has a particular charm of melody, an atmosphere of true poetry about it, which is very winning. The harshness of his criticisms I

have never attributed to anything but the irritation of a sensitive nature chafed by some indefinite sense of wrong."

An Estimate. — Longfellow has no warmer admirer among literary critics than Professor George E. Woodberry, who thus characterizes Longfellow's poetry : —

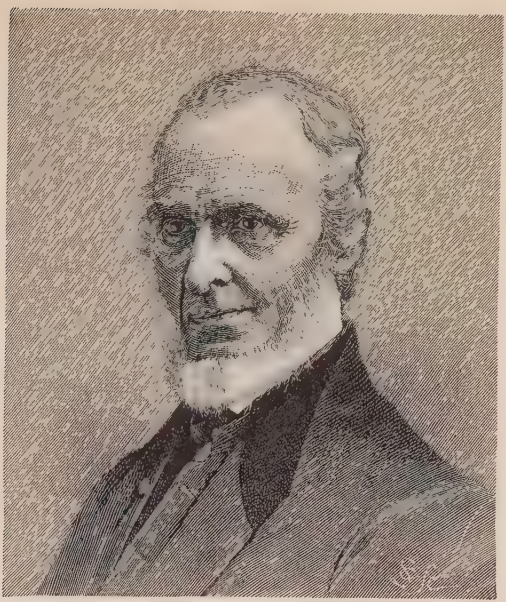
"It is the fashion to decry these poems now (*Hiawatha, Evangeline, Miles Standish*), yet the fact cannot be gainsaid that each of these remains the only successful poem of its kind, — one of Indian life, one of the colonial pastoral, one of the Puritan idyl — while the trials made by others have been numerous; and in each of these, but especially in the first two, there is in quality a marvelous purity of tone which, for those who are sensitive to it, is one of the rarest of poetic pleasures. It is also the fashion to decry the shorter poems by which Longfellow entered into the homes of the people, but if Heaven ever grants the prayer that a poet may write the songs of a people, it is surely in such poems as these that the divine gift reveals its presence. They are in the mouths of children and on the lips of boys, and that is well; but they are also strength and consolation to older hearts; they are read in quiet hours, they are murmured in darkened rooms, they blend with the sacred experiences of many lives. Say what one will, the *Psalm of Life* is a trumpet-call, and a music breathes from *Resignation*, in which the clod on the coffin ceases to be heard, and dies out of the ear at last with peace."

Suggestions for Reading

Evangeline, The Wreck of the Hesperus, The Skeleton in Armor, The Birds of Killingworth, A Psalm of Life, The Arrow and the Song, The Building of the Ship, The Children's Hour, The Day is Done, The Bridge, Sandalphon, The Village Blacksmith, Resignation, The Arsenal at Springfield, Footsteps of Angels, The Jewish Cemetery at Newport, The Bells of Lynn, The Two Angels, My Lost Youth, Killed at the Ford.

Helpful Books

Samuel Longfellow's *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*
F. H. Underwood's *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*



John G. Whittier

XIII. JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

CHRONOLOGY

1807, Dec. 17	Born at Haverhill, Massachusetts.
1827	At Haverhill Academy.
1827–1828	Teaching.
1829–1831	Engaged in editorial work.
1831	*Legends of New England.*
1836	Home at Amesbury.

1838–1840 . . Editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*.
1843 . . . . *Lays of my Home*.
1850 . . . . *Songs of Labor*.
1860 . . . . *Home Ballads*.
1866 . . . . *Snow-Bound*.
1892, Sept. 7 . Died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire.

Childhood. — In describing the house in which he was born Whittier says : —

"It was surrounded by woods in all directions save to the southeast, where a break in the leafy wall revealed a vista of low green meadows, picturesque with wooded islands and jutting capes of upland. Through these, a small brook, noisy enough as it foamed, rippled, and laughed down its rocky falls by our garden side, wound, silently and scarcely visible, to a still larger stream, known as the country brook."

Amid such pleasant surroundings the Quaker boy was born, December 17, 1807, at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in a house built by his ancestor, Thomas Whittier, about the year 1688. His parents, John and Abigail Hussey Whittier, like their forefathers, lived a quiet, peaceful life here in the country, toiling from day to day for life's sustenance, happy in their humble station. In *Snow-Bound* Whittier gives us a description of his home with its several inmates. We catch a glimpse of his father, when the poet says : —

> "A prompt, decisive man, no breath
> Our father wasted."

His mother lived for fifty years after her son's birth and entered heartily with him into his work, cheering him with comforting words all through those dark days when he was making such a valiant fight for freedom's cause. An uncle and maiden aunt made their home with his parents, both of whom exerted a most wholesome influence over the boy. His uncle

> "innocent of books,
> Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,"

and from him his nephew learned many of nature's secrets. The aunt was

> "The sweetest woman ever Fate
> Perverse denied a household mate,
>
> * * * * *
>
> A calm and gracious element,
> Whose presence seemed the sweet income
> And womanly atmosphere of home."

Whittier was devoted to his youngest sister, Elizabeth, who was his constant companion and adviser. It was with her that he roamed in the early days through wood and meadow and gathered the wild flowers on the hillside; it was to her that he read his first poems.

Whittier's youth was passed on the home farm, where a living could be made only by a constant application to toil. The life that he led was not an easy one, for his health was delicate, his cloth-

ing insufficient to keep out the cold of the piercing winters, and the work too laborious for his strength. There was one constant round of plowing, harvesting, wielding the heavy flail, laying stone fences, milking, and doing the daily tasks about the house and barn.

Education. — Whittier's education began as he listened to the stories of woodcraft from his Uncle Moses, but the education he received at school was very limited. His first teacher was Joshua Coffin, who loaned the thirteen-year-old boy a copy of Burns's *Poems*. This was the first genuine poetry that Whittier had ever read, with the exception of the Bible, and it made a lasting impression upon him. Much of his poetry reveals a thorough acquaintance with the Bible, which was one of the few books in the Whittier household.

In 1826 his sister Mary, who was ambitious for her brother, sent one of his early attempts at poetry, *The Exile's Departure*, to William Lloyd Garrison, who was at that time editor of a paper in Newburyport. The poem aroused Garrison's curiosity, and he rode over to Whittier's home to see its author. After an earnest conference he advised the elder Whittier to send the lad to school, but the father, in his curt way, said that he thought it would be better for the boy to stick to the farm. Not so easily dissuaded was the young

poet, for his heart had been kindled by the words of his kindly visitor. He secured the money for the first term of school at the Haverhill Academy by making slippers at twenty-five cents a pair. The next winter he taught a country school, thus earning enough to pay for a second term at the same academy.

As an Editor and Political Leader. — At the present time Whittier's fame rests on his poetry, but in the days of his early manhood he made a reputation as an able editor and most astute politician. In January, 1829, through the influence of Garrison, he was given the editorship of the *American Manufacturer*, a paper published in Boston in the interests of Clay's system of protective tariff. Owing to the severe illness of his father Whittier was compelled to relinquish his work in August of the same year and return to his home. In 1830 he was editor of his home paper, the *Haverhill Gazette*, and the next year he had charge of the *New England Review*, which was published at Hartford. In 1837 he was one of the editors of the *Emancipator and Antislavery Reporter* in New York City, and the next two years he edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, a very strong abolitionist paper in Philadelphia.

In the Cause of Antislavery. — Shortly after Whittier began his duties in Philadelphia, the building in which his office was located was

mobbed and burned, and on several other occasions he suffered indignities and personal abuse for his advocacy of antislavery principles. From 1847 to 1860 he was corresponding editor of the *National Era*, the national organ of the Abolitionists, published in Washington. Whittier was a natural politician, and he enjoyed the work of a campaign, but he deliberately sacrificed his political career by adopting the cause of the unpopular Abolitionists. In 1833 he published *Justice and Expediency*, a strong and convincing antislavery article, which aroused most bitter indignation throughout the South. In the same year he was sent as a delegate to the antislavery convention at Philadelphia and signed his name to the "Declaration of Sentiments," an act of which he was very proud, as is indicated by the following statement: —

"I set a higher value," said he, "on my name as appended to the Antislavery Declaration of 1833 than on the title-page of any book."

Whittier did as much or more perhaps than any other man to arouse public sentiment against the institution and practice of slavery. He wrote bitterly against it, declaimed against it in forceful terms, and used it as the theme of many of his poems. He was not an eloquent orator, but he was a great leader. He was a very warm friend of Charles Sumner, and was largely instru-

mental in securing the latter's election as United States Senator.

As a Poet. — Whittier is not one of our greatest poets, yet he is a true one, for he always wrote from the depths of a sincere, pure heart. He is above all others the poet of New England, and as such he has endeared himself to New Englanders. He wrote largely of them and for them. He is at his best in depicting the simple scenes of country life, with which he was thoroughly familiar. In his later years it was a pleasure to him to recall the scenes of his boyhood and to describe them in verse. His reputation as a poet rests largely upon *Snow-Bound*, written in 1866, that sweet, idyllic poem, which gives such a vivid picture of the poet's own home and incidentally describes many a New England fireside in long and lonely winters. How realistic is the following scene : —

"Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,

The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood."

Besides *Snow-Bound* many other poems by Whittier have an enduring popularity. Among them may be mentioned *Maud Muller*, *Barbara Frietchie*, whose words, —

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag,"

have thrilled our hearts with patriotic fervor, *In School-Days*, *The Barefoot Boy*, a delightful recollection of Whittier's childhood days, *The Pipes at Lucknow*, and *Telling the Bees*. Whittier was a natural balladist, and some of his ballads are unsurpassed in our literature for beauty and force, such as *Cassandra Southwick*, a tale of Quaker persecution, and *The Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother*, whose refrain rings in our ears, —

"Gone, gone, — sold and gone,
To the rice-swamp, dank and lone,
From Virginia's hills and waters;
Woe is me, my stolen daughters!"

Skipper Ireson's Ride gives admirable expression to a famous tale of Marblehead. *Ein feste Burg*

ist unser Gott, Luther's hymn, met at once with popular favor and was sung everywhere during the war. In *The Pine Tree* we have a strong appeal to Massachusetts to espouse the cause of the Abolitionists. In *The Eternal Goodness* Whittier shows his faith and dependence upon God at all times; his hymns, of which he has written many, breathe the very spirit of devotion and are to be numbered among the best in our language.

In *Massachusetts to Virginia* Whittier sends a rebuke in ringing terms to the Old Dominion for her attitude toward the Fugitive Slave Law.

"Forgets she how the Bay State, in answer to the call
Of her old House of Burgesses, spoke out from Faneuil Hall?
When, echoing back her Henry's cry, came pulsing on each breath
Of Northern winds, the thrilling sounds of 'Liberty or Death!'"

The Two Angels voices in beautiful words the divine power of pity and love in the forgiveness of sin.

Many of Whittier's poems are of a personal nature, addressed either to his intimate friends or to those whose lives had appealed strongly to him. Among the former are *Channing*, *To my Old Schoolmaster* (Joshua Coffin), *To Charles Sumner*, *To James T. Fields*, *Bryant on his Birthday*, *To Lydia Maria Child*, *The Singer* (Alice Cary), and *To*

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the last poem that Whittier wrote, all of which breathe the spirit of love. Among the poems addressed to men whom he had never met, but whose characters he admired, may be mentioned *Wordsworth*, *Kossuth*, *Garibaldi*, and *Burns*, the last being a beautiful and tender tribute to the poet whose verses had meant so much to Whittier from his early years.

Ichabod is a spirited condemnation of Daniel Webster for his attitude toward the Fugitive Slave Law, but Whittier's later poem, *The Lost Occasion*, shows that he regretted his former severity. *Laus Deo*, a hymn of thanksgiving, *Barclay of Ury*, a tale of Quaker meekness under fire, and *Randolph of Roanoke* are also worthy of much commendation. *The Tent on the Beach* represents the poet with his friends, Fields and Bayard Taylor, at Salisbury Beach, telling stories somewhat after the fashion of Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*.

Whittier was one of the organizers of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1857, and many of his poems appeared for the first time in its pages. Others were printed in newspapers and magazines before their publication in book form.

Whittier's poetry is imbued with the love of nature, a religious spirit, and a sympathetic compassion for the unfortunate.

Later Life. — In 1836 the old homestead was

sold and Whittier removed to Amesbury, where he spent a large part of the next fifty-six years. After the death of his sister Elizabeth he lived with a cousin for some time at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Massachusetts. His life, in his later years, was a very secluded one, partly due to his ill-health. His home was visited frequently by famous men and women who wished to see and talk with the good old Quaker poet. His seventieth birthday was made a special day of celebration by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who ever entertained for Whittier a high regard. In 1886 he was granted the honorary degree of LL.D. by Harvard. September 7, 1892, Whittier died at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, and his body was laid to rest at Amesbury.

Character and Friends. — Whittier had many friends, chief among whom were Lydia Maria Child, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, Gail Hamilton, Charles Sumner, Bayard Taylor, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Fields, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Whittier was never married. He was devoted to his mother and sister, who made their home with him. He was very affectionate, and fondly loved by all who knew him. He was simple in manners, retiring in disposition, and temperate in all things. He was above all a good man, unselfish and devoted to the righting of wrong.

Stedman in "Poets of America." — Stedman, one of our foremost critics, admirably characterizes Whittier's poetry : —

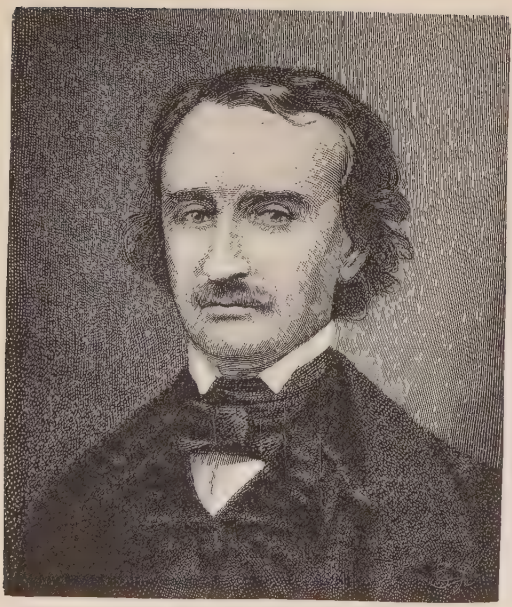
"In recognition of a beautiful character, critics have not found it needful to measure this native bard with tape and calipers. His service and the spirit of it offset the blemishes which it is their wont to condemn in poets whose exploits are merely technical. A life is on his written page ; these are the chants of a soldier and anon the hymnal of a saint. . . . Whittier's audience has been won by unaffected pictures of the scenes to which he was bred by the purity of his nature and even more by the *earnestness* audible in his songs, injurious as it sometimes is to their artistic purpose."

Suggestions for Reading

Snow-Bound, *The Barefoot Boy*, *In School-Days*, *Maud Muller*, *Ichabod*, *The Lost Occasion*, *Skipper Ireson's Ride*, *Laus Deo*, *Cassandra Southwick*, *Barbara Frietchie*, *The Pipes of Lucknow*, *Telling the Bees*, *Mabel Martin*, *Burns*, *Randolph of Roanoke*, *The Eternal Goodness*, *Barclay of Ury*.

Helpful Books

S. T. Pickard's *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier*.
W. S. Kennedy's *Life, Genius, and Writings of Whittier*.
Mrs. Field's *Whittier : Notes of his Life and of his Friendships*, in *Authors and Friends*.



Edgar A Poe

XIV. EDGAR ALLAN POE

CHRONOLOGY

1809, Jan. 19	Born in Boston.
1811	Adopted by John Allan.
1815–1820	At Manor House School.
1820–1825	At school in Richmond.
1826	Enters University of Virginia.
1827–1829	In the army.
1827	*Tamerlane* published.

1830–1831	At West Point.
1831–1835	In Baltimore.
1835–1837	In Richmond.
1836	Married Virginia Clemm.
1837–1838	Writing in New York.
1838–1844	Editor of magazines in Philadelphia.
1841	*Murders in the Rue Morgue.*
1844–1849	At Fordham, near New York.
1845	*The Raven.*
1849, Oct. 7 . . .	Died in Baltimore.

Birth and Family.—While David Poe and his wife were playing an engagement at the Federal Street Theater in Boston, their son Edgar was born January 19, 1809. The father was a son of General David Poe of Revolutionary fame, whose home was in Baltimore. In opposition to the wishes of his family, he had abandoned the study of law and had become an actor of humble parts. His wife, who had considerable talent, was the daughter of an English actress, Mrs. Arnold. This unfortunate couple, because of their professional engagements and lack of money, were unable to bestow upon Edgar the care that he needed, the mother being compelled to resume her acting when he was only three weeks old. His father died when Edgar was about two years of age, and on December 8, 1811, his mother died in Richmond in utter poverty, leaving three children to the care of strangers. Edgar was adopted by Mr. John Allan, a wealthy tobacco merchant of

Richmond, whose wife had taken a fancy to the boy's winning face, and henceforth he was to be known as Edgar Allan Poe.

Education.— In 1815 Mr. Allan sailed with his family for England and Edgar was sent to school at Stoke-Newington, near London. The remark of Dr. Bransby that his parents spoiled him by allowing him an extravagant amount of pocket money shows that, while Edgar had more creature comforts than in his infant home, he still lacked that of which he was most in need, — discipline and training. On the return of the Allans to Richmond in 1820, Edgar was placed in a classical school that he might be prepared for college. He proved to be a keen and clever student. He also excelled in athletic sports, but, being very reserved and moody, he was not popular with his schoolmates. His morbid sensitiveness increased from year to year, and became one of the banes of his life. In 1826 Poe entered the University of Virginia, recently founded by Jefferson at Charlottesville. His collegiate course was suddenly terminated in December of the same year because of his irregular habits, and Mr. Allan decided that it would be better to place Edgar at a desk in his own counting-room.

Military Service. — In his eighteenth year, tiring of the restraints of office work, Poe left Richmond without Mr. Allan's consent and went to Boston,

where his first volume of verses, entitled *Tamerlane and Other Poems*, was published. This youthful effort did not contribute much to his support, and May 26, 1827, when he was not yet nineteen, he enlisted as a private in the United States army, under the name of Edgar A. Perry, giving his age as twenty-two years. He served as clerk and assistant in the Commissariat Department at Fort Moultrie and at Fortress Monroe, and was afterwards promoted to be sergeant-major. February 28, 1829, his foster-mother died, and shortly after this, at the request of Mr. Allan, Poe was discharged from the service. July 1, 1830, he entered the Military Academy at West Point. Military life was irksome to him. He disliked the routine work of the academy and was inclined to shirk it. His distaste for the life, and the news that Mr. Allan had married again, made Poe decide to leave the academy. To bring this about he absented himself from roll-calls and similar occasions to such an extent that he was court-martialed and dismissed in March, 1831. Before leaving the academy Poe had arranged with his fellow-students to purchase copies of his poems which he intended to publish in New York. The volume was a revision of his first attempt with the addition of six poems: *To Helen*, *The Sleeper*, *Lenore*, *The Valley of Unrest*, *The City in the Sea*, and *Israfel*.

As Editor. — After leaving West Point Poe made

his way to Baltimore. In October, 1833, the Baltimore *Saturday Visiter* offered a prize of one hundred dollars in a short-story competition, and Poe won it with *A Ms. found in a Bottle.* This was the first stroke of good luck that had befallen Poe since he left his foster-father's roof. He continued writing for the *Saturday Visiter* and the *Southern Literary Messenger* of Richmond. In 1835 he became the editor of the latter magazine, and began to write those critical reviews which aroused much discussion, both favorable and unfavorable. The magazine flourished under Poe's supervision, and he had just begun to make for himself a good name and a comfortable living, when he resigned his position in 1837 and went to New York, where he wrote *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, a blood-curdling story of the sea. The next summer he went to Philadelphia and became the associate editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine.* It was here that he wrote his two best tales, *Ligeia* and *The Fall of the House of Usher.* In 1841 another change was made and he assumed the editorship of *Graham's Magazine*, to which he contributed many of his tales and reviews. Although the magazine prospered under his management, he lost his position the next year. The next two years were trying ones for Poe. He won at this time another prize of one hundred dollars with one of his masterpieces, *The Gold Bug.* In

1844 he again drifted to New York and wrote for the *Evening Mirror*, published by N. P. Willis. During these ten years Poe had gone from Baltimore to Richmond, thence to New York, to Philadelphia, and back to New York. He had been connected with several magazines, either as contributor or editor. He had published most of his poems, tales, and reviews and had won temporary success for the magazine with which he was associated, but he never seemed able to establish himself permanently in any one line of work.

As a Poet. — Poe occupies a place in American literature distinct from that of any other poet. His work is scanty, but it has given him a prominence not only at home but in Europe, unsurpassed by any other American poet. His poetry was influenced largely by Moore, Byron, Shelley, and Mrs. Browning. It appeals to the ear. The melody is often perfect, the thought often obscure. We read one of his poems, such as *Ulalume*, over again and again. We are charmed by its graceful rhythm and melody, but the meaning is vague. His poems are all short, for he claimed that a perfect poem must be short, — composed in one burst of inspiration. Among his finest poems are *To Helen*, *Annabel Lee*, *Ulalume*, *The Raven*, *The Conqueror Worm*, *The Haunted Palace*, *To Annie*, *Israfel*, *The City in the Sea*, and *The Bells*. Of these *The Raven* is the best known ; *Ulalume*, the most

mysterious ; *Annabel Lee*, the simplest and most pleasing ; *The Bells*, the most onomatopoetic ; *Israfel* and *The Haunted Palace* the most lyrical.

Stedman in his *Poets of America* says : —

"If I had any claim to make up a Parnassus, not perhaps of the most famous English lyrics, but of those which appeal strongly to my own poetic sense, and could select but one of Poe's, I confess that I should choose *Israfel* for pure music, for exaltation, and for its original, satisfying quality of rhythmic art."

The last stanza of this soul-stirring lyric expresses a thought eminently characteristic of Poe.

"If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky."

There is a distinct vein of sadness running through Poe's poetry which haunts one as he reads. The image of death was frequently before him, and many of his poems reflect his feelings upon this subject. In the beautiful *Annabel Lee* he writes, probably in memory of his wife's death,

"And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;

So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

"The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me ;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of a cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee."

The range of Poe's poetry is narrow, but his poems, revised many times before their final publication, are as finished and melodious as Poe with his accurate sense of harmonious sound could make them. There are few stones in his collection, but nearly all of them are gems, polished with the skill of an expert's hand. Poe was a Southerner in temperament and spirit. Although born in Boston, his parents were natives of the South and most of his work was done there, and to him must be assigned the first place among the Southern writers.

As a Writer of Tales. — It was not as a poet, however, but as a writer of short stories that Poe made his reputation in those dreary days of sorrow and poverty. In this field in American literature he occupies a conspicuous place. Few, if any, are to be compared with him. He has had many followers in this popular vein within recent years,

but no one has surpassed him either in intensity of interest or in power of expression.

As in his poetry, so in his prose, Poe chose for his subjects the somber, the weird, and the mysterious. His tales are peculiar for their striking titles, such as *The Gold Bug* and *The Black Cat.* Among the best are *Ligeia*, *The Fall of the House of Usher*, which gives a vivid picture of insanity, *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, *The Mystery of Marie Roget*, and *The Purloined Letter*, an admirable study and the prototype of the modern detective story. *William Wilson* is partly autobiographical and presents a picture of Poe's boyhood.

The opening lines in *The Fall of the House of Usher* will serve as an illustration of Poe's power to arouse feelings of awe and mystery.

"During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was — but with the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the deso-

late or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me — upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain — upon the bleak walls — upon the vacant, eyelike windows — upon a few rank sedges — and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees — with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium — the bitter lapse into every-day life — the hideous dropping-off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart — an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime."

As a Critic. — Poe was a harsh and fearless critic. His criticisms were not always free from prejudice and often they were prompted by mere jealousy, but for the most part time has sustained his judgment. His jealousy was very apparent in the case of Longfellow and Lowell. At first he showed a warm admiration for Lowell, but he seemed to become envious of his growing popularity. Longfellow too was most bitterly attacked by Poe, who accused him of plagiarism in the strongest terms; but to these fierce denunciations Longfellow never replied, which fact only angered Poe the more. He was especially severe in his attitude toward the lesser poets of the day, whose names are now almost forgotten. In spite of his faults his keen intellect and analytic mind tended

to make him one of our foremost critics. He surprised Dickens by his wonderful discernment when he outlined correctly the proposed plot of *Barnaby Rudge*, after the opening chapters had been published. In *The Poetic Principle* he undertook to define true poetry. *The Rationale of Verse* and *The Philosophy of Composition* exemplify a higher form of criticism than was usual more than half a century ago.

Married Life. — When Poe went to Baltimore he lived with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, and her daughter Virginia. He at once fell in love with his young cousin, and, May 16, 1836, he married her in Richmond, where he was engaged as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Poe was twenty-seven and his bride was barely fourteen years of age, but his love for his young wife was one of the happiest influences of his life. In 1841, while singing, she ruptured a blood vessel and her life was despaired of, but in time she rallied, although she remained an invalid until her death, January 30, 1847. Those six years were the most sorrowful period in Poe's life. He suffered intensely as he saw his frail young wife fade away, and he often tried to drown his sorrow in dissipation. In 1846 they removed to a small cottage at Fordham, near New York. They were in great financial distress and his wife was dying. A friend has touchingly recorded how—

"She lay on the straw bed, wrapped in her husband's great-coat, with a large tortoise-shell cat in her bosom. . . . The coat and the cat were the sufferer's only means of warmth, except as her husband held her hands and her mother her feet."

Last Years. — Poe became very ill after his wife's death, and never entirely recovered from the shock. He seemed to have lost all hope and to have indulged more and more in the use of intoxicants. In a semi-hysterical mood he became engaged to be married twice during the next two years. While on a visit to Baltimore he drank heavily, and on being taken to a hospital died there from the effects of delirium, October 7, 1849.

Character. — Poe was by nature sensitive, extremely proud, imperious, and morbid. In addition to this fact several things conspired against him in his youthful days. His infancy was deprived of a mother's care; his foster-parents were foolishly fond of him and spoiled him by their indulgence. From the age of six to eleven he was in a private school without the influences of a good home. Later he was sent to a very aristocratic school in Richmond, where his companions slighted him for his inferior birth. Last of all he had been led to expect that he would be Mr. Allan's heir and was disappointed. Environ-

ment helped to ruin one of our greatest American poets. His mind was too great for his heart and he lacked self-restraint.

Lowell's Estimate. — Lowell was not far wrong when he said of Poe, —

"Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind."

Richardson says : —

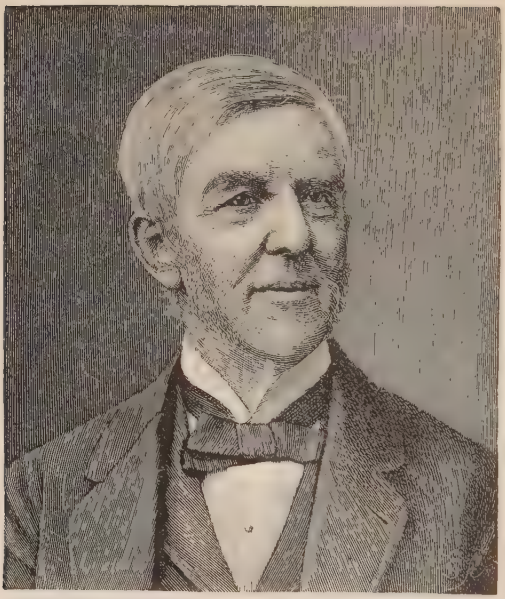
"Poe's mind was large, in a way, but his heart was small; hence his personal career verged dangerously near the course of Ethan Brand. There is not much heart in his tales; their light, whether lightly clear or lurid, lacks warmth; their characters and doings, notwithstanding constant intellectual guidance, are too often, therefore, thin, pale, and limited. . . . He gave us high art and pure spirit; but could not give us high art and all-embracing soul."

Suggestions for Reading

Poetry: *The Raven, The Bells, Ulalume, Israfel, To Helen, To Annie, The Conqueror Worm, The Haunted Palace, Annabel Lee, The City in the Sea.*
Prose: *Ligeia, The Fall of the House of Usher.*

Helpful Books

George E. Woodberry's *Life of Poe.*
Andrew Lang's *Letters to Dead Authors.*



O. W. Holmes.

XV. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

CHRONOLOGY

1809, Aug. 29 . . .	Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts.
1824–1825	At Phillips Andover Academy.
1825–1829	At Harvard College.
1829–1830	At Harvard Law School.
1830	*Old Ironsides.*
1830–1832	Boston Medical School.
1833–1835	Studied medicine in Paris.
1836	First volume of poems published.

1839–1840 . .	Professor of anatomy at Dartmouth College.
1840	Married Miss Amelia L. Jackson.
1847–1882 . .	Professor of anatomy in Harvard Medical School.
1858	*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*
1861	*Elsie Venner.*
1886	In Europe.
1890 . . .	*Over the Teacups.*
1894, Oct. 7 . .	Died in Boston.

Ancestry. — The year 1809 is noted for the birth of many illustrious men. Among this number will be found Gladstone, Lincoln, Tennyson, Poe, Darwin, and Holmes. The subject of this sketch was not a great statesman like Gladstone or Lincoln, a great poet like Tennyson or Poe, or a great scientist like Darwin. He occupies a unique place in literature as the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." Oliver Wendell Holmes was born August 29, 1809, in an "old gambrel-roofed house" in Cambridge, near the Washington Elm. John Holmes, one of his ancestors, had settled in Woodstock, Connecticut, as early as 1686. His father, Abiel Holmes, was a graduate of Yale and an Orthodox Congregational minister who, in addition to his ministerial duties, found time to write some verse, and his *Annals of America* is a work which deserves high commendation. The poet's mother, Sarah Wendell, was the daughter of Oliver Wendell of Boston, who sprang from good

old Holland stock. Holmes liked to mention the fact that on his mother's side he was descended from Anne Bradstreet, the "tenth muse," as she was called by her contemporaries. By birth and by instinct Holmes was an aristocrat. He himself says in *The Autocrat:* —

"I go for the man with the family portraits against the one with the twenty-five cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the latter is the better of the two."

Education. — When Holmes was a lad of six he was sent to a school kept by Dame Prentiss, where he remained for four years. In his recollections of his childhood he tells us that he remembers distinctly a long switch that was suspended over the teacher's desk and a pail of water which still retained the flavor of the pine wood. The next five years he attended a school at Cambridgeport, where he pursued such studies as would fit him for Harvard. Here Margaret Fuller was his fellow-pupil. His last year of preparatory work was done at Phillips Andover Academy. His life in the academy was uneventful except for the friendship that he formed with Phineas Barnes, which lasted for many years. His letters to Barnes are among the most charming that he ever wrote.

Holmes speaks of having tumbled about in his father's library, and he gives us a very interesting

account of how he conducted his reading. He says : —

"I have always read *in* books rather than *through* them, and always with more profit from the books I read *in* than the books I read *through;* for when I set out to read *through* a book, I always felt that I had a task before me, but when I read *in* a book it was the page or the paragraph that I wanted, and which left its impression and became a part of my intellectual furniture."

Holmes entered Harvard with the class of 1829, the year in which Hawthorne and Longfellow received their degress from Bowdoin. In his class were James Freeman Clarke, Benjamin Peirce, the mathematician, and S. F. Smith, the author of *America.*

Holmes was popular in his class, his keen wit and lively manner making friends everywhere. While in college he contributed several poems to *The Collegian*, some of which were an earnest of what he was to do in later life. In acknowledgment of his successful achievements he was elected class poet.

After Graduation. — The year after his graduation was spent in the Harvard Law School, but, disliking the study of law, he turned to that of medicine, and, after attending two courses of lectures at Boston, he sailed for Paris to complete his medical studies there. For two years he at-

tended lectures faithfully, and seemed to have been anxious to acquire knowledge in his chosen profession. In one of his letters written home we find the following passage which throws considerable light on his character: —

"I can go home, if I must," he says, "but while I am here I will not eat a dinner for twenty-five sous and drink sour wine at a shabby restaurant. . . . But let me say that I have no disposition to extravagance, and that probably I spend less money on pure gratification than most of the young men with whom I associate. To speak definitely, you may consider my expenses as at least twelve hundred dollars a year — books — instruments — private instruction (which costs a good deal), and everything else included. I tell you that it is not throwing away money, because nine tenths of it goes straight into my head in the shape of knowledge."

Before returning home Holmes visited Italy and England. He was especially interested in Rome, and in another letter he says: —

"If modern Rome did not exist, still the world would come here to look at the monuments of antiquity, and if all the traces of ancient Rome were effaced, the great masters of the arts in modern times would have been enough to have made it a center of the schools of all Europe."

On his visit to England he had the pleasure of seeing Queen Victoria, then a young girl of fifteen.

He says of her: —

"The princess [Victoria] is a nice, fresh-looking girl, blonde and rather pretty."

Profession. — After a voyage of forty-three days Holmes landed in Boston in 1835, and shortly afterward began the practice of medicine. In 1839 he accepted the professorship of anatomy at Dartmouth College, where he was called upon to devote only three months of the year to his lectures. In 1840 he severed connection with Dartmouth, but in 1847 he was called to fill the chair of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, a position which he held for thirty-five years, although most of the time was devoted simply to anatomy. In this field he did some excellent work not only as a teacher, but as an author of some very valuable medical treatises. As a proof of his ability to hold the interest of his students, it is enough to say that his lecture was regularly assigned to the last hour of the collegiate day. Upon his resignation in 1882, the highest praise was bestowed upon him by President Eliot and others who knew intimately of his work.

As a Lecturer. — Like Emerson and Lowell, Holmes added to his income for several years by lecturing before the lyceums in Boston and elsewhere. He possessed an unusual manner of expression combined with an inexhaustible supply

of wit and humor. His best lectures were upon "The English Poets," delivered before the Lowell Institute.

Family and Home. — In 1840 Holmes felt that he was able to support a home of his own, and June 15, he married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson. Mr. Morse, who knew her well, says: —

"For Dr. Holmes she was an ideal wife, — a comrade the most delightful, a helpmate the most useful, whose abilities seem to have been arranged by happy foresight for the express purpose of supplying his wants."

And again he says: —

"She took care of him and gave him every day the fullest and freest chance to be always at his best, always able to do his work amid cheerful surroundings."

Three children were born to them, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son, Oliver Wendell, has risen to distinction as a lawyer, and now holds the position of associate justice of the Supreme Court. For several years Holmes spent his summers either at Pittsfield among the Berkshire Hills, or at his summer home at Beverly Farms. He was very fond of his home life, and when his wife died, in 1888, his affection centered on his son, with whom he lived until his own death six years later.

As a Poet. — Holmes began writing verses at an

early age and continued to cultivate the Muse for seventy years, but his best work was done in his early manhood. *Old Ironsides*, a spirited lyric poem of three stanzas, was written in 1830. Holmes had seen a statement in the *Boston Advertiser* to the effect that the Secretary of the Navy was contemplating the destruction of the frigate *Constitution*. With righteous indignation Holmes dashed off upon a scrap of paper those famous verses which have been on the lips of school-boys ever since that day. They were first printed in the *Boston Advertiser* and then copied generally throughout the country. Public opinion was aroused, and instead of being destroyed, the old frigate was repaired and served for nearly a half century later. *The Last Leaf*, one of the most popular of Holmes's poems, was published the next year. The last stanza was prophetic of his own life.

"And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling."

The Chambered Nautilus reveals the deeper side of the poet's nature. The poem furnishes much food for serious thought and ends with a noble exhortation to a higher life.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Among the poet's more serious work will be found *Musa*, *The Voiceless*, *Avis*, and *The Living Temple*, the last of which deserves to be classed with *The Chambered Nautilus*. It closes with these beautiful lines: —

"O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mold it into heavenly forms!"

These poems were published in 1858, in connection with some in a lighter vein, among which may be mentioned *Contentment*, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, and *Parson Turell's Legacy*. Worthy of an association with these are *Dorothy Q*, *How the Old Horse won the Bet*, and *The Height of the Ridiculous*.

Class Poems. — Some of Holmes's best poems were written for his class reunions, the class of 1829, which he loved so well. No meeting seemed

to be complete without a contribution from his pen, and each year, from 1851 to 1889, his poem was read and thoroughly enjoyed. Among these will be found the delightful *Bill and Joe*, —

> "Come, dear old comrade, you and I
> Will steal an hour from days gone by,
> The shining days when life was new,
> And all was bright with morning dew,
> The lusty days of long ago,
> When you were Bill and I was Joe, —"

The Old Man Dreams, *Once More*, *How Not to Settle It*, *The Archbishop and Gil Blas*, *The Boys*, —

> "Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
> If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
> Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
> Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night! —"

and *After the Curfew*, which closed the series.

Prose. — In 1857 Lowell became the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which had just been established on the condition that Holmes should be a frequent contributor. Lovers of good literature owe a great debt to Lowell for thus introducing to the world the witty poet as the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." From the foundation of the magazine until his pen had ceased to write, Holmes's work enlivened its pages with sprightly humor and wholesome philosophy.

The essays which he contributed were published in four series, as follows : *The Autocrat of*

the Breakfast Table, in 1858; *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, in 1859; *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, in 1873; and *Over the Teacups*, in 1890.

Of these the first is by far the best. Holmes in his inimitable way gives us a picture of a breakfast table in a boarding-house with its coterie of boarders, and Holmes himself presiding in their midst as the Autocrat. The conversations are mainly in the form of a monologue, in Holmes's most charming style. No where else in American literature can be found such a flow of wit and wisdom. Upon one page we laugh heartily at his puns, his jokes, his vivid descriptions of "John" and the "figure in black bombazine," but on turning the page we find the author uttering such serious bits of philosophy as these: —

"At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives.

"There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances.

"Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front door is on the street. Some keep it always open;

some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted — with a chain that will let you peep in, but not go in — and some nail it up so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

"Men, like peaches and pears, grow sweet a little while before they begin to decay.

"Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

"I find the great thing in the world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, — but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

"Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.

"I think you will find it true, that, before any vice can fasten on a man, body, mind, or moral nature must be debilitated. The mosses and fungi gather on sickly trees, not thriving ones; and the odious parasites which fasten on the human frame choose that which is already enfeebled."

In *Over the Teacups*, which was written at the age of eighty, Holmes gives us a vivid picture of his own personality, and we catch a glimpse of him as he really was.

Novels. — While Holmes may be regarded as

one of our best essayists, he was not so successful in his attempts at novel writing. The three novels that he wrote, *Elsie Venner* (1860), *A Guardian Angel* (1868), and *A Mortal Antipathy* (1885) are psychological in tone and are all developed from the standpoint of a medical professor.

As a Biographer. — In his old age this versatile author undertook to write the biography of two very eminent men in the field of American literature, — John Lothrop Motley, the historian, and Emerson, the philosopher, essayist, and poet. Holmes and Motley were friends in college, and their friendship had been maintained for fifty years, but Holmes is not at his best as a biographer. His life of Emerson is a graceful and pleasing piece of work, but he did not possess those qualities of mind which would have enabled him to give an appreciative estimate of Emerson's unique place in literature.

Last Days. — In 1886, in company with his daughter, Holmes made a second voyage to Europe, an interesting account of which is given in his *Hundred Days in Europe*. Most of the time was spent in England, where he was entertained very cordially. Few American writers have had such a hearty welcome from the men of letters across the sea. He received the honorary degrees of Litt. D. from Cambridge, LL.D. from Edin-

burgh, and D.C.L. from Oxford. Harvard also honored him with the degree of LL.D.

The Saturday Club. — Holmes was a member of the Saturday Club, which used to meet the last Saturday of every month. The club was frequented by such men as Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Whittier, Motley, Whipple, Agassiz, Peirce, and Sumner. Holmes was very fond of these meetings, and seldom missed one if he could avoid it. His bright and witty flow of talk contributed much to the enjoyment of the meetings.

Other poets have written upon more lofty themes and have won for themselves more enduring fame, but few have endeared themselves so closely to their readers as Oliver Wendell Holmes. His sprightly wit, charming style, and vivacious manner have won for him the first place as a writer of occasional verse. With equal skill has he written memorial tributes for the dead, welcome tributes to the living. Among his poems will be found hymns for dedication, anniversary songs, birthday poems, hymns for inauguration, class poems, banquet songs, and odes upon many subjects, each imbued with the proper spirit, dressed in appropriate verse.

His tribute to Francis Parkman, written a few months before his own death, ends with these words, which may symbolize Holmes's own life : —

"A brave, bright memory! his the stainless shield
No shame defaces and no envy mars!
When our far future's record is unsealed,
His name will shine among its morning stars."

As a writer of prose Holmes is in a class almost by himself. All that he has written marks him as a man of genius, in whom originality played an important part. Few writers have been at once so bright and witty, so keen in discernment, so simple and graceful in style, so pure in heart and so clear in form of expression.

Death. — October 7, 1894, the "genial Autocrat" passed away while sitting quietly in the presence of his son. Two days later he was buried in Mt. Auburn Cemetery from old King's Chapel, where he had been a life-long attendant. Expressions of sympathy were uttered on every side, indicative of the way in which he was universally esteemed.

An English Estimate. — Two stanzas are selected from *Punch's* tribute to Holmes, written in a style somewhat similar to his own, which will serve as a just characterization of this kindly New England writer.

"Of sweet singers the most sane,
Of keen wits the most humane,
Wide, yet clear.
Like the blue, above us bent,
Giving sense and sentiment
Each its sphere;

"With a manly breadth of soul,
And a fancy quaint and droll,
Ripe and mellow.
With a virile power of 'hit,'
Finished scholar, poet, wit,
And good fellow!"

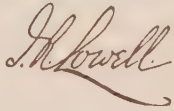
Suggestions for Reading

Poetry: *Old Ironsides, The Last Leaf, The Chambered Nautilus, Contentment, The Deacon's Masterpiece, The Old Man Dreams, The Boys, The Living Temple, The Iron Gate, The Voiceless, Dorothy Q, Homesick in Heaven, Parson Turell's Legacy, Under the Violets, The Height of the Ridiculous.*

Prose: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, My Hunt after the Captain, Over the Teacups.*

Helpful Books

J. T. Morse's *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes.*
W. Kennedy's *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*



XVI. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

CHRONOLOGY

1819, Feb. 22 .	Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts.
1834–1838 . .	At Harvard College.
1838–1840 . .	At Harvard Law School.
1840–1844 . .	Practiced law and wrote for the magazines.
1841	First volume of poems published.
1844	Married Miss Maria White.
1848	*The Biglow Papers.*

1851–1852	In Europe.
1853	Death of his wife.
1855	Lectured before Lowell Institute.
1855–1856	Studied in Europe.
1856–1877	Professor at Harvard.
1857	Married Miss Frances Dunlap.
1857–1861	Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.
1870	*Among my Books*.
1872–1874	In Europe.
1877–1880	Minister to Spain.
1880–1885	Minister to England.
1888	Last volume, *Heartsease and Rue*.
1891, Aug. 12	Died in Cambridge.

Family. — The name of Lowell is an honored one in Massachusetts. One member of the family introduced into the state the manufacture of cotton goods, and the city of Lowell commemorates his name and good deeds; another was the author of the section in the Bill of Rights by which slavery was abolished in the state of Massachusetts; while still another was the generous founder of the Lowell Institute in Boston, which annually provides a free course of lectures for the public. With these three noble and high-spirited men we may justly place the subject of this sketch, James Russell Lowell, who as poet, critic, reformer, and diplomatist won for himself eminent distinction. He was born February 22, 1819, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. His father, Dr. Charles Lowell, was a prominent minister in Boston, and

his mother, Harriet Spence, was a woman of unusual refinement and literary taste.

Birthplace. — Elmwood, in Cambridge, the birthplace and home of Lowell, is a familiar spot to readers of American literature. Almost all his life was spent there, and it was there that he died on the 12th of August, 1891.

Education. — At an early age Lowell was sent to a dame's school and later was intrusted to the care of William Wells, a well-known classical teacher of those days. In 1834 he entered Harvard, graduating in 1838. Lowell, like Emerson and Hawthorne, did not get as much from his college training as he expected. He was too full of the spirit of mischief and too much inclined to lay out his own course rather than to follow the one prescribed for him by the college authorities. Lowell himself says : —

"A college training is an excellent thing; but, after all, the better part of every man's education is that which he gives himself."

During his senior year Lowell was "rusticated," and required to finish his course at Concord under private instruction. He groaned in spirit at this enforced retirement, especially since he had been elected class poet and was unable to read his poem at commencement. The only consolation that he got at Concord was his association with Emerson,

who was then beginning to exert a dominating influence over those with whom he came in contact. During Lowell's college course he was very fond of reading good literature, and thus, early in life, he began to lay that foundation which established his reputation as the most learned critic of America at the time of his death. This love for good literature had been fostered in him by his mother and elder sister. After his graduation he entered the Harvard Law School, from which he received his degree two years later. He then opened an office in Boston, but never seriously engaged in the practice of his profession.

As an Editor. — Lowell's first editorial experience was gained during his college course, when he was chosen one of the five editors of *Harvardiana*. In 1842 he and Robert Carter began the publication of the *Pioneer*, which was to be a purely literary magazine, but the standard set by these ambitious youths was too high for the reading public in America, and the magazine did not survive more than three numbers. Fifteen years later Lowell became the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, which was to be the organ of the leading writers of New England. It began its career under the fairest auspices, having as its founders and early contributors such men as Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Motley, Cabot, Whittier, and Underwood. For four years Lowell not only served as editor but

he contributed many articles to its pages both in prose and verse. In connection with Charles Eliot Norton he edited the *North American Review* from 1863 to 1872, during which time he showed a peculiar fitness for the editorial chair. In regard to his efficiency as an editor Scudder, his biographer, says : —

"He was in love with literature, and his fine taste stood him in good stead, not only in the rejection of the commonplace, but in the perception of qualities which might redeem an otherwise undistinguished poem or paper. He had, too, that enthusiasm in the discovery of excellence which made him call his friends and neighbors together when he had found some pearl of great price, an enthusiasm which he was very sure to share with the author."

As a Public Speaker. — Like Holmes and Emerson, Lowell delivered lectures for the lyceum bureaus. These lectures were for the most part of high literary value, intended to instruct rather than to amuse. In 1855 he delivered a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, which gave assurance of his coming fame as a critic. In his official capacity as president of the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Harvard and of the Harvard alumni he was called upon to deliver many addresses and to read many odes upon public occasions.

Work at Harvard. — In 1854 Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard and Lowell

was chosen to succeed him. After spending a year of preparation in Europe, he began his duties in 1856 as active professor, which were continued until his appointment as Minister to Spain in 1877. Like his predecessor, Longfellow, he was not particularly fond of his work. He disliked the routine and drudgery of the class room and felt that it was usurping time which might better be devoted to literature. Notwithstanding this, many of his pupils in later years have borne witness to the inspiring influence of Lowell. With reference to his work as an instructor Scudder says: —

"Hence he was a strong and vivifying influence to the best men under him, and to all he communicated something of that rich culture which is not easily measured by lessons learned and recited. No one could listen to his teaching, as has been well said, without becoming conscious that he was listening to a man not less wise than accomplished and gifted."

In one of his lectures on Dante Lowell says: —

"One is sometimes asked by young men to recommend to them a course of reading. My advice would always be to confine yourself to the supreme books in whatever literature; still better to choose some great author and grow thoroughly familiar with him. For as all roads lead to Rome, so they all likewise lead thence; and you will find that in order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any really vital piece of literature, you will be gradually and pleasantly per-

suaded to studies and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and will find yourselves scholars before you are aware. For remember that there is nothing less fruitful than scholarship for the sake of mere scholarship, nor anything more wearisome in the attainment."

Political Career. — Lowell was sent as a Republican delegate to the National Convention at Cincinnati in 1876, and later he was one of the electors in the Hayes-Tilden controversy. In 1877 he was offered the post of United States Minister to Spain, which he accepted, as he said, that he might dwell in the land of Calderon, one of his favorite writers. Like Irving, he was transferred from Spain to England, in which latter country he remained as our foreign representative for five years, from 1880 to 1885. During his tenure of office no great questions arose to test his statesmanship, but he at all times displayed much dignity and tact. He was very popular abroad, and was called upon to make many public addresses and after-dinner speeches, and on all these occasions he was a representative of whom his country might well be proud.

As a Poet. — Lowell's first volume of poems, *A Year's Life*, was published in 1841 just after he had attained his majority. Most of the poems in the little volume were inspired by Maria White, a woman with a beautiful spirit, to whom he had re-

cently become engaged. These early poems were full of promise. *Irene*, devoted to Miss White, is a representative poem of the volume. Three years later Lowell published a second volume of poems which were of a much higher order than the first. Among the best are *The Legend of Brittany*, *Rhœcus*, *The Heritage*, *The Shepherd of King Admetus*, and *An Incident in a Railroad Car*. *She Came and Went* and *The Changeling* are two beautiful laments for the loss of infant children. He was exceedingly fond of nature. The flowers of the field and the birds in the trees often caught his poetical fancy. In his beautiful little tribute *To the Dandelion* he says: —

"My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers."

In 1848 Lowell published *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, which is perhaps the most popular of his poems. It is based upon the familiar legend of the Holy Grail, but its popularity is due largely to the two preludes, in which he gives a beautiful description of a summer and a winter scene.

Could anything be more joyous than that stanza beginning : —

> "And what is so rare as a day in June?
> Then, if ever, come perfect days."

In the same year there came from the press *A Fable for Critics*. The volume was published anonymously, but its style and contents speedily declared its authorship. It contains a series of criticisms upon American writers, many of whom would be wholly forgotten save for this allusion to them. It is brimful of puns and witticisms even to the point of satiety, but at times the criticisms are incisive and accurate. The work is uneven, and, on the whole, somewhat carelessly done. Lowell's estimates of Irving, Whittier, Hawthorne, and Holmes are unusually good, while he seems rather too severe upon Cooper, Bryant, and Poe. He realized his own shortcomings, and pointed them out in his characteristic fashion : —

> "There is Lowell, who's striving Parnassus to climb
> With a whole bale of isms tied together with rhyme,
> He might get on alone, spite of brambles and bowlders,
> But he can't with that bundle he has on his shoulders.
> The top of the hill he will ne'er come nigh reaching
> Till he learns the distinction 'twixt singing and preaching;
> His lyre has some chords that would ring pretty well,
> But he'd rather by half make a drum of the shell,
> And rattle away till he's old as Methusalem,
> At the head of a march to the last New Jerusalem."

The Biglow Papers were published in two series, in 1848 and 1867, although they had previously appeared in the *Boston Courier* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, respectively. The first series was written as a bitter protest against the Mexican War in that quaint Yankee dialect so native to Lowell's tongue, but which is now almost a thing of the past. The poems were published anonymously, but every one recognized Lowell as the author. One of the best of the papers is that entitled *What Mr. Robinson Thinks*. The second series was called forth by the Civil War. The satire here was even more bitter than in the former series. *The Courtin'*, which serves as a prelude to the series, is one of the finest pastorals in the English language. In *No. X* Lowell touches upon the loss of his nephews who fell in the war in these tender words : —

> " Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?
> Didn't I love to see 'em growin',
> Three likely lads ez wal could be,
> Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?
> I set an' look into the blaze
> Whose natur', jes' like theirn, keeps climbin',
> Ez long 'z it lives, in shinin' ways,
> An' half despise myself for rhymin'."

Under the Willows and Other Poems was published in 1868. In this volume are to be found *The First Snow-Fall*, a tender poem based upon

the death of an infant daughter; *Auf Wiedersehen*, a sweet remembrance of his wife; *After the Burial*, written after the death of his second child; and *Pictures from Appledore*, full of the wildness of the rock-bound coast.

Many of Lowell's poems were of a personal nature. In commemoration of Longfellow's sixtieth birthday, he wrote *To H. W. L.*, of which the last stanza reveals the tender friendship which had existed between the two poets for many years.

"Long days be his, and each as lusty-sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;
May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet
Falling in music, as for him were meet
Whose choicest verse is harsher-toned than he!"

Lowell's *Commemoration Ode* is generally considered his most serious work. His heart had been deeply stirred by the Civil War, and he felt that he had put more of himself into this ode than into anything else he ever wrote. The sixth strophe is a beautiful tribute to Lincoln, which closes with the memorable words: —

"The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Within the same year Lowell wrote three other odes which commemorate three important historical events in the nation's history, — the fight at

Concord bridge, Washington's taking command of the American army, and the declaration of our independence.

The Cathedral, a poem in blank verse, is uneven in quality, but lofty in conception.

Lowell's poetry gives evidence of a thorough acquaintance with the classical myths. Allusions to them are frequently found, while several of his poems are based entirely upon them. Among the latter are *Prometheus*, *The Shepherd of King Admetus*, *Rhœcus*, *Hebe*, *Eurydice*, and *Endymion*.

Prose. — Lowell remains to-day our best literary critic. His wide reading, discriminating mind, keen intellect, and utter fearlessness helped him to write with admirable success upon such men as Dryden, Dante, Chaucer, Wordsworth, Spenser, Keats, Lessing, Rousseau, Thoreau, and Emerson. Lowell's criticisms were based upon a thorough study of the author, as Leslie Stephen, who visited him at Elmwood, says : —

"All around us were the crowded book-shelves, whose appearance showed them to be the companions of the true literary workman, not of the mere dilettante or fancy biographer. Their ragged bindings and thumbed pages scored with frequent pencil marks implied that they were a student's tools, not mere ornamental playthings."

Of his critical work the essays upon Dryden

and Dante are among the best. The essay upon Democracy and the one upon Lincoln deserve the highest praise among his political addresses, while *My Garden Acquaintance* and *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners* take precedence over the rest of the miscellaneous essays. His essays have been collected in different groups, under the titles *Fireside Travels*, *Among my Books*, first and second series, and *My Study Windows*.

Home Life. — Lowell was married December 26, 1844, to Miss Maria White, with whom he lived most happily for nine years. She had a wonderful influence over her husband and it was through her that he was led to join the anti-slavery movement. Four children were born to them, but all died in infancy, save one daughter. At the death of each child Lowell's heart-strings were strained almost to the point of breaking, and the poems commemorating their loss are among our sweetest lyrics. Mrs. Lowell was a frail, ethereal woman, and her health, which was never good, broke down in 1851, and two years later she died. In 1857 Lowell married Miss Frances Dunlap, who had had charge of the education of his daughter. In the home, as elsewhere, he was witty, affectionate, and very companionable.

Stedman's Estimate. — Edmund Clarence Stedman, one of our acutest critics, writes as follows of Lowell: —

"Judged by his works, as a poet in the end must be, he is one who might gain by revision and compression. But think, as is his due, upon the high-water marks of his abundant tide, and see how enviable the record of a poet who is our most brilliant and learned critic, and who has given us our best native idyl, our best and most complete work in dialectic verse, and the noblest heroic ode that America has produced, — each and all ranking with the first of their kind in English literature of the modern time."

Scudder's Criticism. — In speaking of *The Biglow Papers* Scudder gives us a bit of charming criticism : —

"It was when he [Lowell] came to the close of the six numbers which he appears to have agreed to write, that he gave himself up to the luxury of that bobolink song which always swelled in his throat when spring melted into summer. *Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line*, like the opening notes of *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, like *Under the Willows*, *Al Fresco*, and similar poems, is the insistent call of nature which is perhaps the most unmistakable witness in Lowell of a voice most his own because least subject to his own volition. To be sure, Lowell had a truth to press, the need of crushing the rattlesnake in its head of slavery; but he must needs first clear his throat by a long sweet draught of nature, and the mingling of pure delight in out of doors with the perplexities of the hour renders this number of *The Biglow Papers* one that goes very straight to the reader's heart."

Suggestions for Reading

Poetry: *The Vision of Sir Launfal, To the Dandelion, The First Snow-Fall, The Courtin', Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line, The Present Crisis, The Commemoration Ode, Under the Willows, The Changeling, Pictures from Appledore, The Shepherd of King Admetus, Al Fresco.*

Prose: *My Garden Acquaintance, Selections from the Critical Essays.*

Helpful Books

H. E. Scudder's *James Russell Lowell.*

Edward Everett Hale's *Lowell and his Friends.*

F. H. Underwood's *Lowell.*

C. E. Norton's *Letters of James Russell Lowell.*

Henry D. Thoreau.

XVII. HENRY DAVID THOREAU

CHRONOLOGY

1817, July 12 .	Born in Concord, Massachusetts.
1833–1837 . .	At Harvard University.
1838	Taught in Concord Academy.
1839	Trip up the Concord River.
1843–1844 . .	Tutor on Staten Island.
1845–1847 . .	At Walden Pond.
1849	*A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers.*
1854	*Walden.*
1862, May 6 .	Died in Concord.

In the little group that gathered about Emerson in Concord none stood in more intimate relationship with him than Henry David Thoreau. No one occupies a more unique place in American literature than this poet-naturalist, the ardent disciple of the Concord sage.

Youth. — Thoreau was born in Concord, July 12, 1817. His father, John Thoreau, was of Huguenot origin, quiet and unobtrusive in his nature. He was a pencil-maker by trade. His mother was witty, animated, and socially inclined. Shortly after Henry's birth his parents moved to Chelmsford and later to Boston, but in 1823 they returned to Concord, where their son lived the rest of his life. In his early years he was fond of hunting and fishing, and grew up in that New England village in perfect freedom and in close touch with nature. He went to school at the Concord Academy and prepared for Harvard.

Education. — In 1833 he entered the freshman class at Harvard, paying his expenses partly by teaching in a district school and by private tutoring. He also received some financial aid from the college. He acquired a good knowledge of the classics, devoting much of his time to Greek literature. He translated some of the Greek tragedies, and this helped to form his own English style. He did not indulge in sports or amusements of any sort, nor was he

very companionable. In a letter to his class-secretary he makes this frank confession: —

"Though bodily I have been a member of Harvard University, heart and soul I have been far away among the scenes of my boyhood. Those hours that should have been devoted to study have been spent in scouring the woods and exploring the lakes and streams of my native village."

Never did a man care more for his native village than he.

After Years. — After his graduation Thoreau and his brother took charge of the village academy, but he gave this up in 1838 and began his career as a lecturer. In 1839 he and this same brother, John, of whom he was very fond and whose death he deeply mourned three years later, made a trip up the Concord and Merrimac rivers in a boat which they themselves had made. The following year he helped his father in the pencil business, but lost interest in the trade, once he had mastered it. During the publication of the *Dial*, from 1840 to 1844, Thoreau contributed many essays and poems for its pages, acting part of the time as an assistant editor.

Thoreau could not only make pencils well, but he was a skillful surveyor, being often employed in surveying the land of his neighbors. The greater part of his time, however, he spent in

roaming through the fields and woods or rowing on the Musketaquid, to him the most beautiful stream in all the world. Emerson and Thoreau were life-long friends, Thoreau at times making his home in the Emerson household. One can readily imagine the delightful conversations which occurred between these two lovers of nature, who had so many things in common. Thoreau became acquainted with Hawthorne when he came to Concord to live, and it would have been interesting to have witnessed the business transaction between them when Thoreau sold his boat to Hawthorne, — each little skilled in making a bargain.

In 1845 he built for himself a hut on Walden Pond, about two miles from Concord, and lived there alone for nearly two years. Thoreau himself says : —

"I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I came to die, discover that I had not lived."

He wished to be where he could meditate and live a simple life. The hut was ten by fifteen and cost but twenty-eight dollars. The furniture was very meager and his fare of the simplest kind. Much of the time he spent out of doors, and a squirrel was his most constant companion.

In 1845 Thoreau was imprisoned because he refused to pay his poll-tax. His objection to the tax was that it helped to sustain the Mexican War, which was being waged in the interests of slavery. In 1850 he and Ellery Channing, a mutual friend of Emerson and himself, spent a week in Canada. In 1853 and 1857 he explored the forests of Maine, and his experiences, which he jotted down from time to time, were published in a posthumous volume entitled *The Maine Woods*. In 1855 his health began to fail. His exposure to the inclement weather had begun to tell upon his strong constitution, and from this time until his death he was unable to live his usual life of freedom. In 1860 he made a trip to Minnesota for his health, but did not receive the expected benefit. May 6, 1862, he died, in the presence of his mother and sister, who had dearly loved this eccentric but lovable son and brother. He was buried in Sleepy Hollow, and Emerson, his friend and teacher, spoke a few words over his grave.

Writings. — In 1849 Thoreau published *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*. The work was the result of his own experiences and was written entertainingly, but it did not sell. Seven hundred volumes out of the thousand were returned to him by the publisher, and in his dry, humorous style he was wont to say: —

"I have now a library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

Five years later *Walden*, by far his best work, was published. In this he narrates his experiences while at the Pond, interspersed with quaint bits of philosophy. These two volumes were the only ones published during his lifetime; but since his death his friends have issued various selections from his voluminous manuscripts. Among these are *The Maine Woods*, *Cape Cod*, *Early Spring in Massachusetts*, *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Winter*.

Thoreau himself wanted his books and poems to smell of the open air and the fragrant fields, rather than of the literary workshop. His writings are fresh and original and are pervaded by the spirit of sincerity. There was no affectation about the man or his writings. He wrote on themes that were for the most part simple and commonplace. He was fond of epigrams in which he expressed his wisdom and philosophy. His descriptions were vivid and picturesque.

"Did you ever admire," says he, "the steady, silent, windless fall of the snow in some lead-colored sky, silent save the little ticking of the flakes as they touched the twigs? It is chased silver molded over the pines and oak-leaves. Soft shades hang like curtains along the closely draped wood-paths. Frozen apples become little cider-vats. The old,

crooked apple-trees, frozen stiff in the pale, shivering sunlight, that appears to be dying of consumption, gleam forth like the heroes of one of Dante's cold hells."

Thoreau delighted not only in the fall of the snow, but in all the scenes of nature. Each season in its turn presented new beauties to his appreciative eye, which he has described simply and effectively in his *Walden* and other works. In the chapter on *Spring* in *Walden* he utters a cheerful note when he says: —

"A single gentle rain makes the grass many shades greener. So our prospects brighten on the influx of better thoughts. We should be blessed if we lived in the present always, and took advantage of every accident that befell us, like the grass which confesses the influence of the slightest dew that falls on it; and did not spend our time in atoning for the neglect of past opportunities, which we call doing our duty. We loiter in winter while it is already spring. In a pleasant spring morning all men's sins are forgiven."

In addition to the works which have been mentioned, Thoreau wrote some verse, but it lacks the charming simplicity of his prose.

Character. — Thoreau never married and made few intimate friends save among the children and dumb animals, but of them he was very fond. He knew every bird and flower in the neighbor-

hood of Concord. He was fond of music and often played the flute in his hours of solitude. In appearance he was unprepossessing. In his suit of corduroy, with sloping shoulders, downcast look and swinging gait, he was a familiar figure in and about his native village.

Alcott's Sonnet. — Amos Bronson Alcott has given us a realistic picture of Thoreau in the following beautiful sonnet : —

"Who nearer Nature's life would truly come
Must nearest come to him of whom I speak ;
He all kinds knew, — the vocal and the dumb ;
Masterful in genius was he, and unique,
Patient, sagacious, tender, frolicsome,
This Concord Pan would oft his whistle take,
And forth from wood and fen, field, hill, and lake,
Trooping around him in their several guise,
The shy inhabitants their haunts forsake :
Then he, like Æsop, man would satirize,
Hold up the image wild to clearest view
Of undiscerning manhood's puzzled eyes,
And mocking say, 'Lo ! mirrors here for you :
Be true as these, if ye would be more wise.'"

Suggestions for Reading

Selections from *Walden* and *Excursions*.

Helpful Books

F. B. Sanborn's *Henry D. Thoreau.*
John Burroughs's *Indoor Studies.*
H. S. Salt's *Life of Henry D. Thoreau.*

Walt. Whitman

XVIII. WALT WHITMAN

CHRONOLOGY

1819, May 31 . Born at West Hills, Long Island.
1836–1837 . . Printer in New York.
1837–1839 . . Taught district schools.
1839–1840 . . Published a paper at Huntington, Long Island.
1840–1849 . . Printer and writer in New York and Brooklyn.
1849 . . . . Journey through the South.

1855	*Leaves of Grass* published.
1863–1865	In the army hospitals.
1865–1873	Clerk in Washington.
1892, Mar. 26	Died at Camden, New Jersey.

Life. — Walt Whitman was descended from Zachariah Whitman who settled in America in 1640. The Whitman family had lived on Long Island since 1664. His father was a carpenter, a trade which Whitman himself at times followed. He was born in a farmhouse at West Hills, Long Island, May 31, 1819. In his early childhood his father removed to Brooklyn; but the scenes of his birthplace were often revisited, where he spent his days in perfect freedom. He was fond of outdoor life and possessed in his early years a robust constitution. In speaking of his boyhood he says: —

"As a boy, I often went forth with a chum or two, on those frozen fields, with hand-sled, ax, and eel-spear, after messes of eels."

When he was a boy of five he tells us that he was kissed by Lafayette, as Irving had been blessed by Washington. He was an omnivorous reader of novels, Walter Scott being his favorite writer. He learned the printer's trade in New York, and for many years served either as printer, publisher, or writer for newspapers in Huntington, Long Island, New York, and Brooklyn.

In 1863, during the Civil War, he entered the army hospitals at Washington as a nurse, doing very efficient service in that capacity for two years. He was devoted to the sick, and was ever ready to read to the men, write letters for them, and create a cheerful spirit in the despondent. His varied experiences in this hospital work are narrated in *Specimen Days*, and in a volume of letters addressed to his mother, which was published posthumously under the title of *The Wound-Dresser*. Nowhere else does Whitman appear to better advantage than in these pages.

After the war he held a clerkship in the Department of the Interior and later in the office of the Attorney-General, but in 1874 he retired to Camden, New Jersey, where he passed his remaining years. He had suffered a stroke of paralysis before he left Washington, and until his death, March 26, 1892, his health was very feeble. His life was made easier during these years of invalidism by the financial assistance of his friends, who provided him with a horse and carriage, and later, when he became too feeble to ride, with a wheel-chair that he might be moved about in comfort.

Work. — Whitman's two most important works are *Leaves of Grass*, published in 1855, and *Drum-Taps*, in 1865. These two volumes are

quite dissimilar in form and character. In *Leaves of Grass* the author shows his contempt for established measures or rhymes. It is written in very irregular verse, which often becomes the barest prose, but its vigor and freshness of thought have been highly praised, despite a certain vein of coarseness. In vindication of Whitman's nobility of purpose in writing these verses, W. D. O'Connor wrote *The Good Gray Poet, a Defence of Walt Whitman*, inventing a name for his friend which clung to him thereafter. In criticism of this much-discussed volume of poems Richardson says : —

"It has been claimed that there is a great triple underlying thought in *Leaves of Grass* from beginning to end: the thought of unity, beauty, and progression. If this were so it would be a great poem, at least in aim. But the unity is that of indifferent conglomeration, the beauty is imperfect or unethereal, and the progression is unduly physical and material."

Drum-Taps is the outcome of Whitman's experiences in the hospitals. He is justly called the singer of the Civil War. No finer tributes to Lincoln have ever been written than *When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed*, which Stedman compares with Lowell's *Commemoration Ode*, and *O Captain! My Captain*, which closes with this beautiful stanza : —

"My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead."

Other poems which are to be commended are *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*, *The City Dead-House*, *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking*, considered by many his best work, and *Come up from the Fields*, *Father*.

Whitman excels when he sings of the sea. In his noble poem *To the Man-of-War Bird* he cries: —

"Thou born to match the gale (thou art all wings),
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, hadst thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!"

Character. — Whitman loved nature. He delighted to roam along the seashore, by the ferry, or to mingle with men in the humblest calling, finding in their lives more than he could gain from books. He knew intimately many of the

ferrymen and omnibus drivers of Brooklyn, and his poetry is expressive of his democratic spirit. He was gifted with feeling and imagination, and his tenderness was remarkable when we consider the man and his life. He had a splendid physique and a tenacious, dogged spirit, inherited from his Dutch-English ancestry. He was devoted to his friends, among whom he numbered Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier. When Whitman visited Boston and Concord, in 1881, he carried a stone and laid it on the cairn which marks the spot where his friend Thoreau had lived.

Burroughs's Estimate. — "Opinion will doubtless long be divided about the value of his work. He said he was willing to wait to be understood by the growth of the taste of himself. That this taste is growing, that the new generations are coming more and more into his spirit and atmosphere, that the mountain is less and less forbidding, and looms up more and more as we get farther from it, is obvious enough. That he will ever be in any sense a popular poet is in the highest degree improbable; but that he will kindle enthusiasm in successive minds; that he will be an enormous feeder to the coming poetic genius of his country; that he will enlarge criticism and make it easy for every succeeding poet to be himself and to be American; and finally that he will take his place among the few major poets of the race, I have not the least doubt."

Suggestions for Reading

Beat! Beat! Drums!; O Captain! My Captain!; When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed; Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking; Crossing Brooklyn Ferry; Come up from the Fields, Father; To the Man-of-War Bird; The City Dead-House; Pioneers, O Pioneers.

Helpful Books

John Burroughs's *Whitman, A Study.*

William Clarke's *Life of Whitman.*

W. D. O'Connor's *The Good Gray Poet, a Defence of Walt Whitman.*

Bayard Taylor

XIX. BAYARD TAYLOR

CHRONOLOGY

1825, Jan. 11 . .	Born at Kennett Square, Pennsylvania.
1840–1842 . .	Tutor at Unionville Academy.
1844–1846 . .	Pedestrian tour in Europe.
1850	Married Miss Mary Agnew.
1851–1853 . .	Travels in the Orient.
1854–1856 . .	Lecturing in the United States.
1856–1858 . .	In Europe again.
1857	Married Miss Marie Hansen.
1860	"Cedarcroft" finished.
1862–1863 . . .	Secretary of Russian legation.
1869	Non-resident professor of German at Cornell.
1872–1874 . . .	In Germany.

1878 . . . . . Minister to Germany.
1878, Dec. 19 . . . . . Died in Berlin.

Life. — Conspicuous for his versatility among the writers in American literature is Bayard Taylor, who during his life acquired considerable fame as a traveler, novelist, poet, critic, journalist, and lecturer. He was born about thirty miles from Philadelphia, at Kennett Square, Chester County, Pennsylvania, January 11, 1825. He was descended from Robert Taylor, who came to America with William Penn. In his youth he attended the village academy, and was noted for his passionate love of poetry. He read with avidity the works of Scott, Campbell, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell. He himself began to write verses at a very early age, publishing his first volume, consisting of fifteen poems, in 1844. Through the aid of N. P. Willis, whose *Pencillings by the Way* he had eagerly read, he was enabled to gratify his desire for travel. He sailed for Europe in July, 1844, and spent the next two years tramping on the Continent, living and dressing as the natives of whatever clime he visited. After his return to New York, he published the result of his experiences, under the title, *Views Afoot*, with a preface by Willis. The volume met with universal approval, and made a name for the young author. The next few years

Taylor spent in journalistic work, receiving valuable training on the *New York Tribune*, under the direction of Horace Greeley. In October, 1850, he married Miss Mary Agnew, an acquaintance of his childhood, who lived but two months after her marriage. In order to distract his mind in this great sorrow, Taylor started once more on his travels. He spent over two years visiting the East, — Egypt, Syria, Palestine, India, and Japan, — seeking always to enter into the true life of the people of these various lands, by wearing their costume and adopting many of their customs. On his return to America he began a course of lectures on the countries through which he had traveled, and these met with instant success. With the money thus earned, he bought a tract of land near his native town and built a beautiful home, which he named "Cedarcroft." In 1856 he sailed for Europe, this time visiting Lapland and Sweden. In 1857 he married Miss Marie Hansen, the niece of a fellow-voyager on the Nile. On his return to his native land, in 1858, he began his second series of lectures, which were fully as successful as the first. The remaining years of his life were spent mainly at "Cedarcroft," where hospitality was dispensed with a gracious hand by him and his charming wife. In 1862 he served the *New York Tribune* as its war correspondent. In 1869 he was appointed non-resident professor of German at

Cornell. In 1878 President Hayes appointed him Minister to Germany, but he reached his new post only to die. He passed away in Berlin, December 19, 1878.

Work. — Taylor's ambition and his poverty allowed him no rest. He was an indefatigable worker, and produced many volumes, — books of travel, lectures, poems, novels, reviews, and translations. His books of travel were very popular when they first appeared. The scenes which he saw were vividly described with a reporter's pen, but they have little of deeper interest. His lectures were as ephemeral as his travel sketches. He wrote four novels, which are now almost forgotten, — *Hannah Thurston*, *John Godfrey's Fortune*, *The Story of Kennett*, and *Joseph and his Friend*. His prose was written primarily to make money, but he put his whole soul into his poetry. Taylor's chief aim in life was to write verses which would live. He wrote odes, lyrics, pastorals, ballads, narrative poems, and dramas, but none have attained the highest level. In his early years he was influenced particularly by Bryant, and later by Shelley and Tennyson. His *Centennial Ode*, while imperfect in form, has a ringing tone. His dramas, *The Prophet*, *Prince Deukalion*, and *Masque of the Gods*, are far from being the successes which Taylor hoped they would be, although he himself regarded the *Masque of the*

Gods as his best work. It was written in four days, and Richardson says that he considers it to be "our best addition to the loftiest or religious division of the drama." *Lars: a Pastoral of Norway* is one of the best of his longer poems. His *Poems of the Orient* are his most original work, and form a distinct addition to American literature. The *Bedouin Song* has no superior of its kind, and breathes the very spirit of the East: —

"From the desert I come to thee,
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!"

In *The Song of the Camp*, a reminiscence of the Crimean War, he expresses a beautiful sentiment in the following stanzas: —

"They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie.'

"Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion

Rose like an anthem, rich and strong, —
Their battle-eve confession.

"Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

"Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers."

In his volume entitled *Home Pastorals*, Taylor has given us faithful pictures of the life of the Quakers, among whom he lived many years, the selection entitled *The Quaker Widow* being one of the best. He devoted much time to the study of German literature, and his translation of Goethe's *Faust* is to-day the work upon which his reputation mainly rests. Taylor undertook too much, and his work suffered thereby, as he himself aptly said : —

"The task of writing for the press, while it is a good staff, is a poor crutch; it diffuses the heat of authorship, checks idealism, retards the construction of masterpieces."

Smyth's Criticism. — A. H. Smyth, Taylor's biographer, in passing judgment upon him, says with much truth : —

"Taylor's chief defect seems to me to be a lack of spontaneity. His poetry is all *intended*. It is carefully built up by the intellect. The reader searches in vain for an escape from the intellectual; Taylor never gives the rein to the spirit. The reader is surprised by no sudden glories of imagination, for Taylor never seems to look forth from those —

> 'Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.'"

Suggestions for Reading

Poetry: *Bedouin Song, The Song of the Camp, The Quaker Widow, The National Ode, Nubia.*
Prose: *Views Afoot.*

Helpful Books

A. H. Smyth's *Bayard Taylor.*
Marie Hansen-Taylor and H. E. Scudder's *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor.*
James G. Wilson's *Bryant and his Friends.*

Sidney Lanier.

XX. SIDNEY LANIER

CHRONOLOGY

1842, Feb. 3 . . .	Born at Macon, Georgia.
1860	Graduated from Oglethorpe College, Georgia.
1861	Enlisted in the Confederate army.
1867	Married Miss Mary Day.
1868–1872	Studied and practiced law.
1873	A member of the Peabody Symphony Orchestra.
1875	*Corn* published in *Lippincott's Magazine.*

1879 . . . . . Lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University.
1881, Sept. 7 . . . Died at Lynn, North Carolina.

Life. — In the list of Southern poets the name of Sidney Lanier ranks next to that of Poe. He was born at Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842. His father, Robert S. Lanier, was of Huguenot descent and a lawyer by profession. His mother was a native of Virginia of Scotch descent. Lanier was passionately fond of two things,— poetry and music. He entered Oglethorpe College in 1856 as a sophomore, graduating in 1860, after a year's absence, as valedictorian of his class. After graduation he acted as tutor in his alma mater, but in April, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army with the Macon volunteers. He rendered efficient service as a soldier, and on three occasions he was offered promotion, but refused because he wished to stay near his younger brother who was serving with him. In 1863 he became a blockade-runner, but his vessel was captured and he was confined for five months in Point Lookout Prison. In 1865 he was released, and the next few years were spent in teaching and studying law. In December, 1867, he married Miss Mary Day, of Macon. From this time on his life was a constant struggle with disease and poverty. Finally he determined to earn his living by following a profession that he loved, and in

1873 he became a member of the Peabody Symphony Orchestra in Baltimore. In a letter to his father at this time he says : —

"My dear father, think how, for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college and of a bare army and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways, — I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could enumerate, these two figures of music and of poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem to you as to me, that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness ? "

Lanier was constantly seeking new climes that his health might be improved, but all to no avail. In 1879 he was appointed lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University, a position which he occupied until his death.

Work. — Lanier's passionate love of music deeply influenced his poetry. He wrote largely for the ear. Like Whitman, he declared against stereotyped forms and struck out on a path of his own which he expounded in his *Science of English Verse*. His poems are often rich in melody

and rhythm. *Sunrise*, his last poem, was written when he was dying. Among his best works are *Corn*, *Song of the Chattahoochee*, *The Marshes of Glynn*, *The Mocking Bird*, and *The Stirrup Cup*. His lectures at Johns Hopkins were gathered into a volume, under the title of *The English Novel*. Through the influence of his friend Bayard Taylor he was chosen to write the cantata for the opening of the Centennial Exposition. In 1874, while in search of better health, he wrote a guide-book on *Florida*, for a railroad company. Lanier was a keen but harsh critic. In speaking of Swinburne he pithily says : —

"He invited me to eat; the service was silver and gold, but no food therein save pepper and salt."

Lanier is not a poet of the people nor will his verses ever be very popular, but he has many warm admirers.

An Estimate. — In his *Literary History of America* Barrett Wendell says : —

"The more you read *The Marshes of Glynn*, however, and the more, indeed, you read any of Lanier's poetry, the more certain you feel that he was among the truest men of letters whom our country has produced. Genuine in impulse, fervid in temper, impressed but not overwhelmed by the sad and tragic conditions of his life, and sincerely moved to write in words which he constantly and ardently

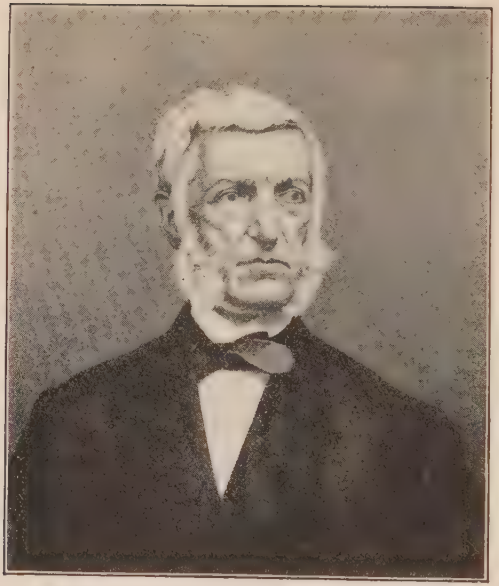
strove to make beautiful, he exhibits lyric power hardly to be found in any other American."

Suggestions for Reading

The Marshes of Glynn, Sunrise, Corn, The Mocking Bird, The Stirrup Cup, Song of the Chattahoochee.

Helpful Books

W. M. Baskervill's *Sidney Lanier.*
Ward's *Memorial* (poems of Sidney Lanier).



George Bancroft

XXI. THE HISTORIANS

A SKETCH of American literature would be incomplete if it did not include at least a brief statement of the excellent work done by the historians. During the last seventy-five years a marvelous change has taken place in the methods of historical writing. Histories have ceased to

be as dry as dust, and are written with a view to entertain as well as to instruct.

Jared Sparks [1789–1866], who may be called the father of American history, was born on a Connecticut farm in 1789, and in his early manhood was farmer, miller, carpenter, and country pedagogue. Graduating from Harvard in 1815, he entered the ministry and preached for several years. In 1824 he became the editor of the *North American Review*, discharging his editorial duties with credit until 1831, when he was honored by a call to the chair of history, recently established at Harvard. After ten years of efficient service he became president of the university.

Sparks wrote a *Life of Gouverneur Morris* in 1832, but it was not until the appearance of *The Life and Writings of George Washington* that the public became aware of the new methods of historical research which Sparks had adopted. In writing his histories Sparks consulted all the original documents and state papers which he could find, both in this country and in Europe. No longer was it possible in America to follow the old historical method which dispensed with original investigation. Sparks excelled in the matter of collecting and arranging materials, but he lacked the literary style which many of his successors possessed in a high degree. He was also the editor of the *Works of Benjamin Franklin, with a Life of the Author*,

and the general editor of the *Library of American Biography*, in twenty-five volumes.

George Bancroft [1800–1891]. While Jared Sparks deserves to be regarded as the founder of modern historical methods in America, it is to George Bancroft that we turn for our first eminent historian. He was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3, 1800. Having graduated from Harvard, with honors, at the age of seventeen, he went to Göttingen for post-graduate study, securing his degree of Ph.D. in three years. Two more years were spent in Europe, studying and traveling, at the end of which time Bancroft returned to America one of the most thoroughly trained scholars of his day. He was one of the founders of the "Round Hill" school for boys at Northampton, where he tried his hand at preparing boys for college. Later he was Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, being instrumental in the establishment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was also our diplomatic representative in England and Germany.

Bancroft issued a small volume of poetry in 1823, but his monumental work is his *History of the United States*, in twelve volumes. The first volume made its appearance in 1834, and just a half century later the work was completed. The history treats of the period from the discovery of America to 1789. Seldom have

so much time and labor been devoted to one piece of historical research. The author was granted unusual opportunities for consulting original documents, and he is said to have collected a working library of twelve thousand volumes. The utmost pains were taken, and his history is the result of a thorough and conscientious effort on his part to describe the events as they actually occurred. Bancroft, however, was too patriotic to be strictly impartial; he eulogizes too much, but in a calm, severe style. He does not indulge in vivid word paintings such as are to be found in the volumes of Prescott or of Parkman. His style is interesting, because of his enthusiasm. There are no footnotes in his volumes, for he sifts the facts and offers them as his own, but his statements are generally found to be based on good authority.

William Hickling Prescott [1796–1859]. Seldom has a writer succeeded under more trying circumstances than Prescott, who was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796, eight years before Hawthorne. While he was a junior at Harvard, a crust of bread carelessly thrown by another student blinded him in one eye and seriously affected the sight of the other. It was with the utmost difficulty that he carried on his literary work with the aid of a secretary. He could use his eyesight for only a few minutes each day, and in a darkened room,

but he exhibited under these circumstances an admirable spirit of resignation. He chose the broad subject of history for his life's work, and then later decided upon his particular field. His first work, *Ferdinand and Isabella*, appeared in 1837 after a ten years' preparation, *The Conquest of Mexico* in 1843, *The Conquest of Peru* in 1847. His *History of Philip II* was left unfinished at his death in 1859. Prescott broke entirely new ground in his work on Mexico and Peru and his pages are as readable as any romance. He is very graphic and picturesque in his descriptions, and the literary form of his histories is excellent. His statements are based upon European documents, as he did not visit the scene of his writings. His deductions are usually correct and his authorities are given in footnotes. His work throughout is affected by his own personality, which was unusually wholesome. He is at times rhetorical in style, but he never deviates from the facts for the mere purpose of telling a good story. Prescott's histories, while not so popular as they once were, deserve to be placed side by side with those of Motley, Bancroft, and Parkman.

John Lothrop Motley [1814–1877], one of the very greatest of American historians, was born near Boston in 1814; attended Bancroft's "Round Hill" school; entered Harvard College at thirteen; a brilliant but careless student; studied two years

at Göttingen and Berlin, where he formed an intimate friendship with Bismarck. He chose the law for his profession, but never devoted much time to it. He was a man of unusual culture and noble character. He was Minister to Austria under Lincoln and Johnson, and Minister to England under Grant. Unlike Prescott, who chose the subject of history first, and later his definite field, Motley felt that he *must* write upon *this* particular subject, — the Dutch Republic. The work was to be in three parts: *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, *History of the United Netherlands*, and *The History of the Thirty Years' War;* but at his death the third part was left unfinished. That he might have access to original documents he removed to Germany, where he invaded the recesses of the public libraries and consulted every document that he could find which bore upon his subject. His histories deal with a most fascinating period, and his pen was equal to the task. As Richardson says, they are —

"As interesting as fiction, as eloquent as the best oratory, as trustworthy as accuracy and faithful industry could make them."

Motley's style is fascinating, his descriptions picturesque, and his character sketches are delineated with an artist's skill. Although he lived abroad for many years, he remained a true Ameri-

can at heart, and his histories breathe the spirit of liberty. He deserves to be classed with the best historians of Europe both in subject-matter and manner of presentation.

Francis Parkman [1823–1893], the last of our great historians in point of time, was born in Boston in 1823. He graduated from Harvard in 1844, having as early as his junior year decided upon the writing of history as his life's work. He chose for his theme the struggle between the French and English in North America. Like Prescott, he worked under unusual difficulties, suffering from a disease of the eyes that almost deprived him of their use In spite of this disability during the fifty years of his labor, he wrote many books of the liveliest interest. In 1846 he went to the Rocky Mountains for his health, and to make a study of Indian life. He visited the Dakotah Indians and lived among them for several months, acquiring a vast fund of information. Parkman is unquestionably the best historical authority upon the Indians as they were fifty years ago. He visited all the scenes of his books, basing his statements upon his own personal observation as authority. His descriptions are very picturesque, though faithful and entirely trustworthy. Of all our historians he is the most skillful word painter. He gives us a very vivid picture of the Indians before the advance of civili-

zation had forced them from their native wilds. The subject was interesting, and Parkman possessed marvelous patience in collecting and sifting material, and an enthusiastic love for his work. The mere titles of his histories are suggestive of lively interest: *The Oregon Trail*, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, *Pioneers of France in the New World*, *The Jesuits in North America*, *La Salle*, *The Old Régime in Canada*, *Count Frontenac*, *A Half Century of Conflict*, and *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

Richard Hildreth [1807–1865] is the author of a history of the United States, which at one time was regarded much more highly than it is now. It was written from the Federalist standpoint, and was partisan in its views. While Bancroft's history ended with the year 1789, Hildreth brought his down to 1821. His style is dry and entirely devoid of the picturesque element so characteristic of many of our historians.

John Palfrey [1796–1881] deserves to be mentioned for his concise and interesting *History of New England*, of which Lowell says: —

"It is little to say that his work is the only one of its kind. He has done it so well that it is likely to remain so."

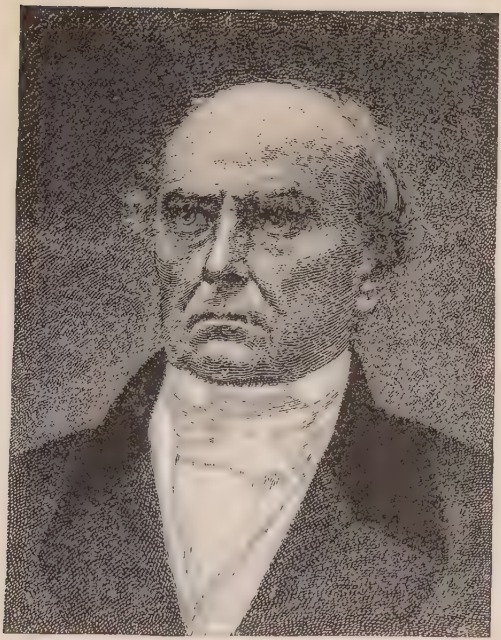
Palfrey was associated with Harvard as professor of biblical literature.

George Ticknor [1791–1871] is to be remem-

bered for his literary *History of Spanish Literature*, of which Richardson speaks with considerable praise : —

"In perspective, in justice of critical praise and blame, and in accuracy of statement, Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature* is, in some respects, the best literary record devoted by a foreigner to the books of any country. Inferior to Taine's *English Literature* in brilliancy and beauty of style, it easily surpasses that most famous of recent criticisms in its candor and impartiality of thought and judgment and in its evenness of execution."

John Fiske [1842–1901] attained high rank among historians not only because of his skill as an investigator, but by reason of his wise judgment and fascinating style. His volumes possess a lively interest not only for the students of history, but for the general reader. Among them may be mentioned: *The Discovery of America*, *The Beginnings of New England*, *Old Virginia and her Neighbors*, *The Dutch and Quaker Colonies*, *The American Revolution*, and *The Critical Period of American History*. Fiske was the author of *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, which gives a thorough exposition of Herbert Spencer's philosophical system.



Daniel Webster

XXII. THE ORATORS

Such men as Samuel Adams, John Hancock, James Otis, and Josiah Quincy, whose words of fiery eloquence startled two continents, wielded a powerful influence in advancing the day of freedom. Following these, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun were the stalwart

leaders of their parties and swayed the minds of multitudes by their splendid oratory. The day of great orators seems to be over, but a sketch of American literature would not be complete unless at least a brief mention were made of some few of America's eloquent speakers, whose words have not only influenced men to do their will, but have served to enrich our literature.

Patrick Henry [1736–1799], one of the greatest of our pre-Revolutionary orators, was born in Virginia in 1736 and died in the same state in 1799. His father was a Scotchman of some ability, who conducted the education of his son until the lad had reached the age of fifteen. Patrick Henry's life was devoted to trading and farming until his twenty-fourth year, when he decided to study law. After a brief course of study he was admitted to the bar, and in time gained a large practice and a comfortable income. In 1765 he was elected to the House of Burgesses, the year in which he delivered his famous speech on the Stamp Act, when he made use of these memorable words amid cries of treason: —

"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third — *may profit by their example.* If *this* be treason, make the most of it."

Ten years later he delivered a famous speech before the Virginia convention on the Resolution

to put the Commonwealth into a State of Defense which closed with these soul-stirring words : —

" The war is inevitable — and let it come ! I repeat, sir, let it come ! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace, but there is no peace. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms ! Our brethren are already in the field ! Why stand we here idle ? What is it that gentlemen wish ? What would they have ? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery ? Forbid it, Almighty God ! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

Patrick Henry served his state five times as its governor, but refused toward the end of his life several high honors that were conferred upon him. He was a true patriot, and his name will go down to posterity not merely as one of our greatest orators, but as one of the noblest souls in American history. The force of his eloquent words was irresistible. He carried his hearers along with him as in a flood, moved as much by the manner of his speech as by the words he uttered.

Henry Clay [1777–1852], one of the most popular orators in America, won his audience by his pleasing manner, easy delivery, well-modulated voice, and wonderful enthusiasm. He was born in Virginia in 1777, received a meager education,

studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty, when he removed to Kentucky. In rapid succession he was a member of the state legislature, United States Senator, and Speaker of the House of Representatives. He won recognition by his hearty espousal of the Whig cause, of which party he was a very prominent leader. He was Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams and thrice a Whig candidate for the Presidency, an honor to which he was never elected. He was a more pleasing speaker than Webster, his coworker in the leadership of the Whig party, but his speeches, when read, prove to be less able and effective.

Daniel Webster [1782–1852], unquestionably the greatest orator of America, was born in New Hampshire in 1782 and died in 1852. Through strict economy Webster was enabled to attend Dartmouth College, from which he was graduated in 1801. Like Clay, Webster was in turn Representative, Senator, and Secretary of State. He, too, aimed at the presidential chair, but in vain. No man struggled more earnestly than he for the support of the Union. The effect of his massive figure, piercing eye, and commanding presence was felt by every audience before whom he stood to plead his cause. He lacked wit and spontaneity, but was ever imposing and impressive in manner. Among his famous speeches may be mentioned the

following: that delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825; the address given just eighteen years later, when the monument was completed; his speech on Jefferson and Adams in Faneuil Hall, August 2, 1826; his reply to Hayne, January 26, 27, 1830; his tribute to the character of Washington, February 22, 1832; and his famous Compromise Speech on the Constitution and the Union, March 7, 1850.

In his speech at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument Webster gives vent to words which declare his patriotism in ringing terms, —

"We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the

foundations of our national powers are still strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

John C. Calhoun [1782–1850], whose life was almost identical in point of time with Webster's, was the latter's most formidable political opponent. Calhoun was born in South Carolina in 1782 and died in Washington, D.C., in 1850. He was graduated from Yale in 1804 and at once entered political life, serving his state as a member of its own legislature, a member of Congress, and United States Senator. He was also Secretary of War for eight years, Vice President of the United States for six years, and Secretary of State for over a year. The policies of Calhoun and Webster were diametrically opposed to each other. Webster was national in his views while Calhoun was sectional, placing South Carolina and the South before the Union. The Doctrine of States' Rights never had a more loyal supporter than Calhoun,

and from his celebrated speech in 1832, on the Nullification Ordinance, he received the name of the "great Nullifier." Calhoun was strongest in debate. He was logical and direct in speech, sincere in his views, and enthusiastic in his support of them. No better tribute can be paid him than that delivered by Webster, who said: —

"Sir, the eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner in which he exhibited his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner."

Edward Everett [1794–1865], statesman, orator, and scholar, deserves to be classed with the great leaders in American thought and culture. He was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794, and died in Boston, in 1865. He was graduated from Harvard in 1811, with the highest honors. At the age of nineteen he became pastor of the Brattle Square Church in Boston, and a year later was appointed professor of Greek at Harvard. Five years were spent in Europe preparing for this work, and on his return, in 1819, he represented the highest type of culture in America. During

his active life of more than fifty years Everett held many offices and discharged all their duties with much credit. He was editor of the *North American Review* for four years; was a member of Congress from 1824 to 1834; governor of Massachusetts from 1835 to 1839; as minister to England, Secretary of State, president of Harvard University, and United States Senator he displayed unusual tact and wisdom.

Everett was an easy and graceful speaker, but he possessed neither the fire of Clay nor the force of Webster. He was classical in his style, as is shown in his Gettysburg speech, which forms a marked contrast to Lincoln's delivered on the same occasion, — the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg. Two other orations deserve particular mention, one delivered at Harvard on "The Circumstances favorable to the Progress of Literature in America," and the other given thirty years later on "The Genius and Character of Washington." The latter was so popular that Everett was called upon to repeat it more than one hundred times, contributing the money thus received toward the purchase of Mount Vernon, the home of Washington.

Rufus Choate [1799–1859] was one of the greatest forensic lawyers that America has produced. Choate and Webster were both graduates of Dartmouth College, and later practiced law in Boston.

Both served in the legislature, and Choate succeeded Webster as United States Senator when the latter entered William Henry Harrison's cabinet as Secretary of State. Choate's style was eloquent and florid, and his discourses were always interesting. One of his most popular speeches was that delivered at Dartmouth, July 27, 1853, on Daniel Webster. In his eulogy of his friend he closes with these words, referring to a recent visit to the old home of Webster : —

"The great mind still seemed to preside, the great presence to be with you; you might expect to hear again the rich and playful tones of the voice of the old hospitality. Yet a moment more, and all the scene took on the aspect of one great monument, inscribed with his name, and sacred to his memory. And such it shall be in all the future of America ! The sensation of desolateness, and loneliness, and darkness, with which you see it now, will pass away; the sharp grief of love and friendship will become soothed; men will repair thither as they are wont to commemorate the great days of history; the same glance shall take in and the same emotions shall greet and bless the harbor of the Pilgrims and the tomb of Webster."

Abraham Lincoln [1809–1865] won his laurels as an orator, not by his brilliancy of manner, but by his simplicity and earnestness of purpose. Without special training, Lincoln has left us at least two speeches which will last as long as

our literature endures, — the Gettysburg speech, and the second inaugural address. The latter closes with these glowing words : —

" Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Charles Sumner [1811–1874] was the acknowledged leader of the Abolitionists in Congress, where he acted as United States Senator from Massachusetts from 1851 until his death in 1874. Sumner won recognition as an orator when he delivered his speech on " The True Grandeur of Nations," in 1845 before the city authorities of Boston. In 1856 his powerful speech, " The Crime against Kansas," aroused bitter hatred toward him by all the advocates of slavery and caused an assault to

be made upon him in the Senate Chamber by Representative Brooks of South Carolina. Sumner was devoted to the cause of Emancipation, and his orations, uttered in the most eloquent terms, glow with enthusiasm. He was scholarly, and his speeches are filled with classical allusions which are pointed and forceful. He had a commanding presence and a delivery which riveted the attention of his hearers.

Wendell Phillips [1811–1884], the "silver-tongued orator" of the Abolitionists, was born in the same year as Charles Sumner. For a quarter of a century he delivered speech after speech in the interests of antislavery. Time after time did he risk personal violence at the hands of an angry mob for his fierce denunciations of slavery. Phillips was a graduate of Harvard and, like Sumner, was well equipped for public speaking, but he possessed two things which Sumner lacked, — wit and tact. He had a commanding figure, genial manner, and an eloquent tongue which could at once charm and captivate an audience. Phillips not only denounced slavery with all the eloquence at his command, but he was an ardent advocate of labor reform and woman's suffrage.

XXIII. OTHER WRITERS

In the preceding chapters an attempt has been made to trace the outline of American literature by a brief study of the lives and works of the great men who may properly be termed our major writers. It now remains to mention some of those workers in the literary field, who, while not attaining the highest excellence, have helped to make American literature what it is to-day.

A certain number of contemporary writers have been included, but, for obvious reasons, any definitive criticism of their work is impossible at the present time. Just as development along their chosen lines may place them, a generation hence, among the "immortals," so a lack of this development may cause them to be forgotten.

The names have been grouped together, and arranged for convenience in chronological order.

James Kirke Paulding [1779–1860] was closely associated with the Irvings in the production of the *Salmagundi* papers (1807) and later he published a second series by himself (1819, 1820). Like Washington Irving, Paulding was a man of wit, but he lacked the polish and artistic touch which characterized the work of his friend. He wrote some verse, — *John Bull and Brother Jonathan* (1812), *Lay of the Scottish Fiddle* (1813),

a parody on Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and *The Backwoodsman*, a tale of frontier life. Besides the *Salmagundi* papers he wrote some novels, the best of which are *The Dutchman's Fireside* (1831) and *Westward Ho!* (1832), both dealing with American life and manners. These novels were popular in their day but, like the poorest of Cooper's novels, they are now scarcely known even by name. Like Irving, in another respect, Paulding at one time was engaged in affairs of state, serving as Secretary of the Navy under Van Buren.

William Ellery Channing [1780–1842] was the greatest pulpit orator of the early part of the nineteenth century. He has been often termed "the apostle of Unitarianism," and, as Richardson says, "was the forerunner of Emerson." Channing exerted a great influence upon the literature of his day. Besides his sermons, which possessed much literary value, he wrote *Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte*, *Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton*, *Remarks on the Character and Writings of Fénelon*, and an *Address upon Self-Culture*, which are read and enjoyed for their scholarly tone and literary finish. In the latter *Address* he says:—

"To improve a man is to liberalize, enlarge him in thought, feeling, and purpose. Narrowness of intellect

and heart, this is the degradation from which all culture aims to rescue the human being."

Richard Henry Dana [1787–1879] was a cousin of Dr. Channing and was bitterly opposed to the latter's Unitarian doctrines. He was a descendant of Anne Bradstreet, the "tenth muse." He spent three years at Harvard, but did not take his degree. He was associate editor of the *North American Review* and later published for a short time *The Idle Man*, to which he contributed some of his own tales, among which were *Tom Thornton* and *Paul Felton*. The best of his poems are *The Little Beach-Bird*, *The Moss Supplicateth for the Poet*, *The Husband and Wife's Grave*, and *The Buccaneer*. He also delivered a valuable course of lectures upon Shakespeare.

John Pendleton Kennedy [1795–1870] was one of the earliest Southern novelists. He was a native of Maryland, and represented that state in Congress on two occasions. He was also Secretary of the Navy at the time of Perry's expedition to Japan and Kane's second voyage to the Arctic regions. He was the author of several essays and three novels which deal with scenes in the South, — in Virginia, Maryland, and South Carolina, — *Swallow Barn*, *Rob of the Bowl*, and *Horse-Shoe Robinson*.

Amos Bronson Alcott [1799–1888] was an inti-

mate friend of Emerson and a prominent member of the Transcendental school. Most of his life was spent in Boston and Concord, where he sought to live as a sage and philosopher. He contributed what are known as the *Orphic Sayings* to the *Dial*, the Transcendental magazine, published by Emerson and Margaret Fuller. These sayings — one hundred in all — are brief, but pregnant with meaning, and contain wise bits of philosophy. He was also the author of several books, among which are *Conversations with Children on the Gospels* (1836), *Spiritual Culture* (1840), *Table Talk* (1877), and *Sonnets and Canzonets* (1882). He was the father of a famous daughter, — Louisa M. Alcott.

William Gilmore Simms [1806–1870] was the best representative Southern writer in the first half of the nineteenth century. He was a native of South Carolina and, as Richardson says, —

"was poet, dramatist, Shakespearean editor, essayist, aphoristic philosopher, historian, biographer, lecturer, commemorative orator, legislator, proslavery apologist, journalist, magazinist, critic, and, above all, novelist."

He put forth several volumes of poems, among which were *Southern Passages and Pictures* and *Lays of the Palmetto*. He wrote biographies of Francis Marion (1845) and Nathanael Greene (1849), two men greatly loved by the South.

He produced more than a score of novels, among which may be mentioned *Pelayo* (1839), *The Yemassee* (1835), *The Scout* (1845), *Richard Hurdis*, *The Partisan*, *Katharine Walton*, *Eutaw*, and *Guy Rivers*. Nearly all of Simms's novels are full of the wildest kind of adventure, and are highly sensational, but they deserve to be read because of their local color, for the author knew his geography and history well and followed these guides faithfully. Richardson says: —

"There is no inconsistency in saying that Simms won considerable note because he was so sectional, and has lost it because he was not sectional enough. His stories are Southern and characteristic, but to paint actualities and things present — as do Cable, Miss Murfree, and the interesting group of young Southern writers — was not his chief purpose."

Margaret Fuller [1810–1850] was a friend of Emerson and a Transcendentalist. She was a very precocious child, and attended school in her youthful days with Oliver Wendell Holmes at Cambridgeport. After her father's death she taught school, edited the *Dial*, and was literary critic on the *New York Tribune*. In December, 1847, she married the Marquis Ossoli, an Italian nobleman, whom she had met in Rome. In 1850 she was lost in a shipwreck, with her husband and child, off the coast of Long Island.

Margaret Fuller is remembered rather for what she was than for what she did. She exerted a wide influence and helped materially to introduce woman into the field of literature. Her works are collections of essays previously published in magazines, such as *Summer on the Lakes* (1843), *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (1844), and *Papers on Literature and Art* (1846).

James Freeman Clarke [1810–1888] was a prominent clergyman and religious writer closely affiliated with the Transcendentalists. He was the friend of Channing and Emerson. Among his many religious works are *Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness*, *Christian Doctrine of Prayer*, *Steps of Belief*, *The Ten Great Religions of the World*, *Common Sense in Religion*, *Go up Higher*, and *Essentials and Non-Essentials in Religion*. He also wrote many religious poems.

Harriet Beecher Stowe [1811–1896] was the daughter of Lyman Beecher, a noted Congregational minister, and sister of the more famous Henry Ward Beecher. She was the wife of Calvin E. Stowe, a well-known educator. She is best known as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which was published in serial form in 1851–1852. The book has been more successful than any other novel written in America. It was translated into many languages and at once found its way into all the countries of Europe and many parts of

Asia. It has defects in form and style, but glows throughout with feeling and a tender affection for the unfortunate slave. It probably did as much as any one thing to hasten the emancipation of the slaves. Besides this great novel Mrs. Stowe wrote many other books, among which are *The Minister's Wooing* (1859), *Queer Little People* (1867), *Oldtown Folks* (1869), *We and Our Neighbors* (1875), and *Poganuc People* (1878).

Henry Ward Beecher [1813–1887] exerted a wide influence upon the thought of the day by his eloquence in the pulpit, but little of his work deserves to be remembered as pure literature. He is best known as the pastor of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn and the editor of the *Christian Union*. Among his writings are the *Star Papers* (1855), *Eyes and Ears* (1864), *Aids to Prayer* (1864), *Norwood* (1867), and *Life of Jesus, the Christ* (1871–1887).

Edwin Percy Whipple [1819–1886], critic and essayist, was one of the few American writers who made criticism his life-work. He published his *Essays and Reviews* in two volumes. He was the author of *Literature and Life*, *Character and Characteristic Men*, *Success and its Conditions*, and *Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*. In all these books he showed keenness of intellect and independence of spirit.

Josiah Gilbert Holland [1819–1881] was a very

popular writer in his day, but his reputation has been much impaired since his death. He was at one time a practicing physician in Springfield, Massachusetts, and later one of the editors of the *Republican* in the same town. In 1870 he became the editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, which was founded in that year, a position which he held until his death. He was the author of several very popular poems — *Bitter-Sweet*, *Kathrina*, *Babyhood*, and the beautiful *Christmas Carol;* five novels, of which *Arthur Bonnicastle* and *The Story of Seven Oaks* are the best; some volumes of a didactic character, among which are the famous *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*, which contain much wholesome advice to young people, *Gold Foil*, *Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects*, and *Lessons in Life.*

Julia Ward Howe [1819–] was born and educated in New York City. Her father was a banker and her husband, Dr. S. G. Howe, was the first superintendent of the Perkins Institute for the Blind. She was very much interested in anti-slavery and other reforms. She has written several volumes of verse, but will be remembered chiefly as the author of that grand song, the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*, composed in 1861, after she had watched the marching of the Northern soldiers in their camps near Washington.

Edward Everett Hale [1822–] was born in Boston,

Massachusetts, and has lived in that vicinity all his life. He is a prominent clergyman, philanthropist, reformer, and writer. He is best known as the author of that excellent patriotic tale *The Man without a Country*, published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1861. He has written an interesting volume on *James Russell Lowell and his Friends*, and has produced a large amount of miscellaneous writings during his active literary life of more than sixty years.

Donald Grant Mitchell [1822–] was born in Connecticut the same year as Hale, and acquired considerable fame in his early life by the publication of *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850) and *Dream Life* (1851) under the pen-name of "Ik Marvel." These books were extremely popular in their day, but do not appeal so strongly to the busy man of the twentieth century. His recent volume, *American Lands and Letters*, a companion piece to his *English Lands, Letters, and Kings*, is very entertaining, and contains much bright gossip about the leading writers of the past century.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson [1823–] deserves to be classed with Hale and Mitchell, for all three have passed the age of fourscore years, and have rendered efficient service to humanity and the field of letters. He is a graduate of Harvard, and nearly all his life he has lived in Cambridge, where he was born. He was, like Mrs. Howe, an

ardent advocate of the antislavery movement and other reforms. Higginson bears the distinction of having been the colonel of the first regiment of freed slaves recruited for the Northern army. He has published many interesting books, chief among which are *Life of Margaret Fuller*, *Concerning All of Us*, *Cheerful Yesterdays*, *Old Cambridge*, *The Life of Longfellow*, *Contemporaries*, and *Malbone, an Oldport Romance.*

George William Curtis [1824–1892] is one of the most pleasing essayists that America has produced. His personality was attractive and he wrote in a graceful style. In his early manhood he lived at Brook Farm for over a year. In 1846 he set out for a tour through Europe and Asia, which lasted four years. *Nile Notes of a Howadji* and *The Howadji in Syria* are the results of his Eastern visit. He was one of the editors of *Putnam's Magazine* until its failure, when he took upon himself the task of reimbursing a kinsman who had put money into the venture at his request. For seventeen years he labored, like Walter Scott, to pay a debt for which he was not legally responsible. *The Potiphar Papers* and *Prue and I* represent his work while engaged with *Putnam's*. From 1858 until his death he conducted the department known as the "Easy Chair" in *Harper's Monthly*, and influenced numberless readers by his cheery philosophy.

Adeline D. T. Whitney [1824–1906], the sister of George Francis Train, has been for many years a popular writer, especially for young girls. She has written some verse, — *Pansies*, *Daffodils*, *Holy Tides*, and *White Memories*, — but her reputation rests mainly upon her prose. Among her best work may be mentioned *Faith Gartney's Girlhood*, *The Gayworthys*, *A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life*, *We Girls*, and *Ascutney Street*.

Richard Henry Stoddard [1825–1903] is a highly representative poet and literary critic of America. He was born in Hingham, Massachusetts, but lived nearly all his life in New York. In his early manhood he worked as a molder in a type foundry. His first volume of poems, *Footprints*, was published in 1849. In two points his life resembled that of Hawthorne. The father of each was a sea captain who lost his life in the service, and Stoddard was a clerk in the New York Customhouse as Hawthorne had been in Boston. For more than thirty years Stoddard was literary editor, first of the *New York World* and later of the *Mail and Express*. He made a special study of old English poetry and edited *The Old English Poets*, *Melodies and Madrigals*, and *The Loves and Heroines of the Poets*. He also edited Griswold's *Poets and Poetry of America* and *The Female Poets of America*. *The Witch's Whelp*, *Hymn to the Beautiful*, and *History* are among the best of his own poems.

John Townsend Trowbridge [1827–] was born at Ogden, New York, but has lived nearly all his life in the vicinity of Boston, where he has been engaged for more than fifty years in literary work. He has been a popular juvenile writer, and has carefully depicted the New England life in such novels as *Neighbor Jackwood* and *Coupon Bonds*. *The Vagabonds* is probably the best of his many poems. Recently his autobiography has been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Hiram Corson [1828–] has been professor of English literature at Cornell since 1870. He has written several books of literary value, chief among which are *The Claims of Literary Culture*, *An Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry*, *The Aims of Literary Study*, *The Voice and Spiritual Education*, and *An Introduction to the Works of John Milton*. Corson ranks as one of our foremost Chaucerian and early English scholars.

Charles Dudley Warner [1829–1900] deserves to be associated with Curtis among our successful journalists and essayists. He was a lawyer by profession, but was chiefly engaged in literary work. He was editor of the *Hartford Courant* and later associate editor of *Harper's Magazine*. His chief works are: *My Summer in a Garden* (1870), *Backlog Studies* (1872), *My Winter on the Nile* (1876), *In the Levant* (1877), *Being a*

Boy (1877), *Washington Irving* (1881), and *The Golden House* (1894).

S. Weir Mitchell [1829–] has written several successful novels, among which are *Characteristics* (1892), *Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker* (1897), *The Adventures of François* (1898), *The Autobiography of a Quack* (1900), *Dr. North and his Friends* (1900), and *Constance Trescot* (1905). Dr. Mitchell has also written medical works of importance, and some verse which gives him a place among our secondary poets of the day. He was born in Philadelphia and he has made that city his home, practicing his profession and engaged in literary work.

Henry Timrod [1829–1867] was one of the Southern poets who grouped themselves about William Gilmore Simms. He was born at Charleston, South Carolina, and died at Columbia in the same state. He was forced to leave the University of Georgia for financial reasons, and during ing his whole life his work was cramped and fettered because of his poverty. Sherman's march to the sea deprived him of the little property that he had, and from that time until the day of his death he was often without even bread for himself and family. Like Lanier and Poe, he would have written much better poetry had his life been cast in pleasanter lines. He possessed a poetic spirit marred by constant poverty and sickness. Some

of the poems left to us, such as *The Cotton Boll*, *Spring*, and *The Ode, sung at Magnolia Cemetery over the Confederate Graves*, are worthy of a place in our choicest anthology.

Paul Hamilton Hayne [1830–1886] was born in the same city and in the same year as Timrod, who became one of his most intimate friends. Hayne stands second to none of the Southern poets except Poe. He was the nephew of Governor Hayne of South Carolina. Brought up amid the luxuries of a Southern home before the war, he was forced to give up everything when the cause which he so valiantly championed was lost. At the siege of Charleston his home was destroyed. For a while he served in the army, but his health gave way, and he left active service, but did his share in encouraging his countrymen by his martial songs. After the war he lived in a rude cabin, built with his own hands, near Augusta, Georgia, where he gave himself up to literature. He was especially fond of the sonnet form, and attained considerable success in its use. Among his best poems are *Aspects of the Pines*, *A Storm in the Distance*, *Earth's Odors after Rain*, and *The Pine's Mystery*. He wrote also a life of his uncle, Robert Y. Hayne, and a tender memoir of his friend, Henry Timrod.

Helen Hunt Jackson [1831–1885] deserves a high place among the women writers of America. She was the daughter of Professor Fiske of Amherst,

and in her early womanhood she became the wife of Captain E. B. Hunt, a brilliant military engineer with whom she lived most happily until his sudden death in 1863. Within a few months she lost all that were dear to her, — husband, father, mother, and two children. For comfort she turned to poetry, publishing many of her poems in the magazines over the signature of "H. H." Her first volume was published in 1870. Her poetry is of a religious nature, meditative and calm. She handled the sonnet form with success in *Mazzini*, *Outward Bound*, and *Thought*. In 1875 she married W. S. Jackson of Colorado Springs, and in her residence in Colorado she became intensely interested in the Indians. In 1881 she published *A Century of Dishonor*, which exposed the unfair treatment of the Indians by the United States Government. In 1883 she was appointed special commissioner to the Mission Indians of California, which gave her the opportunity of writing her powerful story of *Ramona*, which is the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of Indian life.

Franklin Benjamin Sanborn [1831–] is almost the sole survivor of the Concord school of philosophers. He was intimately associated with Emerson, Thoreau, and Alcott, and has written their biographies. For many years he has been the literary correspondent of the *Springfield Republican* and has ever been esteemed a critic of un-

usual ability. While he has written some verse, it is much inferior to his prose.

Amelia E. Barr [1831–] was born in England and educated in Glasgow, but her literary work belongs to America, to which country she came in 1854. She has written many novels since 1871, when her first volume was published. Those that deserve special mention are *Jan Vedder's Wife*, *A Daughter of Fife*, *A Border Shepherdess*, *A Bow of Orange Ribbon*, *Between Two Loves*, *Prisoners of Conscience*, and *Berenicia*.

Louisa M. Alcott [1832–1888], the daughter of the Transcendentalist, Amos Bronson Alcott, won a special place for herself in the hearts of all young people. Among her well-known books are *Little Women* (1868), *Little Men* (1871), *Eight Cousins* (1875), and *Rose in Bloom* (1878).

Hubert Howe Bancroft [1832–] was born in Ohio, but for many years has lived in California. He deserves to be mentioned for his historical researches. In connection with a number of collaborators he has published many volumes dealing with the Western half of our continent, — *The Native Races of the Pacific States*, in five volumes, and *History of the Pacific States of North America*, including Central America, Mexico, California, Oregon, and British Columbia, in thirty-nine volumes.

Edmund Clarence Stedman [1833–] is to-day our

best literary critic. He has had a very successful career as a business man, having been a member of the New York Stock Exchange for more than thirty years. In spite of this, however, he has been able to do a great amount of literary work. He has published several volumes of verse; has edited, in company with Miss Hutchinson, *A Library of American Literature* (1888–1890); *The Works of Poe*, with Professor Woodberry; *A Victorian Anthology*, *An American Anthology*, *Victorian Poets*, and *Poets of America*, all of which are executed in a masterly manner. Although Stedman was suspended from Yale in his sophomore year, the degrees of M.A. and LL.D. have been conferred upon him by his proud alma mater.

Frank R. Stockton [1834–1902] is one of the best of storytellers. He acquired fame with *Rudder Grange* (1879) and *The Lady or the Tiger?* (1884). His humor is contagious and irresistible, and his style is fascinating. Some of his other well-known books are *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*, *The Rudder Grangers Abroad*, *Pomona's Travels*, and *The Adventures of Captain Horn*.

Lyman Abbott [1835–], the son of Jacob Abbott, the popular historian and writer for young people, has written many books of a religious nature which are of permanent value. He was pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, for many years. As

editor of the *Outlook* he has wielded a very wide influence throughout the country. Among his best books may be mentioned *Jesus of Nazareth*, *The Theology of an Evolutionist*, *Christianity and Social Problems*, and *Life and Letters of Paul*.

Harriet Elizabeth Spofford [1835–] has lived in Newburyport, Massachusetts, since her girlhood. She has written some verse, — *Ballads about Authors*, *New England Legends*, and *In Titian's Garden*. Among her prose works may be mentioned *Sir Rohan's Ghost*, *The Thief in the Night*, *A Lost Jewel*, *The Scarlet Poppy*, and *House and Hearth*, —all of which have won for her much popularity.

Louise Chandler Moulton [1835–] has written much in prose and verse that deserves commendation. Among her volumes in verse are *Swallow Flights*, *In the Garden of Dreams*, and *In Childhood's Country*. Her prose includes, *This*, *That*, *and the Other*, *Some Women's Hearts*, *Ourselves and our Neighbors*, *Firelight Stories*, and *Arthur O'Shaughnessy: His Life and His Work*.

Samuel Langhorne Clemens [1835–], known everywhere as "Mark Twain," is our best living humorist. He was born in Missouri, and his early years were spent in a manner which did not conform to his later successful career. He learned the printer's trade and later became for a time pilot on a Mississippi steamboat. He may have picked up his *nom de plume* here, it being the cus-

tom for the leadsman, in sounding a depth of two fathoms, to call out, "Mark twain!"

A trip to Nevada furnished him with material for *Roughing It*, a very successful book of Western life. Among his best books are *The Jumping Frog*, *The Innocents Abroad*, *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, *Life on the Mississippi*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg*, and *My First Lie and How I got out of It*. Mark Twain is a very careful observer, and describes with accuracy and clearness the things he sees. He possesses an unusual amount of humor combined with practical common sense. He is much more than a humorist, — he is a keen interpreter of men.

Celia Thaxter [1836–1894] lived the greater part of her life on one of the Isles of Shoals off the coast of New Hampshire, where her father was lighthouse keeper. Her poetry breathes the spirit of the sea, which she so dearly loved. She was a frequent contributor to the magazines. *Driftweed* was published in 1878, *Stories and Poems for Children* in 1884, and *Among the Isles of Shoals*, a beautiful series of sketches of nature and old ocean, which is one of the classics in our literature, was published in 1873.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich [1836–] was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. After graduating from Harvard, he spent more than ten years of his early

manhood in New York, where he came in close touch with Willis, Taylor, Stoddard, Stedman, and the other leading writers of the day. Just before his thirtieth year he removed to Boston, where he has remained until the present time. He was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1881–1890, contributing much to the magazine during these years and after he resigned the editorship. He has written three things which are gems of their kind, — *The Ballad of Babie Bell; The Story of a Bad Boy*, autobiographical; and *Marjorie Daw*, a sketch. Besides these he has written many poems, novels, and dramas. He ranks as one of our best lyric poets, and one reads with much pleasure his beautiful songs, *Before the Rain*, *After the Rain*, *Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book*, and *Nameless Pain*. His longer stories, *Prudence Palfrey*, *The Queen of Sheba*, *The Stillwater Tragedy*, and *Two Bites at a Cherry*, while good, are inferior to *Marjorie Daw*, which has no equal in our literature.

William Winter [1836–] has been for forty years the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune* and has gained an enviable position among literary men by his careful and conscientious work. He has published several volumes of verse, among which are *Thistledown*, *My Witness*, and *Wanderers*. *The Jeffersons*, *Henry Irving*, *The Stage Life of Mary Anderson*, *The Life and Art of Edwin Booth*, represent his work as a dramatic critic; *Shake-*

speare's England, *Gray Days and Gold*, *Old Shrines and Ivy*, *Brown Heath and Blue Bells* are little classics reminiscent of his love for Old England. He has also won distinction as an orator, especially for commemorative occasions, his address on *George William Curtis* being one of his best.

Edward Eggleston [1837–1902], the novelist and historian, was the author of many well-known works. Being largely self-educated, he began life as a Methodist circuit-rider. He was later in charge of a pastorate in Brooklyn, which he gave up to devote himself to literature. In 1871 he published his novel, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, which won great popularity. This was followed by *The Hoosier Schoolboy*, *The Graysons*, *The Faith Doctor*, and popular biographies of American Indians, — *Tecumseh and the Shawnee Prophet*, *Pocahontas and Powhatan*, *Brant and Red Jacket*. During the latter part of his life he was deeply interested in the study of American history, and produced a series of volumes showing a wide knowledge of his subject. Among these may be mentioned *A Household History of the United States*, *New Century History of the United States*, and *History of the United States and its People*.

John Burroughs [1837–] is an ardent lover of nature and outdoor life. His essays are always entertaining, for they not only possess much literary charm, but they exhale the freshness of the

fields and disclose the soul of the poet. *Wake-Robin*, *Winter Sunshine*, *Birds and Poets*, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, *Fresh Fields*, and *Sharp Eyes* are the outpourings of a keen naturalist in the words of an artist. Burroughs is a follower of Thoreau and a warm admirer of Whitman. In 1897 he published *Walt Whitman, A Study*, which is the best critical interpretation we have of that poet's work. *Indoor Studies* is an excellent volume of literary criticism. Burroughs is still a frequent contributor to the magazines in articles which reveal the loving heart of the student of nature and the sane mind of the literary critic.

William Dean Howells [1837–] is our foremost living novelist. His boyhood days were spent in Ohio, where his father edited a paper. Howells himself has had much experience as an editor, serving in that capacity in connection with the *Ohio State Journal* (1859–1861), and the *Atlantic Monthly* (1871–1881). He has conducted the "Editor's Study" of *Harper's Magazine* for many years. He was United States consul at Venice 1861–1865, and it was his charming sketches entitled *Venetian Life* that introduced him to the public as a promising young writer. Howells as a novelist is realistic. His novels are meant to portray life as he sees it. They are seldom exciting, never melodramatic. They contain no intricate plot, nor is there often a hero or heroine in the old-

fashioned sense of the word. The characters may seem commonplace and the action of the story slow, yet the delicacy of observation and the truthful development of character charm the appreciative reader. Among his best novels are *A Chance Acquaintance*, *The Lady of the Aroostook*, *A Modern Instance*, *The Quality of Mercy*, *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, *The World of Chance*, *A Traveler from Altruria*, *Their Silver Wedding Journey*, *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*, and *The Son of Royal Langbrith*. He has also written many dialogues, among which are *The Parlor Car*, *The Sleeping Car*, *Five o' Clock Tea*, *The Mouse Trap*, *The Elevator*, and *The Albany Depot*. In 1895 he published a volume of verse, *Stops of Various Quills*, which contains much of his best work as a poet. *A Boy's Town* is partly autobiographical. *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* is valuable for its personal allusions to prominent literary people.

Francis Hopkinson Smith [1838–] has made an enviable reputation as a mechanical engineer, painter, writer, and lecturer. Among his best novels are *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*, *Tom Grogan*, and *Caleb West: Master Diver*. He has written many pleasing sketches and essays, among which are *A Day at Laguerre's and Other Days*, *American Illustrators*, and *Well-Worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy*.

John Hay [1838–1905] proved himself in recent years a master of the art of diplomacy. In his earlier days he won fame as the author of *Pike County Ballads* and a number of sketches entitled *Castilian Days*. In 1890 he published another volume of poems, containing, however, no verses equal to *Little Breeches* and *Jim Bludso* to be found in his earlier collection. In connection with J. G. Nicolay, he published an excellent *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, having served as Lincoln's assistant secretary from the beginning of the war until the President's death.

In President McKinley's administration John Hay was ambassador to England, and later served his country as Secretary of State.

Francis Bret Harte [1839–1902] has depicted the wild, rough life of the Western miner better than any other writer of fiction. He occupies a field all by himself. He was born in Albany, New York, migrated to California at the age of fifteen, tried teaching, mining, printing, and then editing. In 1868 he became the editor of the *Overland Monthly*, and soon there appeared in its pages two short stories, which are representative of his best work, *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*. In the same magazine he published one of his best poems, *Plain Talk from Truthful James*. In 1871 Harte's fame had increased to such an extent that he concluded to make the East

the scene of his literary labors. In 1878 he went abroad, having been appointed United States consul, first at Crefeld, Germany, and later at Glasgow, Scotland. At the expiration of his service, in 1885, Harte made his home near London, and engaged in literary work, but his later writings have not the charm of his earlier tales.

Alfred Thayer Mahan [1840–], an eminent naval officer of wide experience, is the author of several works upon sea power in history, which have won for him an international reputation. Among these may be mentioned, *Influence of Sea Power upon History*, *Influence of Sea Power upon French Revolution and Empire*, *Life of Nelson*, *Life of Admiral Farragut*, *The Interest of the United States in Sea Power*, *Lessons of the War with Spain*, and *A Short History of the South African War*.

Cincinnatus Heine Miller [1841–], known in literature as "Joaquin Miller," may be associated with Bret Harte as the poet of the Far West. He was born in the Wabash district, Indiana, but as a lad went to Oregon with his parents. He entered the mines, studied law, wrote poetry, edited a paper, — which was suppressed for disloyalty during the war, — served as county judge, and acted as express messenger for a mining company. In 1870 he went to England, where he and his poetry were warmly received. He was acclaimed the *Oregon Byron* by his literary admirers.

After his return to America Miller lived in Washington, D.C., until 1887, when he returned to the West and made his home at The Heights, Oakland, California. Among his writings are *Songs of the Sierras*, *Songs of the Sun Lands*, *Songs of the Desert*, *Songs of Italy*, *Songs of the Mexican Seas*, and several volumes of prose, rough and unpolished, but breathing a vigorous spirit of freedom.

Edward Rowland Sill [1841–1887] was born at Windsor, Connecticut, and died in Cleveland, Ohio. He was a graduate of Yale, and for several years was professor of English literature in the University of California. Sill was a follower of the Transcendentalists, and much of his work bears evidence of this. He was not a voluminous writer, but his verse and prose reveal the delicate touch of an artist. Two volumes of verse, *Hermione and Other Poems* and *The Hermitage and Later Poems*, represent his best work.

Henry James [1843–] was born in New York City, but his education was completed abroad and he has lived in England since 1869. He is the leader of the school of realism, and has taken for his field the "international novel," the study of the American in Europe and the European in America. Among his best-known novels are *Daisy Miller*, the story of an exaggerated type of American girl in Europe, *The Bostonians* and *The*

Europeans, which give the reverse side of the picture. James has shown rare skill as a critic in a volume of sketches on *French Poets and Novelists* and a life of Hawthorne for the English Men of Letters Series. While much might be said in criticism of the tendency of his novels, his earlier style is almost faultless. Among his later books, against which charges of deliberate obscurity have been brought, may be mentioned *What Maisie Knew*, *The Awkward Age*, *The Soft Side*, *The Sacred Fount*, *The Ambassadors*, *The Wings of a Dove*, and *The Golden Bowl*.

Laurence Hutton [1843–1904] won considerable reputation as an author and essayist, and for several years he was literary editor of *Harper's Magazine*. The best known of his works are *Literary Landmarks of London* and other cities, — *Edinburgh*, *Venice*, *Florence*, *Rome*, and *Jerusalem; Plays and Players; Edwin Booth; A Boy I Knew;* and *Other Times and Other Seasons*.

William Elliot Griffis [1843–] is a prominent clergyman and author of Ithaca, New York. He is of Dutch descent, and taught for some years in Japan. Among his best works are *The Mikado's Empire; Japan: In History, Folk-Lore and Art; The Religions of Japan; Corea: The Hermit Nation; The Pilgrims in their Three Homes; Brave Little Holland and what She Taught Us;* and *America in the East*.

George Washington Cable [1844–] is a very popular realistic writer. He was born in New Orleans, served in the Confederate army, and after the war eked out a living as a writer on the *New Orleans Picayune*, and as a clerk and surveyor. He became thoroughly acquainted with that very interesting class of people, the Creoles, whom he has so tenderly depicted in *Old Creole Days*, *The Grandissimes*, *Madame Delphine*, *Dr. Sevier*, and *Bonaventure*. These stories reveal to us the inner life of the Creole in a most charming manner. The scenes and characters are painted with a master hand. For several years Cable has made his home at Northampton, Massachusetts, writing and lecturing, but none of his later works possess the novelty or charm of the Creole stories. Among his later novels are *Strong Heart* and *John March, Southerner*.

Richard Watson Gilder [1844–] is a poet, and the editor of the *Century Magazine*. In 1875 he published a volume of poems, *The New Day*. In 1894 he issued *Five Books of Song*, in which was gathered all his occasional verse up to that date. *In the Heights* appeared in 1905.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward [1844–] is the daughter of parents who possessed much literary ability. She wrote *The Gates Ajar* in 1868, a book which aroused much discussion and thus became widely known. Since that time she has published

many volumes, mostly of a religious nature, and some verse. Among her novels are *Avery*, *Beyond the Gates*, *The Gates Between*, *The Story of Avis*, which ranks next to *The Gates Ajar*, and *A Singular Life*. In 1888 she married Herbert D. Ward of New York, who has published some volumes in coöperation with her.

Charles King [1844–] has won success as a soldier and author of military novels, most of which deal with life at some frontier fort. These novels are not of the highest type, but they are full of excitement and command interest. Some of his many works are *Famous and Decisive Battles*, *Between the Lines*, *The Colonel's Daughter*, *Kitty's Conquest*, *Under Fire*, *Waring's Peril*, *Fort Frayne*, and *Noble Blood*.

Will Carleton [1845–] has attained considerable success as a lecturer and reader of his own ballads, of which he has written several volumes. He was born in Michigan and educated at Hillsdale College, but for several years has lived in Brooklyn, New York. His best-known volumes of verse are *Farm Ballads*, *Farm Legends*, *Farm Festivals*, *City Ballads*, *City Legends*, and *City Festivals*.

John Banister Tabb [1845–] is a prominent Catholic priest and educator of Maryland, who has written some admirable verse filled with devotional feeling. His poems are for the most part brief, but they are filled with the spirit of beauty.

Among them may be mentioned *The Water Lily*, *Clover*, *To Shelley*, and *The Druid*.

Hamilton Wright Mabie [1846–] is a well-known journalist and essayist, who has written several books of permanent value. He is one of the editors of the *Outlook*, and his literary articles and criticisms often enrich its pages. Some of his books that deserve special mention are *Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas*, *My Study Fire*, *Under the Trees and Elsewhere*, *Short Studies in Literature*, *Nature and Culture*, *Books and Culture*, *The Life of the Spirit*, and *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man*.

Julian Hawthorne [1846–], the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, has engaged in many fields of literature. His novels, *Archibald Malmaison* and *Sebastian Strome*, reveal some of the power which his father possessed. His *Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife* is one of our best biographies, and his *Saxon Studies* and *Confessions and Criticisms* illustrate his skill as a critic.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy [1847–] is one of the novelists of the romantic school who has written with much literary finish. *But Yet a Woman*, *The Wind of Destiny*, *Passe Rose*, and *His Daughter First* all show a strong reaction from the realistic novel. Hardy entered the diplomatic service, and has represented the United States in Greece and Spain.

Henry Augustin Beers [1847–] is a professor of English literature at Yale and has been for many years a frequent contributor to the magazines. He has also published several volumes in prose and verse which have won for him some distinction. Among these may be mentioned, in verse, *Odds and Ends* and *The Thankless Muse;* in prose, *A Century of American Literature*, *From Chaucer to Tennyson*, *A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century*, *Life of Nathaniel Parker Willis*, and *Initial Studies in American Letters.*

John Vance Cheney [1848–] is librarian of the Newberry Library, Chicago, and the author of several poems and essays of considerable merit. His verse includes *Thistle-Drift*, *Wood-Blooms*, *Queen Helen and Other Poems*. *Out of the Silence*, *That Dome in Air*, and *The Golden Guess* represent his best work in prose. One of his best poems is a reply to *The Man with the Hoe* by Edwin Markham.

Joel Chandler Harris [1848–] is our best interpreter of negro life. He was born in Georgia and lived upon a large plantation until the close of the war, when he began his life's work. For several years he was editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, in which his best stories have appeared. *Uncle Remus* is a distinct creation in American literature, and from 1880 until the present time

he has become a household character. *Uncle Remus: his Songs and his Sayings*, *Nights with Uncle Remus: Mingo and Other Sketches*, *Daddy Jake, the Runaway*, and *Balaam and his Master* are universal favorites. Among Harris's later works are *Stories of Home Folks*, *Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann*, *Evening Tales*, *On the Wings of Occasion*, and *A Little Union Scout*.

Thomas A. Janvier [1849–] is at present residing abroad, but for many years he was engaged in journalistic work in New York and in Philadelphia, in which latter city he was born. He has a vivid style, and his stories, some of which deal with the life in the Southwest and Mexico, are of unusual interest. Among them may be mentioned *The Mexican Guide*, *The Aztec Treasure House*, and *Stories of Old New Spain*. Among others that are of special merit are *An Embassy to Provence*, *In Old New York*, *In the Sargasso Sea*, *The Dutch Founding of New York*, and *The Passing of Thomas and Other Stories*.

Frances Hodgson Burnett [1849–] was born in England and resides in that country part of the year, but nearly all her literary work has been done in America. The story that made her most widely known was *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886). Among her other works may be mentioned *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, *Editha's Burglar*, *Two Little Pilgrims' Progress*, *A Lady of Quality*, *His Grace of*

Ormonde, and *In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim.* Her latest novels have shown deterioration, being imbued with some of the undesirable features of the realistic school.

Sarah Orne Jewett [1849–] was born at South Berwick, Maine, a little village not far from Portsmouth, N.H. In her novels she has, with an artistic touch, drawn the life of these New England villagers. She loves the coast where she was born and reared, and her novels smack of the ocean. She has a simple, pleasing style, and a delicate humor, combined with fidelity to life and nature. Among her best novels are *Deephaven*, *A Country Doctor*, *A White Heron*, *A Native of Wimby*, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, and *The Tory Lover.*

Eugene Field [1850–1895].— Field's verse and prose possess a delicate humor scarcely surpassed in our literature. He was a writer on the staff of the *Denver Tribune* and later for the *Chicago Record.* His *Sharps and Flats* in the latter paper contained his most popular verse, such as *Little Boy Blue*, *Intry-Mintry*, and *Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.* Some of his best work is found in *A Little Book of Western Verse*, *A Little Book of Profitable Tales*, and *With Trumpet and Drum. The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* was left unfinished at his death. He himself was a bibliomaniac, purchasing all the rare books that were

within the limits of his purse. Very few men in our literature have been so companionable as he, and no one possessed warmer friends than the author of *Little Boy Blue*.

James Lane Allen [1849–] is one of the best of the Southern novelists. He was born and reared in the blue-grass region of Kentucky, and his novels are characteristic of the country. He charms the reader not so much by the skill with which he weaves a plot as by the delicate and sympathetic way in which he tells his story. His works include *The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky*, *The Kentucky Cardinal*, *Aftermath*, *The Choir Invisible*, and *The Reign of Law*.

Mary Noailles Murfree [1850–] has developed a new field in American literature under the pen-name of "Charles Egbert Craddock." She was born in Tennessee, and has invested the mountaineers of her native state with an interest which they never before possessed. Her identity as the author of the sketches which continued to make their appearance from time to time in the *Atlantic Monthly* remained undiscovered for several years. She surpasses most of our novelists in her powers of realistic description. Her books include, *In the Tennessee Mountains*, a collection of eight short stories; *Down the Ravine*, *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*, *In the Clouds*, *A Spectre of Power*, *The Frontiersman*, and *Where the Battle*

was Fought, the only book in which she lays the scene beyond the mountains she loves.

Alice French [1850–] was born in Massachusetts, but she has made her home in Iowa and Arkansas, and has written stories of life in those states under the name of "Octave Thanet." *Knitters in the Sun*, *Stories of a Western Town*, and *The Man of the Hour* are written with dramatic force by a woman of strong feeling.

Arlo Bates [1850–] for several years was editor of the *Boston Sunday Courier*, but since 1893 he has been professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Among his numerous works may be mentioned *The Pagans*, *A Wheel of Fire*, *Sonnets in Shadow*, *The Poet and His Self*, *The Torch Bearers*, *The Puritans*, *Love in a Cloud*, and *Under the Beech Tree*. Of a more technical nature are *Talks on Writing English* and *Talks on the Study of Literature*.

Henry Cabot Lodge [1850–], United States senator from Massachusetts, is the author of several historical works which show breadth of mind and power of discernment. He has written the lives of Webster, Hamilton, and Washington, *The Story of the American Revolution*, *Ballads and Lyrics*, *Studies in History*, and *A Short History of the English Colonies in America*.

Charles Francis Richardson [1851–] has been professor of English literature at Dartmouth Col-

lege for nearly a quarter of a century. He is to be commended especially for his *American Literature, 1607–1885*, one of the very best works of the kind. He has also written a volume of verse, *The Cross*, a romance, *The End of the Beginning*, and *The Choice of Books*.

Henry van Dyke [1852–] was born at Germantown, Pennsylvania. He graduated at Princeton, and afterwards studied theology. He was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City for many years. He now occupies the Chair of English Literature at Princeton. His sermons, his poems, his stories, and his critical reviews, all possess a charm rarely exhibited by the writers of to-day. Among his books are *The Poetry of Tennyson*, *Little Rivers*, *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt*, *The Builders and Other Poems*, *Fisherman's Luck and Other Uncertain Things*, *The Lost Word*, *The Story of the Other Wise Man*, and *Music*.

Robert Grant [1852–] is a prominent lawyer and author of Boston, Massachusetts. His verse includes *The Little Tin Gods on Wheels*, *The Lambs*, *Yankee Doodle*, and *The Oldest School in America*. Some of his novels are *The Carletons*, *An Average Man*, *The Bachelor's Christmas and Other Stories*, *The Opinions of a Philosopher*, *Unleavened Bread*, *The Knave of Hearts*, *The Undercurrent*, and *The Orchid*. There is a vein of philosophy running through most of his work.

Nathan Haskell Dole [1852–] has translated many volumes from the Russian, French, German, and Swedish. In addition to this important work he has written several books and poems, and has edited many works, chief among which are *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam*, *The International Library of Famous Literature*, *Masterpieces of Famous Literature*, *Tolstoi's Works*, and *Popular Cyclopedia*.

Brander Matthews [1852–] is professor of literature at Columbia University. Among his numerous books may be mentioned *The Theatres of Paris*, *French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century*, *Pen and Ink*, *American Authors and British Pirates*, *Americanisms and Briticisms*, *The Story of a Story*, *Studies of the Stage*, *Vignettes of Manhattan*, *His Father's Son*, *Introduction to the Study of American Literature*, and *The Historical Novel*.

Thomas Nelson Page [1853–] is the novelist of Virginia. He has a thorough understanding of the negro character, and his dialect stories are among the best in our literature. Some of his books are *In Ole Virginia*, a collection of short stories of which *Marse Chan* is the best; *Elsket*, *Red Rock*, a stirring story of the Reconstruction, *Bred in the Bone*, and a book of verse, *Befo' de War*. Most of Page's life has been spent in his native state, but for the last few years he has made his home in Washington, D.C.

James Whitcomb Riley [1853–] is familiarly known as the "Hoosier" poet. He was born at Greenfield, Indiana, and has resided in Indianapolis since 1873, when he began to work for the *Indianapolis Journal*. He frequently gives readings from his poems, which are attended with unusual success. His poetry is characterized by a deep fund of humor and tender pathos which appeals strongly to the reader. His first volume was *The Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems*. This was followed by numerous volumes, among which are *Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury*, *Rhymes of Childhood*, *An Old Sweetheart of Mine*, *Green Fields and Running Brooks*, *Poems Here at Home*, *Armazindy*, *A Child-World*, and *The Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers*.

Francis Marion Crawford [1854–] is one of the most popular of living novelists. He was born in Italy and for the last twenty years he has made his home in that country, writing many novels dealing with Italian life and manners. Among his books may be mentioned *Mr. Isaacs*, a romance of India; *Saracinesca*, *Sant' Ilario*, and *Don Orsino*, a remarkably strong trilogy of Italian life among the nobility; *Katharine Lauderdale*, *The Ralstons*, *A Roman Singer*, *Casa Braccio*, *Zoroaster*, *Whosoever Shall Offend*, and *Fair Margaret*.

George Edward Woodberry [1855–] is a well-known literary critic. He is at present professor

of English literature at Columbia. He has edited the works of Shelley and Poe, and has written the life of Poe in the American Men of Letters Series, also *Studies in Letters and Life*, *Heart of Man*, *Makers of Literature*, *Literature in America*, and some volumes of verse.

Barrett Wendell [1855–] is a prominent professor of English literature at Harvard and the author of several successful books. Among these may be mentioned *Life of Cotton Mather*, *Stelligeri and Other Essays*, a book of literary criticisms, *William Shakspere, a Study in Elizabethan Literature*, *A Literary History of America*, and *The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature*.

Ruth McEnery Stuart [1856–] is the author of some very popular stories, among which are *Carlotta's Intended*, *The Story of Babette*, *Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets*, *In Simpkinsville*, *Sonny*, *Holly and Pizen*, and *Napoleon Jackson*.

Kate Douglas Wiggin (Riggs) [1857–] is a very popular writer of the day, having established her reputation by *The Birds' Christmas Carol* in 1888. Among her other works are *Timothy's Quest*, *Nine Love Songs and a Carol*, *Marm Lisa*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *Penelope's Progress*, and *Penelope's Experiences in Ireland*. She is very much interested in kindergarten work and methods, and in collaboration with others has edited *Froebel's Gifts*, *Froebel's Occupations*, and *The Story Hour*.

Alice Brown [1857–] is a member of the staff of the *Youth's Companion*, and a popular writer of short stories. Most of her work is marked by a charming style and literary finish. Her work includes a volume of verse, *The Road to Castaly;* a volume of New England stories, *Meadow-Grass; By Oak and Thorn*, a book of English travels; *Tiverton Tales*, *King's End*, *The Day of his Youth*, *High Noon*, and *Robert Louis Stevenson: a Study*, in connection with Louise Imogen Guiney.

Henry Blake Fuller [1857–] is an author whose best novels, *The Cliff Dwellers* and *With the Procession*, deal with life in Chicago, his native city. Among his other work that may be mentioned are *The Puppet-Booth*, a series of dramatic sketches; *From the Other Side*, a volume of short stories; and *The Last Refuge*.

Margaret Wade Deland [1857–] acquired sudden popularity by her novel, *John Ward: Preacher*, in 1888. Since that time she has written several volumes of unusual interest, among the best of which are *Old Chester Tales* and *Dr. Lavender's People*. She is the author of *The Old Garden and Other Verses*, *Sydney*, *The Story of a Child*, *The Wisdom of Fools*, *Mr. Tommy Dove and Other Stories*, and *The Common Way*.

Theodore Roosevelt [1858–] is not only a statesman, but the author of interesting and inspiring books, teeming with the life and vigor character-

istic of the man. Among these are *Winning of the West*, *History of New York*, *American Ideals and Other Essays*, *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, *The Rough Riders*, *The Strenuous Life*, *Life of Oliver Cromwell*, and *Life of Thomas Hart Benton*.

Agnes Repplier [1859–] has written many essays of popular interest. Her volumes include *Books and Men*, *Points of View*, *Essays in Miniature*, *Essays in Idleness*, and *Varia*. Her home is in Philadelphia, but much of her time is spent in Europe.

Katharine Lee Bates [1859–] is a professor of English at Wellesley. She is also a frequent contributor to the magazines, and an author of some note. She has written in verse, *College Beautiful and Other Poems*, and *Sunshine and Other Verses for Children*. Her prose includes *English Religious Drama*, *Rose and Thorn*, *Hermit Island*, and *Spanish Highways and Byways*.

Hamlin Garland [1860–] is a follower of the realistic school, and has depicted the rougher side of Western life, with which he is intimately acquainted. He has written some verse, critical essays, and several volumes of fiction, among which are, *Main Traveled Roads*, *A Little Norsk*, *A Spoil of Office*, *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*, *Hesper*, *The Light of the Star*, and *Tyranny of the Dark*.

Owen Wister [1860] is a popular writer of Philadelphia, among whose works are *Lin McLean*,

The Virginian, and *A Journey in Search of Christmas*. He has written a biography of Ulysses S. Grant, and is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

Louise Imogen Guiney [1861–] has written *The White Sail and Other Poems*, *The Martyr's Idyl and Shorter Poems*, *Monsieur Henri: a Footnote to French History*, *A Roadside Harp*, *A Little English Gallery*, and a volume of essays entitled *Patrins*.

Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman [1862–] is a very successful writer of New England stories, in which she analyzes with much skill and power the New England character. Among her books of fiction are *A Humble Romance and Other Stories*, *A New England Nun*, *The Heart's Highway*, *Pembroke*, *Giles Corey*, *Jerome*, *The Jamesons*, *The Love of Parson Lord*, *Understudies*, *Evelina's Garden*, and *The Givers*.

John Kendrick Bangs [1862–], for some time editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has written many works, nearly all of which are in a humorous vein. His best known are *Tiddledywink Tales*, *In Camp with a Tin Soldier*, *Coffee and Repartee*, *The Water Ghost*, *The Idiot*, *The Inventions of the Idiot*, *The Idiot at Home*, *A House Boat on the Styx*, *A Rebellious Heroine*, *The Pursuit of the House Boat*, *Ghosts I have Met*, and *Peeps at People*.

Edith Wharton [1862–] is an accomplished essayist, novelist, and contributor to the magazines. Among

her best work may be mentioned *The Valley of Decision*, *The Greater Inclination*, *Crucial Instances*, *The Touchstone*, and *The House of Mirth*. In *Italian Gardens* and *Italian Backgrounds* she has shown much critical ability and delicate appreciation of her subject.

John Fox, Jr., [1863–] depicts life in the Cumberland Mountains and vicinity with unusual skill. Among his best work may be mentioned *The Kentuckians*, *A Mountain Europa*, *A Cumberland Vendetta*, *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*, and *Christmas Eve on Lonesome*. He has recently published the result of his experiences as a war correspondent in the East, under the title of *Following the Sun-Flag*.

Richard Harding Davis [1864–] has written many stories of popular interest, among which are *Soldiers of Fortune*, *The Princess Aline*, *Van Bibber and Others*, *Cinderella and Other Stories*, *The King's Jackal*, *The Lion and the Unicorn*, *Her First Appearance*, *The Bar Sinister*, and *In the Fog*.

Madison Julius Cawein [1865–] has written some verse of considerable merit, chief among which are *Moods and Memories*, *Red Leaves and Roses*, *Poems of Nature and Love*, *Intimations of the Beautiful*, *Undertones*, *The Garden of Dreams*, *Idyllic Monologues*, *Myth and Romance*, and *One Day and Another*.

Robert Herrick [1868–] is a professor of rhet-

oric in the University of Chicago and a writer of promise. He is the author of *The Man Who Wins*, *Literary Love Letters and Other Stories*, *Love's Dilemmas*, *The Gospel of Freedom*, *The Web of Life*, *The Real World*, and *The Common Lot*.

William Vaughn Moody [1869–] is also a professor at Chicago. The verse that he has written has been of high literary merit and gives promise of still better things. *The Masque of Judgment* was published in 1900 and a volume of poems in 1901. He has successfully edited *Milton* in the Cambridge edition.

Mary Johnston [1870–] is one of our youngest novelists whose books have enjoyed great popularity. They are of a historical nature, the best of which are *To Have and to Hold*, *Audrey*, and *Sir Mortimer*.

Winston Churchill [1871–] has been unusually successful as a writer of fiction. His novels include *Richard Carvel*, *The Crisis*, and *The Crossing*.

Jack London [1876–] has had a varied experience in many climes. The best of his novels are *The Call of the Wild*, *Children of the Frost*, *The Sea Wolf*, and *The Game*. They are full of life and spirit.

LIST OF HELPFUL BOOKS

Adams, O. F., *Dictionary of American Authors.*
Allibone, *Dictionary of Authors.*
Baskervill, W. M., *Southern Writers.*
Bryant, W. C., *Library of Poetry and Song.*
Burroughs, John, *Indoor Studies.*
Carpenter, G. R., *American Prose.*
Cheney, J. V., *That Dome in Air.*
Curtis, G. W., *Literary and Social Essays.*
Duyckinck, E. A. and G. L., *Cyclopedia of American Literature.*
Fields, Mrs. James T., *Authors and Friends.*
Frothingham, O. B., *Transcendentalism in New England.*
Haweis, H. R., *American Humorists.*
Higginson, T. W., *Contemporaries; Old Cambridge; Short Studies of American Authors.*
Howells, W. D., *Literary Friends and Acquaintances; My Literary Passions.*
Nichol, John, *American Literature.*
Richardson, C. F., *American Literature.*
Sears, Lorenzo, *History of Oratory.*
Stedman, E. C., *American Anthology; Poets of America.*
Stedman and Hutchinson, *Library of American Literature.*
Swift, Lindsay, *Brook Farm.*
Tyler, M. C., *History of American Literature.*
Vedder, H. C., *American Writers of To-day.*
Wendell, Barrett, *Literary History of America.*
Whipple, E. P., *Recollections of Eminent Men.*
Whitcomb, S. L., *Chronological Outlines of American Literature.*
Who's Who in America.
Wilson, J. G., *Bryant and his Friends.*
Woodberry, G. E., *Makers of Literature.*

INDEX

A

Abbott, Lyman, 294, 295.
Addison, Joseph, 35, 43.
Adventures of Captain Bonneville, 84.
Adventures of Captain Horn, 294.
Adventures of François, 290.
Aftermath, 311.
After the Burial, 226.
After the Curfew, 209.
After the Rain, 297.
Ages, The, 106.
Aids to Prayer, 284.
Aims of Literary Study, 289.
Albany Depot, The, 300.
Alcott, Amos Bronson, 136, 139, 151, 238, 280, 281, 292, 293.
Alcott, Louisa M., 281, 293.
Aldrich, Thomas Bailey, 126, 296, 297.
Al Fresco, 229.
Alhambra, The, 82.
Allen, James Lane, 311.
Ambassadors, The, 304.
America, 203.
America in the East, 304.
American Anthology, 62, 294.
American Authors and British Pirates, 314.
American Flag, The, 114, 115.
American Ideals and Other Essays, 318.
American Illustrators, 300.
Americanisms and Briticisms, 314.
American Lands and Letters, 126, 286.
American Manufacturer, The, 179.
American Revolution, 266.
American Scholar, The, 132.
Among my Books, 228.
Among the Isles of Shoals, 296.
Annabel Lee, 193.
Annals of America, 201.
Archbishop and Gil Blas, The, 209.
Archibald Malmaison, 307.
Armazindy, 315.
Arrow and the Song, The, 165.
Arthur Bonnicastle, 285.
Arthur Mervyn, 72, 92.
Ascutney Street, 288.
Aspects of the Pines, 291.
Astoria, 84.
Astor, John Jacob, 117, 119, 120.
Atlantic Monthly, 184, 185, 209, 219, 225, 286, 289, 297, 299, 311.
Audrey, 321.
Auf Wiedersehen, 226.
Autobiography, 36, 40.
Autobiography of a Quack, 290.
Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, The, 8, 202, 209.
Autumn, 236.
Average Man, An, 313.
Avery, 306.
Avis, 208.
Awkward Age, The, 304.
Aztec Treasure House, 309.

B

Babie Bell, 297.
Babyhood, 285.
Bachelor's Christmas, The, 313.
Backlog Studies, 289.
Backwoodsman, The, 279.
Balaam and his Master, 309.
Ballads about Authors, 295.
Ballads and Lyrics, 312.
Ballads and Other Poems, 164.
Bancroft, George, 147, 260, 261.
Bancroft, Hubert Howe, 293.
Bangs, John Kendrick, 319.

Barbara Frietchie, 182.
Barclay of Ury, 184.
Barefoot Boy, The, 182.
Barlow, Joel, 61.
Barnaby Rudge, 197.
Barr, Amelia E., 293.
Bar Sinister, The, 320.
Bates, Arlo, 312.
Bates, Katharine Lee, 318.
Battle Hymn of the Republic, 285.
Bay Psalm Book, The, 11.
Beauties of Santa Cruz, 63.
Bedouin Song, 250.
Beecher, Henry Ward, 283, 284.
Beers, Henry Augustin, 308.
Before the Rain, 297.
Befo' the War, 314.
Beginnings of New England, 266.
Being a Boy, 289.
Bells, The, 193.
Berenicia, 293.
Between the Lines, 306.
Between Two Loves, 293.
Beyond the Gates, 306.
Bigelow, John, 40, 41.
Biglow Papers, 8, 225, 229.
Bill and Joe, 209.
Birds and Poets, 299.
Birds' Christmas Carol, The, 316.
Birds of Killingworth, The, 168.
Bitter-Sweet, 285.
Blithedale Romance, The, 148.
Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, 311.
Bonaventure, 305.
Books and Men, 318.
Border Shepherdess, 293.
Boston Advertiser, 207.
Boston Courier, 225, 312.
Bostonians, The, 303.
Bow of Orange Ribbon, A, 293.
Boys, The, 209.
Boy's Town, A, 300.
Bracebridge Hall, 82.
Bradford, William, 13–15, 16.
Bradstreet, Anne, 11, 12, 202, 280.
Brant and Red Jacket, 298.
Brave Little Holland and What She Taught Us, 304.
Bred in the Bone, 314.
Bridge, Horatio, 146, 147, 152.
British Prison-Ship, 63.
Brown, Alice, 317.
Brown, Charles Brockden, 67–73, 75, 92.
Brown Heath and Blue Bells, 298.
Bryant, William Cullen, 7, 8, 94, 97, 99, 101–110, 162, 224, 244, 247, 249.
Buccaneer, The, 280.
Builders, The, 165.
Builders and Other Poems, 313.
Building of the Ship, 172.
Burnett, Frances Hodgson, 309, 310.
Burns, Robert, 178, 184.
Burroughs, John, 244, 298, 299.
Busybody Papers, 43.
But Yet a Woman, 307.
By Oak and Thorn, 317.

C

Cable, George Washington, 282, 305.
Caleb West: Master Diver, 300.
Calef, Robert, 25.
Calhoun, John C., 267, 272, 273.
Call of the Wild, 321.
Cape Cod, 236.
Carleton, Will, 306.
Carletons, The, 313.
Carlotta's Intended, 316.
Casa Braccio, 315.
Cassandra Southwick, 182.
Castilian Days, 301.
Casting away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, 294.
Cathedral, The, 227.
Cawein, Madison Julius, 320.
Celebrated Jumping Frog, The, 296.
Centennial Ode, 249.
Century of American Literature, A, 308.
Century of Dishonor, 292.
Chalmers, Thomas, 31.
Chambered Nautilus, The, 207, 208.
Chance Acquaintance, A, 300.
Changeling, The, 223.
Channing, Ellery, 235, 283.
Channing, William Ellery, 279, 280.
Character and Characteristic Men, 284.
Characteristics, 290.
Chaucer, 168.

Cheerful Yesterdays, 287.
Cheney, John Vance, 308.
Children, 171.
Children of the Frost, 321.
Children's Hour, The, 171.
Child-World, A, 315.
Choate, Rufus, 274, 275.
Choice of Books, The, 313.
Choir Invisible, The, 311.
Christian Doctrine of Forgiveness, 283.
Christian Doctrine of Prayer, 283.
Christianity and Social Problems, 295.
Christmas Carol, 285.
Christmas Eve on Lonesome, 320.
Christus, 168.
Chronicles of Aunt Minerva Ann, 309.
Churchill, Winston, 321.
Cinderella and Other Stories, 320.
City Ballads, 306.
City Dead-House, The, 243.
City Festivals, 306.
City Legends, 306.
Claims of Literary Culture, 289.
Clara Howard, 73.
Clarke, James Freeman, 136, 203, 283.
Clay, Henry, 267, 269, 270.
Clemens, Samuel Langhorne, 295, 296.
Cliff Dwellers, The, 317.
Clover, 307.
Coffee and Repartee, 319.
College Beautiful and Other Poems, 318.
Colonel Carter of Cartersville, 300.
Colonel's Daughter, The, 306.
Columbiad, 61.
Come Up from the Fields, Father, 243.
Commemoration Ode, 226, 242.
Common Lot, The, 321.
Common Sense in Religion, 283.
Common Way, The, 317.
Compensation, 134, 135.
Concerning All of Us, 287.
Confessions and Criticisms, 307.
Conquest of Canaan, The, 61.
Conquest of Granada, The, 83.
Conquest of Mexico, The, 262.
Conquest of Peru, 262.
Conspiracy of Pontiac, The, 265
Constance Trescot, 290.
Contemplations, 12.
Contemporaries, 287.
Contentment, 208.
Conversations with Children on the Gospels, 281.
Cooper, James Fenimore, 7, 8, 88–100, 102, 120, 224, 279.
Corea: The Hermit Nation, 304.
Corn, 256.
Corson, Hiram, 289.
Cotton Boll, The, 291.
Count Frontenac, 265.
Country Doctor, 310.
Country of the Pointed Firs, 310.
Coupon Bonds, 289.
Courtin', The, 225.
Courtship of Miles Standish, The, 160, 167, 173.
Crawford, Francis Marion, 315.
Crisis, The, 321.
Critical Period of American History, 266.
Croakers, The, 113, 115, 118.
Cross, The, 313.
Crossing, The, 321.
Crossing Brooklyn Ferry, 243.
Crucial Instances, 320.
Culprit Fay, The, 114, 115.
Cumberland Vendetta, A, 320.
Curtis, George William, 287, 289, 298.

D

Daddy Jake, the Runaway, 309.
Daffodils, 288.
Daisy Miller, 303.
Dana, Richard Henry, 280.
Dante, 221, 228.
Daughter of Fife, 293.
Davis, Richard Harding, 320.
Day at Laguerre's and Other Days, 300.
Day of Doom, 13.
Day of his Youth, 317.
Deacon's Masterpiece, The, 208.
Death of the Flowers, The, 106.
Deephaven, 310.
Deerslayer, The, 97.

Deland, Margaret Wade, 317.
Dial, The, 137, 233, 281, 282.
Dialogue between Franklin and the Gout, 43.
Dialogue of Alcuin, 69.
Discovery of America, 266.
Divine Comedy, 168.
Dole, Nathan Haskell, 314.
Don Orsino, 315.
Dorothy Q, 208.
Down the Ravine, 311.
Dr. Lavender's People, 317.
Dr. North and his Friends, 290.
Dr. Sevier, 305.
Drake, Joseph Rodman, 112–116, 118.
Dream Life, 286.
Driftweed, 296.
Druid, The, 307.
Drum-Taps, 241, 242.
Dutch and Quaker Colonies, 266.
Dutch Founding of New York, 309.
Dutchman's Fireside, The, 279.
Dwight, Timothy, 61.

E

Early Spring in Massachusetts, 236.
Earth's Odors after Rain, 291.
Edgar Huntley, 72.
Editha's Burglar, 309.
Edwards, Jonathan, 27–32, 47.
Edwin Booth, 304.
Eggleston, Edward, 298.
Eight Cousins, 293.
Ein Feste Burg ist unser Gott, 182.
Elevator, The, 300.
Eliot, John, 11, 18, 117.
Elsie Venner, 212.
Elsket, 314.
Embargo, The, 105.
Embassy to Provence, 309.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 8, 128–143, 149, 151, 154, 205, 212, 218, 219, 220, 234, 235, 244, 279, 281, 283, 292.
Emerson's Essays, 8.
End of the Beginning, 313.
Endymion, 227.
English Lands, Letters, and Kings, 286.
English Novel, The, 256.
English Religious Drama, 318.
English Traits, 136.
Essays in Idleness, 318.
Essays in Miniature, 318.
Essays on Books and Culture, 307.
Essays on Nature and Culture, 307.
Essay on the Human Understanding, 29.
Essays to do Good, 23, 35.
Essay upon Self-Culture, 279.
Essentials and Non-essentials in Religion, 283.
Eternal Goodness, The, 183.
Europeans, The, 304.
Eurydice, 227.
Eutaw, 282.
Eutaw Springs, 64.
Evangeline, 8, 165, 166, 173.
Evelina's Garden, 319.
Evening Tales, 309.
Evening Wind, The, 107.
Everett, Edward, 273, 274.
Exile's Departure, The, 178.
Eyes and Ears, 284.

F

Fable for Critics, A, 86, 224.
Faerie Queene, The, 146.
Faith Doctor, The, 298.
Faith Gartney's Girlhood, 288.
Fall of the House of Usher, The, 191, 195, 196.
Famous and Decisive Battles, 306.
Fanny, 118.
Farewell of a Virginia Slave Mother, 182.
Farm Ballads, 306.
Farm Festivals, 306.
Farm Legends, 306.
Father Abraham's Speech, 43.
Faust, 251.
Federalist, The, 57.
Ferdinand and Isabella, 262.
Field, Eugene, 310, 311.
Fields, James T., 126, 185.
Firelight Stories, 295.
Fire of Driftwood, 165.
Fireside Travels, 228.
First Snow-Fall, The, 225, 226.
Fisherman's Luck, 313.
Fiske, John, 266.

Five Books of Song, 305.
Five o'Clock Tea, 300.
Florida, 256.
Following the Sun-Flag, 320.
Footprints, 288.
Forest Hymn, A, 107.
Fort Frayne, 306.
Four Elements, 12.
Four Monarchies, 12.
Fox, John, Jr., 320.
Franklin, Benjamin, 23, 33–45, 47, 50, 102.
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins, 319.
French, Alice, 312.
French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century, 314.
French Poets and Novelists, 304.
Freneau, Philip, 60–66.
Fresh Fields, 299.
Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book, 297.
Friendly Letters to Girl Friends, 288.
Friendship, 134.
Froebel's Gifts, 316.
Froebel's Occupations, 316.
From Chaucer to Tennyson, 308.
Frontiersman, The, 311.
Fuller, Henry Blake, 317.
Fuller, Margaret, 136, 137, 139, 202, 281, 282, 283.

G

Game, The, 321.
Garden of Dreams, The, 320.
Garland, Hamlin, 318.
Garnett, Richard, 142.
Garrison, William Lloyd, 178, 179.
Gates Ajar, The, 305.
Gates Between, The, 306.
Gayworthys, The, 288.
Ghosts I have Met, 319.
Gilder, Richard Watson, 305.
Giles Corey, 319.
Givers, The, 319.
Gold Bug, The, 191, 195.
Golden Bowl, The, 304.
Golden Guess, The, 308.
Golden House, The, 290.
Gold Foil, 285.
Good Gray Poet, The, 242.
Good News from New England, 17.
Gospel for an Age of Doubt, 313.
Gospel of Freedom, 321.
Go Up Higher, 283.
Graham's Magazine, 191.
Grandissimes, The, 305.
Grant, Robert, 313.
Gray Days and Gold, 298.
Graysons, The, 298.
Greater Inclination, The, 320.
Green Fields and Running Brooks, 315.
Green River, 104, 106.
Griffis, William Elliot, 304.
Guardian Angel, A, 212.
Guiney, Louise Imogen, 317, 319.
Guy Rivers, 282.

H

Hale, Edward Everett, 285, 286.
Half Century of Conflict, 265.
Halleck, Fitz-Greene, 94, 111, 112, 113, 116–120.
Hamilton, Alexander, 47, 53–59, 65.
Hannah Thurston, 249.
Hardy, Arthur Sherburne, 307.
Harper's Magazine, 287, 289, 299, 304.
Harris, Joel Chandler, 308, 309.
Harte, Francis Bret, 301, 302.
Hartford Wits, 61.
Harvardiana, 219.
Hasty Pudding, 61.
Haunted Palace, The, 193.
Hawthorne, Julian, 152, 153, 307.
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 8, 17, 73, 142, 144–158, 166, 218, 224, 234, 288, 307.
Hay, John, 301.
Hayne, Paul Hamilton, 291.
Hazard of New Fortunes, A, 300.
Heart of Man, 316.
Heart's Highway, The, 319.
Hebe, 227.
Height of the Ridiculous, The, 208.
Henry, Patrick, 49, 51, 268, 269.
Her First Appearance, 320.
Heritage, The, 223.
Hermione and Other Poems, 303.
Hermitage and Later Poems, 303.
Hermit Island, 318.
Herrick, Robert, 320, 321.
Hesper, 318.
Hiawatha, 166, 167, 173.

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth, 286, 287.
High Noon, 317.
Hildreth, Richard, 265.
His Daughter First, 307.
His Father's Son, 314.
His Grace of Ormonde, 309.
Historical Novel, The, 314.
History, 134.
History of American Literature, 10, 15, 99, 313.
History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century, 308.
History of New England, 16.
History of New England, 265.
History of New York, 11, 79.
History of New York, 318.
History of Philip II, 262.
History of Spanish Literature, 266.
History of the Pacific States of North America, 293.
History of the Plymouth Plantation, 14.
History of the Thirty Years' War, 263.
History of the United Netherlands, 263.
History of the United States, 260.
History of the United States and Its People, 298.
History of the United States Navy, 96.
Holland, Josiah Gilbert, 284, 285.
Holly and Pizen, 316.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 8, 120, 123, 126, 132, 138, 151, 166, 200–215, 219, 220, 224, 282.
Holy Tides, 288.
Home as Found, 96.
Home Journal, The, 126.
Home Pastorals, 251.
Homeward Bound, 96.
Hoosier Schoolboy, The, 298.
Hoosier Schoolmaster, The, 298.
Horse-Shoe Robinson, 280.
House and Hearth, 295.
House Boat on the Styx, A, 319.
Household History of the United States, 298.
House of Mirth, The, 320.
House of Night: A Vision, 63, 64.
House of the Seven Gables, The, 154–156.
Howadji in Syria, The, 287.
Howe, Julia Ward, 285.
Howells, William Dean, 299, 300.
How Not to Settle It, 209.
How the Old Horse Won the Bet, 208.
Huckleberry Finn, 296.
Hudibras, 61.
Hugh Wynne, 290.
Humble-Bee, The, 138.
Humble Romance and Other Stories, 319.
Hundred Days in Europe, 212.
Hunting Trips of a Ranchman, 318.
Husband and Wife's Grave, 280.
Hutton, Laurence, 304.
Hymn to the Beautiful, 288.
Hyperion, 163, 169.

I

Ichabod, 184.
Idiot, The, 319.
Idiot at Home, The, 319.
Idyllic Monologues, 320.
Iliad, The, 108.
Immortality, 280.
In Camp with a Tin Soldier, 319.
In Childhood's Country, 295.
Incident in a Railroad Car, An, 223.
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim, 310.
Indian Burying Ground, 64.
Indoor Studies, 299.
Influence of Sea Power upon History, 302.
Initial Studies in American Letters, 308.
Innocents Abroad, The, 296.
In Old New York, 309.
In Ole Virginia, 314.
Inquiry into the Freedom of the Will, 31.
In School-Days, 182.
In Simpkinsville, 316.
Interest of the United States in Sea Power, 302.
International Library of Famous Literature, 314.
In the Clouds, 311.

In the Fog, 320.
In the Garden of Dreams, 295.
In the Heights, 305.
In the Levant, 289.
In the Sargasso Sea, 309.
In the Tennessee Mountains, 311.
Intimations of the Beautiful, 320.
In Titian's Garden, 295.
Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning's Poetry, 289.
Introduction to the Works of John Milton, 289.
Intry Mintry, 310.
Inventions of the Idiot, The, 319.
Irene, 223.
Irving, Washington, 7, 8, 11, 74–87, 102, 111, 120, 126, 161, 222, 224, 240, 278, 279.
Irving, William, 79.
Israfel, 193.
Italian Backgrounds, 320.
Italian Gardens, 320.

J

Jackson, Helen Hunt, 291, 292.
James, Henry, 303, 304.
Jamesons, The, 319.
James Russell Lowell and his Friends, 286.
Jan Vedder's Wife, 293.
Janvier, Thomas A., 309.
Japan, 304.
Jefferson, Thomas, 46–53, 58, 65, 105.
Jeffersons, The, 297.
Jerome, 319.
Jesuits in North America, 265.
Jesus of Nazareth, 295.
Jewett, Sarah Orne, 310.
Jim Bludso, 301.
John Bull and Brother Jonathan, 278.
John Godfrey's Fortune, 249.
John March, Southerner, 305.
Johnson, Samuel, 44.
Johnston, Mary, 321.
John Ward, Preacher, 317.
Joseph and his Friend, 249.
Journey in Search of Christmas, A, 319.
Justice and Expediency, 180.

K

Katharine Lauderdale, 315.
Katharine Walton, 282.
Kathrina, 285.
Kavanagh, 169, 170.
Keats, John, 115, 169.
Kennedy, John Pendleton, 280.
Kentuckians, The, 320.
Kentucky Cardinal, 311.
King, Charles, 306.
King's End, 317.
King's Jackal, The, 320.
Kitty's Conquest, 306.
Knave of Hearts, The, 313.
Knickerbocker School, 8, 111, 112.
Knitters in the Sun, 312.

L

Ladder of St. Augustine, The, 165.
Lady of Quality, A, 309.
Lady of the Arcostook, The, 300.
Lady or the Tiger? The, 294.
Lambs, The, 313.
Lanier, Sidney, 253–257, 290.
Lars: A Pastoral of Norway, 250.
La Salle, 265.
Last Leaf, The, 207.
Last of the Mohicans, The, 93, 94, 95, 98.
Last Refuge, The, 317.
Laus Deo, 184.
Lay of the Scottish Fiddle, 278.
Lays of the Palmetto, 281.
Leatherstocking Tales, 8, 89, 93, 97.
Leaves of Grass, 241, 242.
Legend of Brittany, 223.
Legends of the Conquest of Spain, 84.
Leslie Goldthwaite, 288.
Lessons in Life, 285.
Lessons of Spanish War and the South African War, 302.
Letters from Under a Bridge, 124.
Library of American Biography, 260.
Library of American Literature, 294.
Life and Art of Edwin Booth, 297.
Life and Letters of Paul, 295.
Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus, 83.

Life and Writings of George Washington, 259.
Life of Abraham Lincoln, 301.
Life of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, 295.
Life of Jesus, the Christ, 284.
Life of Cotton Mather, 316.
Life of Cromwell, 318.
Life of Farragut, 302.
Life of Gouverneur Morris, 259.
Life of Longfellow, 287.
Life of Margaret Fuller, 287.
Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne and his Wife, 307.
Life of N. P. Willis, 308.
Life of Nelson, 302.
Life of T. H. Benton, 318.
Life of the Spirit, 307.
Life of Washington, 85.
Life of Washington Irving, 290.
Life on the Mississippi, 296.
Ligeia, 191, 195.
Light of the Star, 318.
Lincoln, Abraham, 201, 226, 228, 274, 275, 276.
Lin McLean, 318.
Lion and the Unicorn, The, 320.
Lionel Lincoln, 93.
Literary Friends and Acquaintances, 300.
Literary History of America, 26, 256, 316.
Literary Landmarks of London, 304.
Literary Love Letters and Other Stories, 321.
Literary Magazine and American Register, 69.
Literature and Life, 284.
Literature in America, 316.
Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, 284.
Little Beach-Bird, 280.
Little Book of Profitable Tales, 310.
Little Book of Western Verse, 310.
Little Boy Blue, 310, 311.
Little Breeches, 301.
Little English Gallery, A, 319.
Little Lord Fauntleroy, 309.
Little Men, 293.
Little Norsk, A, 318.
Little Rivers, 313.
Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The, 320.
Little Tin Gods on Wheels, 318.
Little Union Scout, 309.
Little Women, 151, 293.
Living Temple, The, 208.
Locke, John, 29.
Locusts and Wild Honey, 299.
Lodge, Henry Cabot, 59, 312.
London, Jack, 321.
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 8, 82, 126, 146, 151, 153, 159–174, 196, 220, 244, 247.
Lost Jewel, A, 295.
Lost Occasion, The, 184.
Lost Word, The, 313.
Lounsbury, Thomas R., 98.
Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac, 310.
Love in a Cloud, 312.
Love of Parson Lord, The, 319.
Loves and Heroines of the Poets, 288.
Love's Dilemmas, 321.
Lowell, James Russell, 8, 86, 126, 150, 151, 196, 199, 205, 209, 216–230, 247.
Luck of Roaring Camp, The, 301.

M

Mabie, Hamilton Wright, 307.
McFingal, 61.
Madame Delphine, 305.
Magnalia Christi Americana, 22, 23.
Mahan, Alfred Thayer, 302.
Maine Woods, The, 235, 236.
Main Traveled Roads, 318.
Makers of Literature, 316.
Malbone, an Oldport Romance, 287.
Man of the Hour, The, 312.
Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg, 296.
Man Who Wins, The, 321.
Man With the Hoe, The, 308.
Man Without a Country, The, 286.
Marble Faun, The, 150, 151, 156, 157.
Marco Bozzaris, 119.
Marjorie Daw, 297.
Marm Lisa, 316.
Marshes of Glynn, The, 256.
Martyr's Idyl and Shorter Poems, 319.
Masque of Judgment, The, 321.

Masque of the Gods, 249.
Massachusetts to Virginia, 183.
Masterpieces of Famous Literature, 314.
Mather, Cotton, 12, 19–27, 35, 47.
Matthews, Brander, 314.
Maud Muller, 182.
Maypole of Merry Mount, 17, 153.
Mazzini, 292.
Meadow-Grass, 317.
Melodies and Madrigals, 288.
Merry Mount, 17.
Mexican Guide, The, 309.
Michael Angelo, 168.
Mikado's Empire, The, 304.
Miller, Cincinnatus Heine, 302, 303.
Milton, 169, 321.
Milton, John, 9, 13.
Mingo and Other Sketches, 309.
Minister's Wooing, The, 284.
Miss Bellard's Inspiration, 300.
Mitchell, Donald Grant, 126, 286.
Mitchell, S. Weir, 290.
Mocking Bird, The, 256.
Model of Christian Charity, 15.
Modern Instance, A, 300.
Monsieur Henri: A Footnote to French History, 319.
Montcalm and Wolfe, 265.
Moods and Memories, 320.
Moody, William Vaughn, 321.
Morituri Salutamus, 168.
Morris, George P., 123, 124.
Morse, John T., Jr., 44, 45.
Mortal Antipathy, A, 212.
Morton, Thomas, 17.
Mosses from an Old Manse, 149, 153.
Moss Supplicateth for the Poet, 280.
Motley, John Lothrop, 17, 212, 219, 262–264.
Moulton, Louise Chandler, 295.
Mountain Europa, A, 320.
Mouse Trap, The, 300.
Mr. Isaacs, 315.
Mr. Tommy Dove and Other Stories, 317.
Ms. Found in a Bottle, 191.
Munger, Theodore T., 157.
Murfree, Mary Noailles, 282, 311, 312.
Musa, 208.
Music, 313.
My First Lie and How I Got out of It, 296.
My Garden Acquaintance, 228.
My Lost Youth, 165.
My Study Fire, 307.
My Study Windows, 228.
My Summer in a Garden, 289.
Myth and Romance, 320.
My Winter on the Nile, 289.
My Witness, 297.

N

Nameless Pain, 297.
Napoleon Jackson, 316.
Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym, 191.
National Era, 180.
National Gazette, 65.
Native of Wimby, A, 310.
Native Races of the Pacific States, 293.
Nature (Emerson), 136, 142, 149.
Nature (Longfellow), 169.
Neighbor Jackwood, 289.
New Century History of the United States, 298.
New Day, The, 305.
New England Canaan, 17.
New England Legends, 295.
New England Nun, 319.
New Orleans Picayune, 305.
New York Evening Post, 104, 108, 109.
New York Tribune, 248, 282, 297.
Nights with Uncle Remus, 309.
Nile Notes of a Howadji, 287.
Nine Love Songs and a Carol, 316.
Noble Blood, 306.
Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas, 307.
North American Review, 106, 220, 259, 274, 280.
Norwood, 284.
Notes on Virginia, 51.
No. X, 225.

O

O Captain! My Captain, 242.
O'Connor, W. D., 242.

October, 1866, 109.
Odds and Ends, 308.
Ode Sung at Magnolia Cemetery, 291.
Odyssey, The, 108.
Old Cambridge, 287.
Old Chester Tales, 317.
Old Creole Days, 305.
Old English Poets, 288.
Oldest School in America, 313.
Old Garden and Other Verses, The, 317.
Old Ironsides, 207.
Old Man Dreams, The, 209.
Old Régime in Canada, 265.
Old Shrines and Ivy, 298.
Old Sweetheart of Mine, An, 315.
Old Swimmin'-Hole, The, 315.
Oldtown Folks, 284.
Old Virginia and her Neighbors, 266.
On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners, 228.
Once More, 209.
One Day and Another, 320.
On the Wings of Occasion, 309.
Opinions of a Philosopher, The, 313.
Orchid, The, 313.
Oregon Trail, The, 265.
Orphic Sayings, 281.
Other Times and Other Seasons, 304.
Ourselves and Our Neighbors, 295.
Outcasts of Poker Flat, The, 301.
Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, 266.
Outlook, The, 295, 307.
Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking, 243.
Out of the Silence, 308.
Outre-Mer, 169.
Outward Bound, 292.
Over the Teacups, 210, 211.

P

Pagans, The, 312.
Page, Thomas Nelson, 314.
Palfrey, John, 265.
Pandora, 168.
Pansies, 288.
Papers on Literature and Art, 283.
Paradise Lost, 13.
Parkman, Francis, 213, 261, 264, 265.
Parlor Car, The, 300.
Parson Turell's Legacy, 208.
Partisan, The, 282.
Passe Rose, 307.
Passing of Thomas and Other Stories, 309.
Past, The, 107.
Pathfinder, The, 90, 97.
Patrins, 319.
Paulding, James K., 79, 111, 278.
Paul Felton, 280.
Paul Revere's Ride, 167.
Peeps at People, 319.
Pelayo, 282.
Pembroke, 319.
Pen and Ink, 314.
Pencillings by the Way, 124, 247.
Penelope's Experiences in Ireland, 316.
Penelope's Progress, 316.
Pennsylvania Freeman, 179.
Phillips, Wendell, 277.
Philosophy of Composition, The, 197.
Pictures from Appledore, 226.
Pike County Ballads, 301.
Pilgrims in Their Three Homes, 304.
Pilgrim's Progress, 146.
Pilot, The, 92, 93, 95, 98.
Pine's Mystery, The, 291.
Pine Tree, The, 183.
Pioneer, The, 219.
Pioneers, The, 92, 93, 97.
Pioneers of France in the New World, 265.
Pipes at Lucknow, The, 182.
Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury, 315.
Pirate, The, 92.
Plain Talk from Truthful James, 301.
Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects, 285.
Plays and Players, 304.
Pocahontas and Powhatan, 298.
Poe, Edgar Allan, 8, 73, 99, 172, 187-199, 201, 224, 290, 291.
Poems for Children, 296.
Poems Here at Home, 315.
Poems of Nature and Love, 320.
Poems of the Orient, 250.
Poet and His Self, The, 312.

Poet at the Breakfast Table, The, 210.
Poetic Principle, The, 197.
Poetry of Tennyson, The, 313.
Poets of America, 193, 294.
Poganuc People, 284.
Points of View, 318.
Pomona's Travels, 294.
Poor Richard's Almanac, 42.
Popular Cyclopedia, 314.
Potiphar Papers, 287.
Prairie, The, 95.
Precaution, 91.
Prescott, William Hickling, 72, 261, 262, 263.
Prince and the Pauper, The, 296.
Prince Deukalion, 249.
Princess Aline, The, 320.
Prisoners of Conscience, 293.
Professor at the Breakfast Table, The, 210.
Prometheus, 227.
Prophet, The, 249.
Prophet Jonah, 62.
Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains, The, 311.
Prudence Palfrey, 297.
Prue and I, 287.
Psalm of Life, The, 164, 173.
Punch, 214, 215.
Puppet-Booth, The, 317.
Puritans, The, 312.
Purloined Letter, The, 195.
Pursuit of the House Boat, 319.

Q

Quaker Widow, The, 251.
Quality of Mercy, The, 300.
Queen Helen and Other Poems, 308.
Queen of Sheba, The, 297.
Queer Little People, 284.

R

Ralstons, The, 315.
Ramona, 292.
Randolph of Roanoke, 184.
Raven, The, 8, 125, 192.
Rationale of Verse, The, 197.
Real World, The, 321.
Rebellious Heroine, A, 319.
Recorder, The, 122.
Red Leaves and Roses, 320.
Red Rock, 314.
Red Rover, 95.
Reign of Law, The, 311.
Religions of Japan, The, 304.
Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton, 279.
Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon, 279.
Repplier, Agnes, 318.
Representative Men, 136.
Resignation, 165, 173.
Reverie at Glenmary, 124.
Reveries of a Bachelor, 286.
Rhodora, The, 138.
Rhœcus, 223, 227.
Rhymes of Childhood, 315.
Richard Carvel, 321.
Richard Hurdis, 282.
Richardson, Charles Francis, 15, 73, 167, 199, 250, 263, 266, 279, 281, 282, 312, 313.
Riggs, Kate Douglas Wiggin, 316.
Riley, James Whitcomb, 315.
Rip Van Winkle, 81.
Rise of Silas Lapham, The, 300.
Rise of the Dutch Republic, 263.
Rising Glory of America, 62.
Roadside Harp, A, 319.
Road to Castaly, 317.
Robert Louis Stevenson, 317.
Robert-of-Lincoln, 107.
Rob of the Bowl, 280.
Roman Singer, A, 315.
Roosevelt, Theodore, 317, 318.
Rose and Thorn, 318.
Rose in Bloom, 293.
Rose of Dutcher's Coolly, 318.
Roughing It, 296.
Rough Riders, 318.
Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers, The, 315.
Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, The, 314.
Rudder Grange, 294.
Rudder Grangers Abroad, The, 294.

S

Sacred Fount, The, 304.
Salmagundi, 79, 278, 279.

Sanborn, Franklin Benjamin, 292, 293.
Sandalphon, 165.
Sant' Ilario, 315.
Saracinesca, 315.
Saturday Visiter, 191.
Saxon Studies, 307.
Scarlet Letter, 8, 147, 149, 154.
Scarlet Poppy, The, 295.
Schouler, James, 49, 50, 51, 57.
Science of English Verse, 255.
Scout, The, 282.
Scribner's Magazine, 285.
Scudder, Horace, 220, 221, 229.
Sea-Wolf, The, 321.
Sebastian Strome, 307.
Self-Reliance, 134.
Selling of Joseph, 17.
Sewall, Samuel, 16, 17.
Shakespeare's England, 297.
Sharp Eyes, 299.
Sharps and Flats, 310.
She Came and Went, 223.
Shepherd of King Admetus, The, 223, 227.
Short History of the English Colonies in America, 312.
Short Studies in Literature, 307.
Sill, Edward Rowland, 303.
Simms, William Gilmore, 281, 282, 290.
Simple Cobbler of Agawam, 17.
Singular Life, A, 306.
Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God, 29.
Sir Mortimer, 321.
Sir Rohan's Ghost, 295.
Skeleton in Armor, The, 165.
Sketch-Book, 8, 81, 82, 161.
Skipper Ireson's Ride, 182.
Sleeping Car, The, 300.
Smith, Francis Hopkinson, 300.
Smith, John, 9–11.
Smith, Samuel F., 203.
Snow-Bound, 8, 176, 181, 182.
Soft Side, The, 304.
Soldiers of Fortune, 320.
Solomon Crow's Christmas Pockets, 316.
Some Women's Hearts, 295.
Song of the Camp, 250.
Song of the Chattahoochee, 256.
Songs of Italy, 303.
Songs of the Desert, 303.
Songs of the Mexican Seas, 303.
Songs of the Sierras, 303.
Songs of the Sunlands, 303.
Sonnets and Canzonets, 281.
Sonnets in Shadow, 312.
Sonny, 316.
Son of Royal Langbrith, The, 300.
Southern Literary Messenger, 191, 197.
Southern Passages and Pictures, 281.
Spanish Highways and Byways, 318.
Spanish Student, The, 168.
Sparks, Jared, 259, 260.
Specimen Days, 241.
Spectator, The, 35, 43, 117.
Specter of Power, A, 311.
Spiritual Culture, 281.
Spofford, Harriet Elizabeth, 295.
Spoil of Office, A, 318.
Spring, 291.
Spy, The, 91, 92, 93, 98.
Stage Life of Mary Anderson, 297.
Star Papers, 284.
Stedman, Edmund Clarence, 62, 110, 186, 193, 228, 242, 293, 294, 297.
Stelligeri and Other Essays, 316.
Stephen, Leslie, 227.
Steps of Belief, 283.
Stillwater Tragedy, The, 297.
Stirrup Cup, The, 256.
Stockton, Frank R., 294.
Stoddard, Richard Henry, 288, 297.
Stops of Various Quills, 300.
Stories of a Western Town, 312.
Stories of Home Folks, 309.
Stories of Old New Spain, 309.
Storm in the Distance, 291.
Story Hour, The, 316.
Story of a Bad Boy, 297.
Story of a Child, 317.
Story of a Story, The, 314.
Story of Avis, 306.
Story of Babette, 316.
Story of Kennett, 249.
Story of Seven Oaks, 285.
Story of the Other Wise Man 313.
Story of the Revolution, 312.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher, 185, 283, 284.
Strenuous Life, The, 318.
Strong Heart, 305.
Stuart, Ruth McEnery, 316.
Studies in History, 312.
Studies in Letters and Life, 316.
Studies of the Stage, 314.
Success and its Conditions, 284.
Summer, 236.
Summer on the Lakes, 283.
Sumner, Charles, 163, 180, 276, 277.
Sunrise, 256.
Sunshine and Other Verses for Children, 318.
Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line, 229.
Swallow Barn, 280.
Swallow Flights, 295.
Sydney, 317.

T

Tabb, John Banister, 306, 307.
Table Talk, 281.
Tales of a Traveler, 82.
Tales of a Wayside Inn, 167, 184.
Talks on the Study of Literature, 312.
Talks on Writing English, 312.
Tamerlane, 190.
Tanglewood Tales, 154.
Taylor, Bayard, 246–252, 256, 297.
Tecumseh and the Shawnee Prophet, 298.
Telling the Bees, 182.
Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature, 316.
Ten Great Religions of the World, 283.
Tent on the Beach, 184.
Terminus, 141.
Thanatopsis, 8, 105, 106.
Thankless Muse, The, 308.
That Dome in Air, 308.
That Lass o' Lowrie's, 309.
Thaxter, Celia, 185, 296.
Theaters of Paris, 314.
Their Silver Wedding Journey, 300.
Theology of an Evolutionist, The, 295.
Thief in the Night, 295.
This, That, and the Other, 295.
Thistledown, 297.
Thistle-Drift, 308.
Thoreau, Henry David, 139, 142, 231–238, 292.
Thought, 292.
Threnody, 137.
Ticknor, George, 162, 265, 266.
Tiddledywink Tales, 319.
Timothy Titcomb's Letters, 285.
Timrod, Henry, 290, 291.
Tiverton Tales, 317.
To a Waterfowl, 103, 106.
To Have and to Hold, 321.
To H. W. L., 226.
Tolstoi's Works, 314.
Tom Grogan, 300.
Tom Sawyer, 296.
Tom Thornton, 280.
Torch Bearers, The, 312.
Tory Lover, The, 310.
To Shelley, 307.
To the Dandelion, 223.
To the Fringed Gentian, 107.
To the Man-of-War Bird, 243.
Touchstone, The, 320.
Tour on the Prairies, 83.
Traveler from Altruria, A, 300.
Trent, William P., 99.
Trowbridge, John Townsend, 289.
Trumbull, John, 61.
Twice-Told Tales, 153.
Two Angels, The (Whittier), 183.
Two Angels, The (Longfellow), 172.
Two Bites at a Cherry, 297.
Tyler, Moses Coit, 10, 26, 66.
Tyranny of the Dark, 318.

U

Ulalume, 192.
Uncle Remus: His Songs and his Sayings, 309.
Uncle Tom's Cabin, 283, 292.
Undercurrent, The, 313.
Under Fire, 306.
Understudies, 319.
Under the Beech Tree, 312.
Under the Trees and Elsewhere, 307.
Under the Willows, 225, 229.
Undertones, 320.
United States Literary Gazette, 161.
Unleavened Bread, 313.

V

Vagabonds, The, 289.
Valley of Decision, The, 320.
Van Bibber and Others, 320.
Van Dyke, Henry, 318.
Varia, 318.
Venetian Life, 299.
Version of a Fragment of Simonides, 106.
Victorian Anthology, 294.
Victorian Poets, 294.
Views Afoot, 247.
Vignettes of Manhattan, 314.
Village Blacksmith, The, 164, 170.
Virginian, The, 319.
Vision of Sir Launfal, The, 223, 224, 229.
Voiceless, The, 208.
Voorhees, Daniel W., 52.

W

Wake-Robin, 299.
Walden, 236, 237.
Walt Whitman: a Study, 299.
Wanderers, 297.
Ward, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, 305, 306.
Ward, Nathaniel, 17.
Warner, Charles Dudley, 289, 290.
Water Lily, The, 307.
Water-Witch, The, 95.
We and Our Neighbors, 284.
We Girls, 288.
Webster, Daniel, 84, 99, 267, 270, 271, 272, 275.
Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers, 235.
Well-worn Roads of Spain, Holland, and Italy, 300.
Wendell, Barrett, 26, 256, 316.
Wept of Wish-ton-Wish, The, 95.
Westward Ho! 279.
Wharton, Edith, 319, 320.
What Maisie Knew, 304.
What Mr. Robinson Thinks, 225.
When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed, 242.
Whipple, Edwin Percy, 126, 284.
Whistle, The, 43.
White Memories, 288.
White Sail and Other Poems, 319.
Whitman, Walt, 239–245, 254.
Whitney, Adeline D. T., 288.
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 8, 151, 175–186, 219, 224, 244, 247.
Wieland, 67, 69–71.
Wigglesworth, Michael, 13.
Wild Honeysuckle, 64.
William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man (Mabie), 307.
William Shakspere (Wendell), 316.
Williams, Roger, 18.
William Wilson, 195.
Willis, Nathaniel Parker, 121–127, 247, 297.
Wilson, James Grant, 113.
Wind of Destiny, The, 307.
Winning of the West, 318.
Winslow, Edward, 17.
Winter, 236.
Winter Piece, A, 106.
Winter Sunshine, 299.
Winter, William, 297, 298.
Winthrop, John, 13, 15–16.
Wister, Owen, 318, 319.
Witchcraft, 25.
Witch's Whelp, The, 288.
With the Procession, 317.
With Trumpet and Drum, 310.
Woman in the Nineteenth Century, 283.
Wonder Book for Children, 154.
Woodberry, George Edward, 154, 173, 294, 315, 316.
Wood-Blooms, 308.
Woodnotes, 138.
World of Chance, The, 300.
Wound-Dresser, The, 241.
Wreck of the Hesperus, The, 164.
Wynken, Blynken and Nod, 310.

Y

Yankee Doodle, 313.
Year's Life, A, 222.
Yellow Violet, The, 106.
Yemassee, The, 282.
Youth's Companion, 122, 317.

Z

Zoroaster, 315.